Saturday Evening Post · April 9, 1966 · 35c

POST

The rollicking adventure of filming STAGECOACH with BING CROSBY, Ann-Margret, Van Heflin

Stewart Alsop reports: INSIDE THE KU KLUX KLAN

The last tragic days of PAPA HEMINGWAY

RESTORING THE TOMB OF JESUS

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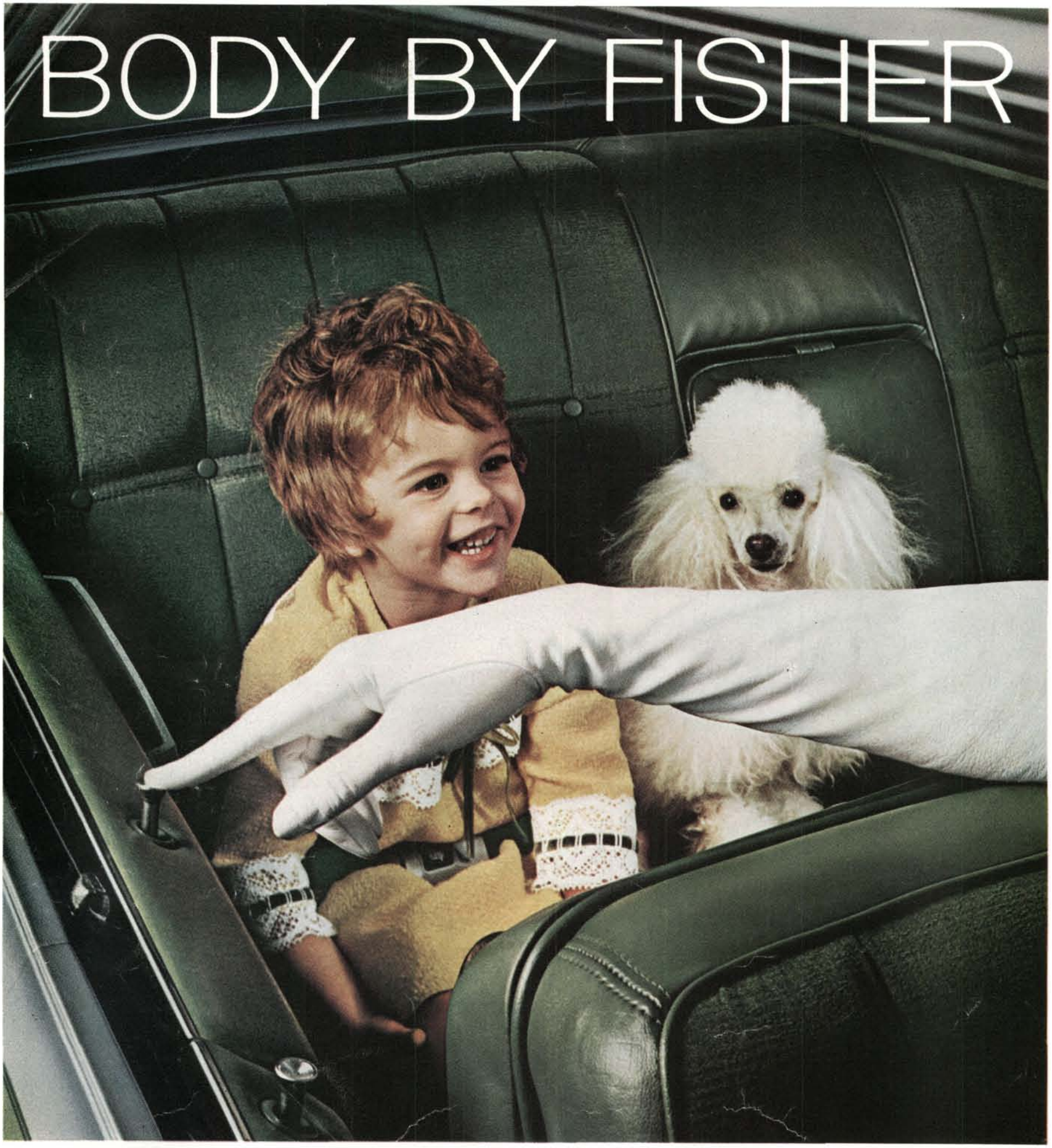

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Title reg. U. S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa. and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY: We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Maurice W. Poppei, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Robert L. Sherrod, Vice Pres., Editorial Coordinator; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and American Home. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

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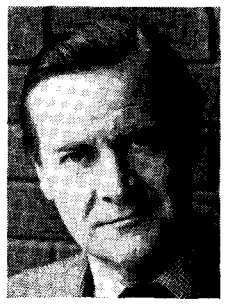
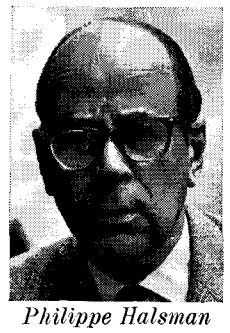

David Holden

British journalist DAVID HOLDEN, who describes the arguments that have stalled restoration of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, rates Jerusalem among his favorite cities—and he has traveled widely throughout Europe, the Middle East, Africa, India, Southeast Asia and the Americas. A special correspondent on foreign affairs for the *Sunday Times* of London, he has just completed a book, *Farewell to Arabia*. . . .The remake of the movie *Stagecoach*, subject of two articles in this issue, is based on a 1937 *Collier's* story, THE STAGE TO LORDSBURG, by the late Ernest Haycox, who wrote a number of Western serials and stories for *The Post* in the 1940's. . . . The cover photo was taken by PHILIPPE HALSMAN, who has done portraits of such famous people as Prime Minister Churchill, Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Dr. Albert Einstein.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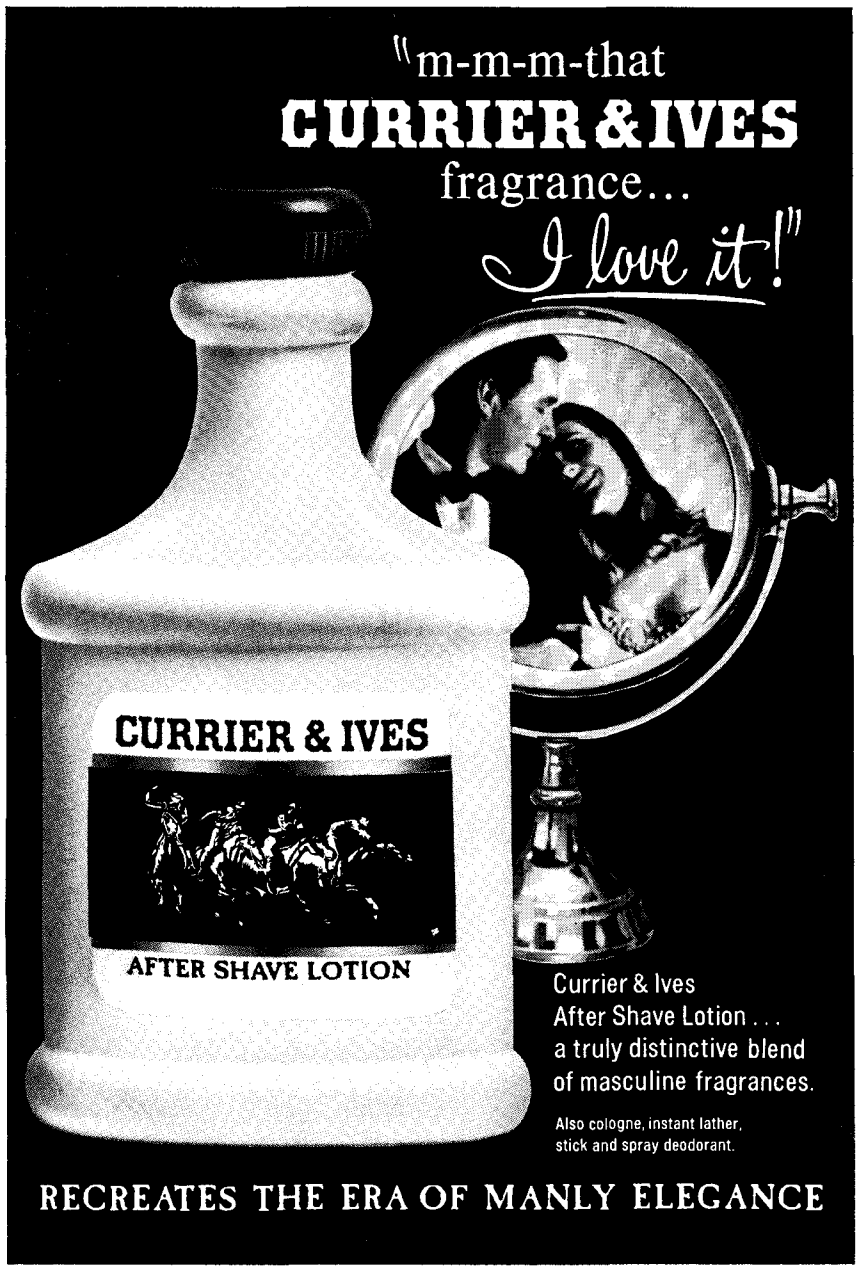

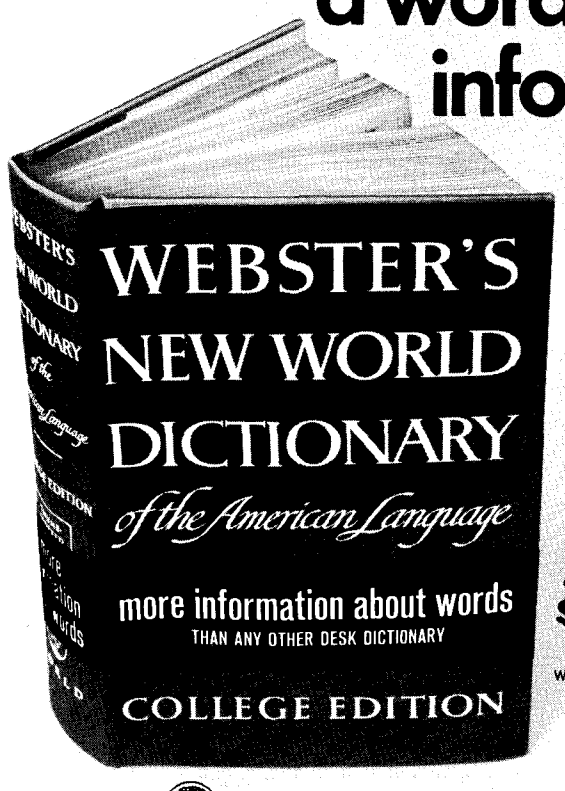
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Letters

Swinging city

Dear Sir:

I was born and raised in Miami Beach, and love the city dearly. I take great offense at attacks on my city [SWINGING IN THE CITY OF ILLUSION by Lewis H. Lapham, February 26]. However, truth is truth. The basic theme of your article was correct. You will, however, have to admit that the fault lies with the tourists themselves. Miami Beach just fills their needs. If we didn't, someone else successfully would.

ROGER MERRITT
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Editor:

The article presents a distorted, one-sided picture of this vacationland. The reader gets the impression that visitors go there for night life, drinking and "phoney" recreation. I spent 16 winters on or around Miami Beach and can testify that there are many quiet hotels where guests enjoy warm climate and clean fun.

JONAS JASINSKAS
Ocean City, N.J.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Though I've never been to Miami, I've found the same constant search for the "really in place," and the same thwarted expectations, at such resorts as Wildwood, N.J., and Cape Cod, Mass.

MARY C. SCHMIDT
Maple Shade, N.J.

Dear Sir:

No one believed me when I told them Miami Beach was as naked as the emperor. "A few gulls perched on the railings of the cabanas" sums it all up: Miami Beach is for the birds!

HELENE SILVERBERG
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Right to work

Dear Mr. Griffin:

Please leave the 14(b) clause as is. [THE RIGHT-TO-WORK FIGHT MISSES THE POINT by Congressman Robert P. Griffin, February 26.] You can still introduce the legal safeguards to prevent abuses of power by union officials against the constitutional rights of all concerned, without the compulsory-membership clause. Leave us the right to work without having to yield to the strong-arm extortion of the parasites and their un-American dictatorship.

WILFRED KOSKELA
Devils Lake, N. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Representative Griffin has hit the nail right on the head. Union structures can be brought into the 20th century through legislative proposals such as his, just as industry has been forced to be more responsive to the public interest.

JAMES E. HODGES
Tujunga, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Congressman Griffin's proposal seems at best to advocate the bartering of individual rights. Essentially he is saying that the individual can be guaranteed the enforcement of rights already granted him by abdicating the right given to him under section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act.

DURWARD D. WAKEFIELD
East Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sir:

Your editorial hits the issue squarely between the two eyes [THE RIGHT TO WORK]: "We have not yet heard any convincing arguments for repeal, and we favor the law as it stands."

FLETCHER THOS. BECK
Newport, Pa.

To the Editor:

You say you favor retaining 14(b) of the T-H Law, because you "fail to see why every single worker must join up or be fired." May I remind you that under the Wagner Act of 1935, Sec. 9(a), and under the T-H Law, a labor union *must* represent *all* the workers within its collective-bargaining unit, whether they are union members or not. Every worker shares in the benefits or losses resulting from collective-bargaining.

Therefore, every worker who is represented by the union, and who presumably benefits from the union, should make his fair contribution toward its support, at least by paying union dues.

REV. RAYMOND MUELLER, S.J.
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I must compliment you on your presentation of two different points of view on the right-to-work provision of the Taft-Hartley Act. This is the sort of thing which helps the reader form an opinion of his own.

JOYCE A. HUETTL
Minot, N. Dak.

Fantastic Voyage

Dear Editor:

FANTASTIC VOYAGE by Isaac Asimov [February 26] was first-rate science as well as exciting fiction.

FRED NORWOOD
Franklin, La.

Dear Sir:

Thank heaven that the Proteus bypassed the digestive tract.

MRS. SIBBY SLOTOROFF
Margate, N.J.

Gentlemen:

Re: FANTASTIC VOYAGE. I stand in absolute awe of you fellas. Here we are with a novel by Isaac Asimov, "based on a screen-play by Harry Kleiner from the original story by Otto Klement and J. L. Bixby."

Wonderful! How about we dig us up a writer to turn out a television script based on FANTASTIC VOYAGE, another to figure out a short story based on that, and start around the whole circuit all over again.

RICHARD P. LEWIS
Franklin, N.H.

An expanded version of FANTASTIC VOYAGE *in book form will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company; it will be brought out later in paperback by Bantam Books.—Ed.*

Continued on page 8

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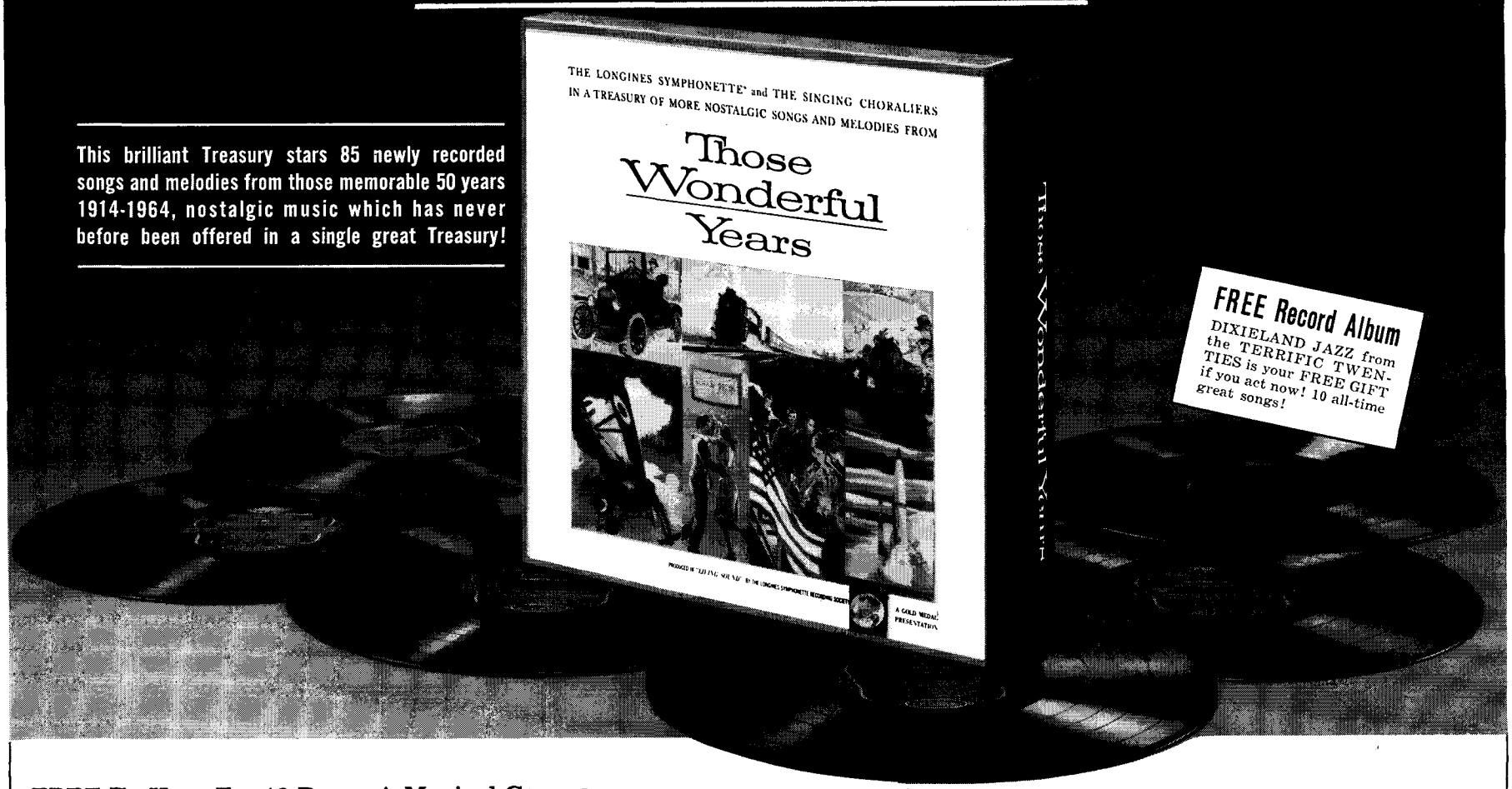
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THE CONTINENTAL	DEEP NIGHT

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Letters

Justice

Dear Sirs:

I was truly amazed at how Martin Mayer was able to get to the problems, practice, mechanism and progress of our legal system in his excellent article [JUSTICE, THE LAW AND THE LAWYER, February 26].

As a state representative in the Oregon legislature and a practicing attorney, I found his description of the purpose of law and the need for growth toward greater justice very encouraging.

DALE M. HARLAN
Milwaukie, Oreg.

Gentlemen:

Come now, *Post*. The scurrilous generalities in your article are hardly justified by the facts commonly known. If what you say regarding the use of law books by lawyers practicing in firms of 10 or less ["a law library purchased secondhand as furniture and rarely consulted"] is true, it is a wonder that someone has not produced fake bindings as law-office decorations. There is no fairness in your article.

MARLENE G. MITCHELL
Attorney at Law
Minneapolis, Minn.

Bourbaki

Dear Sir:

Your article on the curious mathematical personality of Nicholas Bourbaki [WHO IS BOURBAKI? by John Kobler, Feb. 26] is so charming and so urbane for an article about mathematics in a nontechnical publication, it seems a shame to raise criticisms.

My first and simplest complaint against the article is in its headline description of Bourbaki as "the elusive genius who fathered the 'new math' of today's classroom." If one takes the phrase "new math" to mean the new mathematical curricula for the elementary and secondary schools, they were prepared by American mathematicians without the collaboration of members of the Bourbaki group. If one takes "new math" in a broader sense, to mean simply the emphasis upon axiomatics and upon abstract algebra which has influenced these curricula, then one can say with justice that the Bourbaki volumes have helped strengthen this trend, but certainly did not originate it.

A second but deeper complaint is based upon Mr. Kobler's implication that the only criticism of the Bourbaki influence comes from people like Morris Kline, with his shotgun assault upon all modern mathematics. There are far more serious criticisms.

The present writer would be inclined to say that the over-all influence of Bourbaki has been positive on balance, but the emphasis must be put on the phrase *on balance*. On the positive side, the Bourbaki volumes have created a standard of clarity, sharpness and simplicity in mathematical exposition. In addition to emphasizing a usable and vigorous form of the axiomatic and abstract algebraic approach to mathematics, they have popularized useful concepts and techniques (like multilinear algebra and locally convex topological vector spaces).

On the negative side, they have overemphasized the algebraic tendency in mathematics at the expense of analysis or geometry to such an extent that their exposition of the *Elements* ignores major areas (*e.g.*, analytic functions of a complex variable, theory of manifolds, elementary algebraic topology).

Fortunately, the influence of the Bourbaki group has been received in a reasonably critical spirit as a generally constructive contribution to mathematical thought, but certainly not as a universal panacea or as a Scripture.

FELIX E. BROWDER
Professor of Mathematics
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Trials of Peter Falk

Sirs:

Will you please convey to W.C. Heinz my admiration for the superb story on Peter Falk ['THEY KILL YOU WITH SILENCE', February 26]. Not only has he captured the unique, dedicated genius of Falk himself, but he has expertly limned the often-frustrating, always exhausting world of the TV series.

As a practitioner of such an exercise, I can truthfully say that, while the money is lovely, you can get more pure artistic enjoyment out of an occasional guest shot than you can in a full season with one show. Much as I personally hate to see "O'Brien" close up his law office, I am sure that Peter Falk will be a happier—and more prolific—actor the day the movers come for his desk!

LESLIE NIELSEN
Universal City, Calif.

Coming of the bulldozer

Sirs:

I'm glad I read your editorial, THE COMING OF THE BULLDOZER [February 26]. You wrote of what has been in my heart. So much that is lovely will soon live only in memories. I sometimes wonder where, in a few years, will people go on all these super roads? Four-lane (at least) highways that lead to nothing. No by-ways, no beauty, no restfulness.

HELEN S. SMARTT
Albion, Mich.

Dear Sir:

Your editorial struck a very responsive and sore spot with me, because two years ago I, too, lived through the coming of the bulldozers—bulldozers which crushed to the earth the over-100-foot-tall beech and sugar-maple trees in the little ravine which was the front yard of our property, bulldozers that scraped off the good topsoil with its wildflowers and seeds, burying them beneath tons of hard clay.

Now, instead of looking into the tops of those ancient trees, green in summer, gold in fall and lacy black in winter, I look out at weedy embankments, too steep to mow, with ugly washes connecting them to the gray strips of concrete crawling with trucks and cars in a never-ending procession.

I am faced with the problem of trying to reclaim the barren area left us. Even if we buy the largest trees transplantable, I shall never see them attain great height, but, like Konrad Adenauer, I shall set out trees.

MABEL J. JACKSON
Vincennes, Ind.

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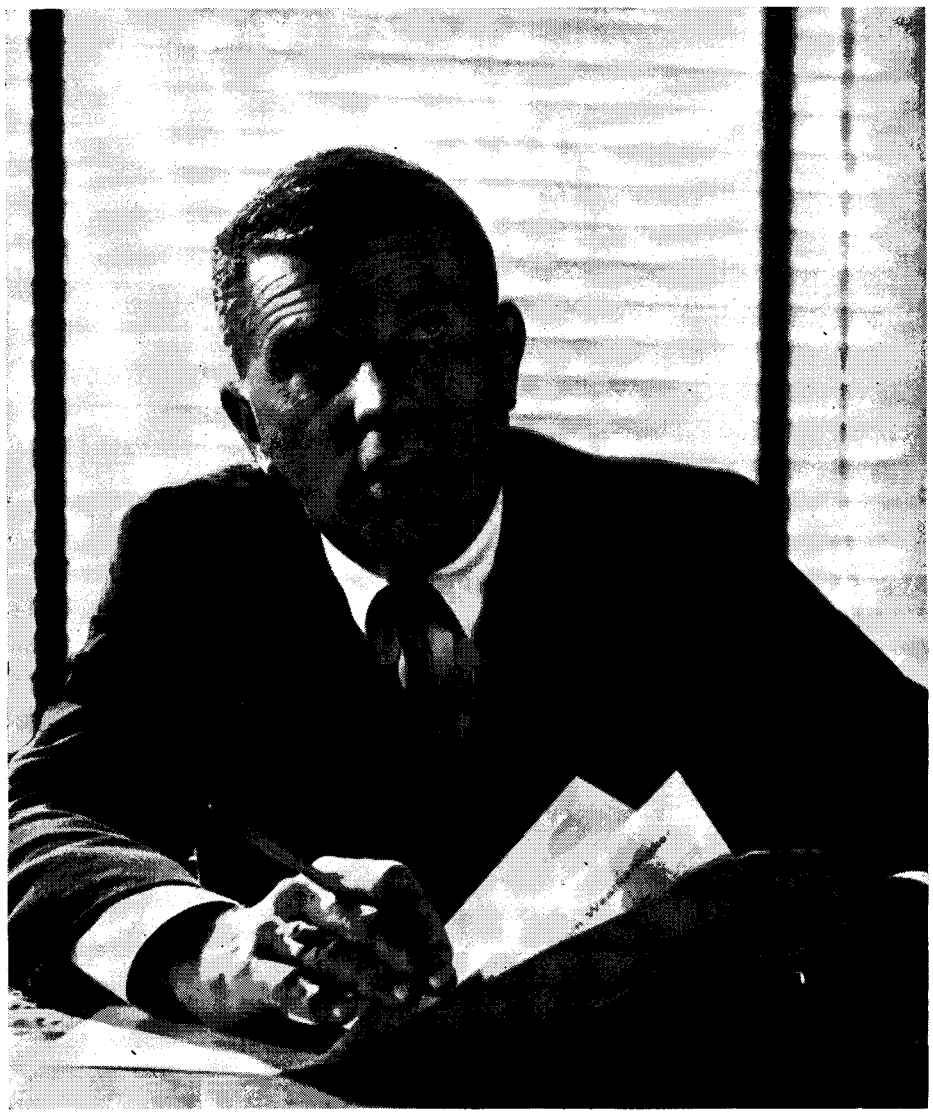
The Carrier Dealer probably knows more about air conditioning than anybody else you can call. How come?



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Speaking Out

WE MUST NEGOTIATE PEACE IN VIETNAM

By Senator J. W. Fulbright

America is a Great Society and it is becoming greater. Our people enjoy greater material abundance, with greater personal opportunity and human dignity, than any people have ever known in the history of the human race. There is, to be sure, much unfinished business in our society, but the fact remains that we are a great and fundamentally decent nation; we know it—or ought to—and the world knows it.

At times, however, we act as though we did not believe in our own greatness, as though our prestige were constantly in jeopardy, requiring unending exertions to prove to the world that we are indeed a great and powerful nation. We are told, for example, that we must beat the Russians to the moon, that we must build the world's fastest airplane, that we must maintain our pressures against Castro, that we must faithfully discharge dubious commitments, not primarily because these actions are considered essential in themselves but more because it is believed that if we did not do these things, our prestige, which is to say, our reputation for greatness, would be hopelessly compromised.

In the case of Vietnam, our honor and prestige are indeed involved, but they are involved principally because we laid them on the line and did so in a legally uncertain and politically casual way. Legally, under a reasonable interpretation of the SEATO treaty, we have agreed to act against external Communist attack in accordance with our constitutional processes but are obligated only to *consult* with our allies in the event of subversion from outside. We have neither the obligation nor the right to intervene in a civil war. If, prior to American intervention, the war in South Vietnam was *essentially* a civil war, as I believe to be the case, then the legal basis of American involvement is dubious. Practically and politically, whatever the legalities, the all-out commitment to South Vietnam was made almost casually, by a series of minor escalations of the American involvement, many of which were accompanied by statements that the war was not our war and would have to be won or lost by the South Vietnamese themselves. Only when they were about to lose the war did the United States take it over.

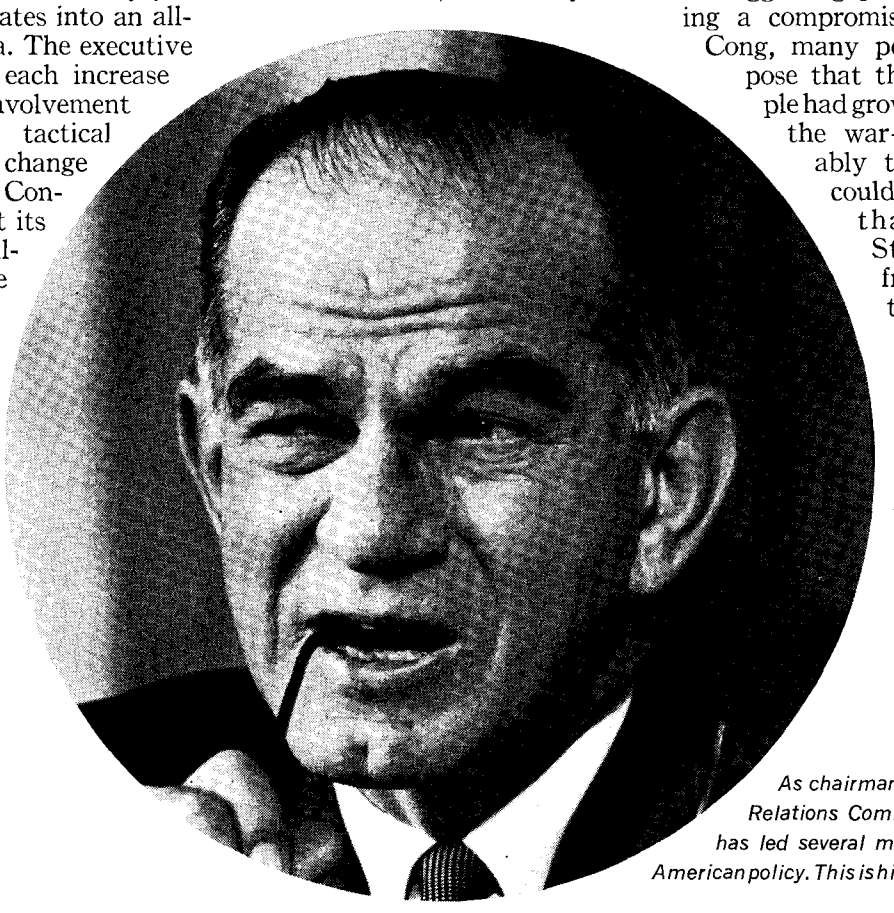
The executive and the Congress must share responsibility for the casual way in which the United States committed its honor and prestige to an unstable and intransigent regime which refuses to negotiate with its enemies and may yet drag the United States into an all-out war with China. The executive tended to explain each increase in the American involvement in Vietnam as a tactical step rather than a change of policy, while the Congress failed to meet its general responsibility of holding the executive to account and the Senate failed to assert its constitutional powers of "advice and consent" in the field of foreign policy.

It is my hope that the hearings on Vietnam recently held before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and future proceedings now under consideration will help to correct past omissions on the part of the Congress. There is some evidence, for example, that we are now expanding our commitment to Thailand in the same disorderly way that we became so deeply involved in Vietnam. There is still time, however, for the Senate to insist that any new commitment to Thailand be contracted in full accord with our constitutional procedures, including full and frank debate.

We have committed our prestige to an unwise degree in Vietnam, and we have suffered accordingly some loss of prestige, but I do not think that America's greatness is questioned in the world, and I certainly do not think that strident behavior is the best way for a nation to prove its greatness or salve its damaged pride. Indeed, in nations as in individuals, bellicosity is a mark of weakness and self-doubt rather than strength and self-assurance. There is something appropriate and admirable about a small or weak country standing up defiantly to a big and powerful country; such behavior confers upon the small country an assurance which it needs to nourish its dignity and self-respect. The same behavior on the part of a big nation is grotesque, marking it as a bully. The true mark of greatness is not assertiveness but magnanimity. "Magnanimity in politics," said Edmund Burke, "is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together."

It is precisely because of America's great strength and prestige that we can afford to be—that indeed it is in our interest to be—magnanimous in Vietnam. If the Viet Cong or North Vietnam were to take the initiative in offering substantive concessions, they could plausibly be regarded as having been intimidated by American power. If we were to take the lead in suggesting peace terms involving a compromise with the Viet Cong, many people would suppose that the American people had grown doubtful about the war—which is probably true—but no one could seriously believe that the United States had been frightened or intimidated into submission by a small and poor country in southeast Asia.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.



As chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Sen. Fulbright has led several major reexaminations of American policy. This is his second Speaking Out.

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Why are so many people like you now investing in stocks?

What are their goals?...Should you consider joining them?...The right way to start.

Right now, you may be asking yourself whether you should invest in stocks. Before the year is out, an estimated 1 million people (many in financial positions that may be similar to yours) will take the step, joining the more than 20 million who now invest. Their basic aim will be to make money, but many will have a more specific goal in mind.

—*—

Take as an example a man with several very young children. He wants them all to have a college education. As a hedge against possible inflation, he invests some of his money in common stocks now in the hope that his investment will grow in value as the years pass and one day help him pay tuition expenses. Many stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have proved capable of such growth in the past.

—*—

Or, imagine a man who wishes to supplement his salary by building a second income. He might turn his attention to stocks that have regularly paid dividends. (Some 500 stocks listed on the Exchange have paid quarterly dividends for 20 years or more.)

—*—

A middle-aged widow might have a very different investment goal. Let's assume her husband left her a comfortable sum. It has to be her main support for the rest of her life, however. In addition to buying common stocks, she may decide to put some of her funds in high-grade preferred stocks and bonds because they usually offer a good yield with relative safety.

Ever wonder how you compare to the average investor?

Mrs. Bern Klepper, Wantagh, N.Y. —mother, housewife, and one of an estimated 20 million people who own shares in American business.

A recent Exchange survey gives this picture of America's shareowners.

* More than half have household incomes of less than $10,000.
* The largest age group consists of those between 45 and 54.
* Slightly more women than men own shares.
* The fastest growing occupational group consists of laborers.
* 30% live in towns with populations between 2,500 and 25,000.

How about you?

Could an investment in stocks provide the money to help you reach a particular goal? It might, and we believe you should consider it—providing you are willing to go about it the right way. We suggest you keep these points firmly in mind:

—*—

1. *Don't invest money you will need for regular living expenses or in a financial emergency. After all, there is risk in any investment.*

—*—

2. Choose a specific investment goal, one suited to your needs. Stick to it unless your circumstances change.

3. Be an informed investor. Learn what you can about companies that interest you. Seek facts about their past and present so you can better judge their prospects—and how their stocks may be affected.

—*—

4. Use the services of a brokerage firm that is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. One of their registered representatives will be glad to help, but don't expect him always to be right. Ask him for facts. Ask for his advice, too. You should know that he had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business at the time he was registered, and he has agreed to devote full time to his job. Get to know him soon.

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What then should we do, what can we offer, to try to end the war in Vietnam? The first step which I recommend is that we state explicitly and forthrightly that we recognize the Viet Cong as a *belligerent*, with whom we are prepared to negotiate peace, and further, that we will use our considerable powers of persuasion in Saigon to induce the South Vietnamese government, which has said that it will not negotiate with the Viet Cong, to change its mind and indicate its willingness to do so.

It has been said that the Viet Cong is entitled to no special negotiating position because it is, after all, only one of many factions in South Vietnam. It is, however, a rather special faction inasmuch as it is the one with which we are at war. The British did not regard George Washington and his fellow revolutionaries as the only faction in the 13 colonies, much less a "legitimate" or legal one; they made peace with them because, assisted by the French, they were the ones who were fighting them in the field.

Moreover, and more important, however much we may regret it, the Viet Cong is something more than an organized group of terrorists. It is, I think, a genuinely nationalist as well as a Communist movement, as evidenced by its impressive military performance over a long period against heavy odds.

Nationalism is the strongest single political force in the world today. In most of the emerging countries the nationalist movements have been non-Communist, with the result that Communist efforts at subversion have for the most part been unsuccessful. It is a tragic fact, but nonetheless a fact, that in Vietnam the effective nationalist movement is controlled by Communists. For this reason above all others I recommend that we state plainly and directly what President Johnson and Ambassador Harriman have hinted: that we acknowledge the Viet Cong as a belligerent and invite it to participate, along with the governments of South Vietnam and North Vietnam, in formal peace negotiations.

My second recommendation is that we state forthrightly and explicitly, in advance of negotiations, that we are prepared to conclude a peace agreement providing for an internationally supervised election to determine the future of South Vietnam and, further, that we are prepared to accept the outcome of such an election, *whatever that outcome might be*. The latter assurance is important because, among the many violations of the Geneva Agreements of 1954 committed by both sides, the most significant was the refusal of President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam to allow the election provided for at Geneva to take place, and America's complicity in that refusal.

I suggest further, in this connection, that we use all available channels to persuade the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong that, whatever the future political complexion of Vietnam, Communist or non-Communist, united or divided, it can enjoy a secure and independent existence and normal relations with the United States as long as it respects the independence of its neighbors and as long as it upholds its own independence of China.

Such a settlement would not constitute a victory in the traditional sense; but neither would it represent a decision, as has been suggested, to "scuttle and run." It would, quite simply, represent a compromise, including, as any compromise must, concessions by the United States. A concession, however, is not a humiliation and may indeed be turned to one's own advantage, as General de Gaulle demonstrated by giving freedom to Algeria and as Khrushchev demonstrated by proclaiming himself a peacemaker while yielding to the American ultimatum in the Cuban missile crisis. The concessions we must make are necessary as an act of common sense in a tragic situation; as Walter Lippmann has written, ". . . a display of common sense by a proud and imperious nation would be a good moral investment for the future." And as George Kennan said in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in February: "I would submit there is more respect to be won in the opinion of the world by a resolute and courageous liquidation of unsound positions than in the most stubborn pursuit of extravagant or unpromising objectives."

It may be difficult indeed to persuade the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong to enter a negotiation along the lines indicated. They have little reason to trust the Western nations, having been betrayed by the French in 1946, who recognized Vietnam as a "free state" and promised a referendum on its unity but then tried to reassert their colonial authority, and by Diem and his American sponsors in 1955 when we encouraged him in his refusal to hold the elections provided for by the Geneva agreements. It will be necessary to show our good faith as well as to insist on the good faith of the other side. It may be that at first we will be rebuffed and, if so, we can do no better than to restate our assurances, patiently and repeatedly, conducting ourselves in a manner befitting a great and mature nation.

There is an unacknowledged presence in all that we think and say and do in connection with Vietnam; it is the presence of China. We wage war against the Viet Cong and North Vietnam, but we regard them as instruments of China, and it is China that we consider to be the real threat to the security of southeast Asia. If it were not for our

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concern with China and what she might do, it would probably be an easier matter to come to terms with our enemies in Vietnam. Our prospects in Vietnam cannot therefore be separated from our attitude toward China and China's attitude toward us.

United Nations Secretary General U Thant recently described China as a country "obsessed with fear and suspicion," a country undergoing a kind of "nervous breakdown." U Thant's words suggest the need for Americans to make a critical choice in their attitude toward China. On the one hand, we can treat her as persons with "nervous breakdowns" were treated in centuries past; we can throw her into the figurative snake pit of world politics, treating her as an insane and predatory creature, an outlaw with whom there can be no accommodation. On the other hand, we can treat China by the more civilized standards deriving from our modern understanding of human behavior; while resisting any aggressive act she commits, we can at the same time treat China as a respected member of the world community now going through a period of dangerous chauvinism and warranting our best efforts to rehabilitate her to the world community.

I hope that America will make the second choice. I hope that in its attitude toward China, America will act with the magnanimity that befits a great nation by following the advice of Pope Paul, who said in his speech to the United Nations General Assembly: "Your vocation is to make brothers not only of some, but of all peoples, a difficult undertaking, indeed; but this it is, your most noble undertaking. . . . We will go further, and say: strive to bring back among you any who have separated themselves, and study the right method of uniting to your pact of brotherhood, in honor and loyalty, those who do not yet share in it."

The hatred of the Chinese Communists for America is something more than the normal political hostility of one nation toward another whose policies thwart the realization of its ambitions. America is hated as the leading nation of the West, as the center and purveyor of a civilization which has had a devastating effect on China and subjected it to such humiliations as few great nations in history have undergone. I am inclined to the view that China's irrational and hostile behavior has a great deal to do with ancient grievances and that the Chinese regard their quarrel with America not only as an ideological struggle but also as an ultimate historical reckoning for China's humiliations during the past century at the hands of Western nations.

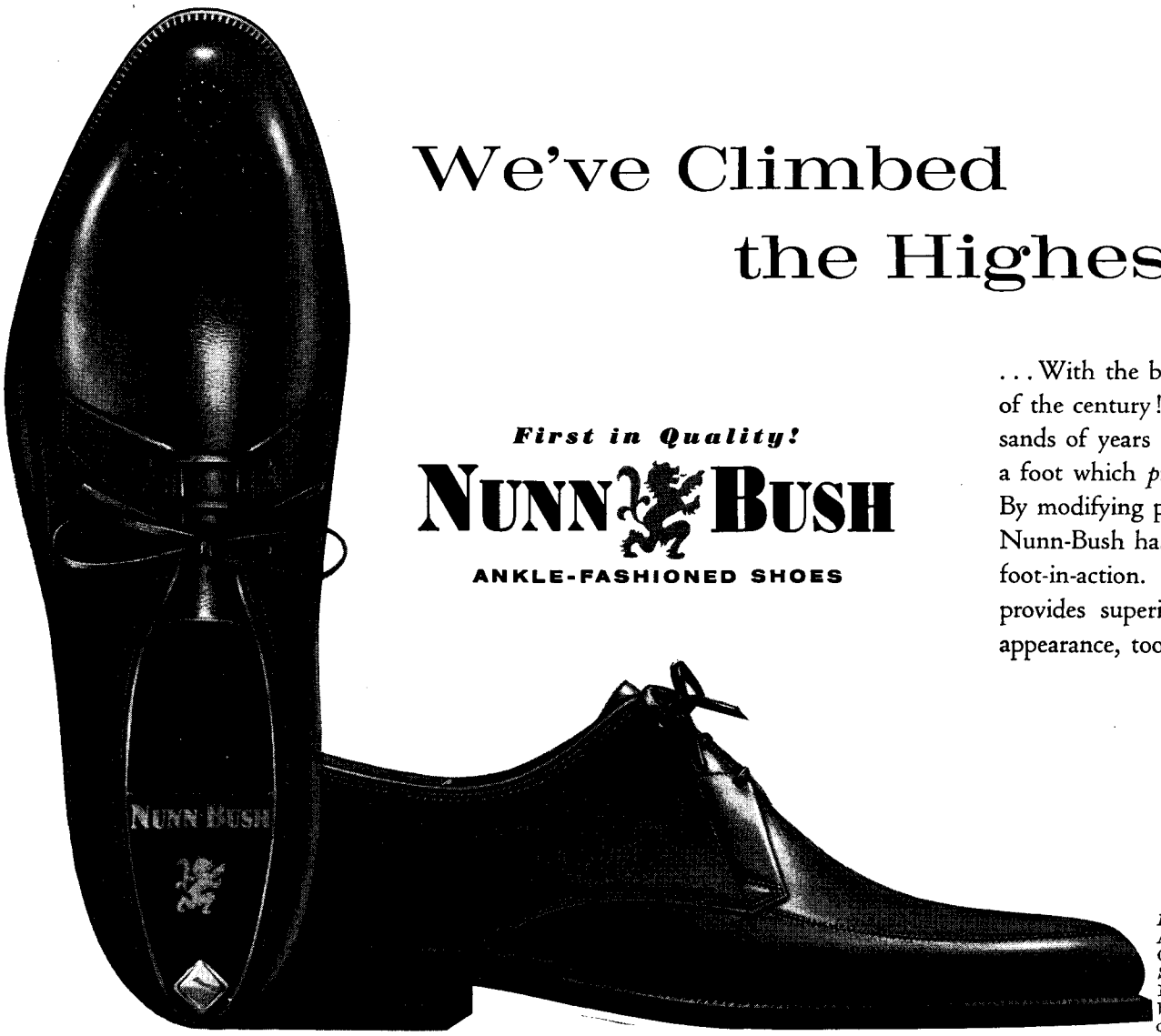
It is impossible in a few words to describe the deep and bitter humiliation inflicted upon the Chinese, a great and civilized people, by imperialist nations, including Russia and, to a degree, America. Something of its flavor, however, can be gotten from a young Chinese engineer's account of his return from Europe to China in 1913 with his Belgian wife and son. Referring to his arrival in Shanghai, where Western interests owned the hotels, restaurants and other public facilities, he wrote:

> In Shanghai it was agony, for there it was only too plain that in my own country I was nothing but an inferior, despised being. There were parks and restaurants and hotels I could not enter, although she could. I had no rights on the soil of a Chinese city which did not belong to the Chinese; she had rights by reason of something called skin.
>
> We boarded the English steamer from Shanghai to Hankow; the first class was for Europeans only, and there was no other steamer. Marguerite leaned her arms on the railings and stared at the river. She was in first class, with our son. I went second class. I had insisted it should be so. "It is too hot for you here below."

Today China stands isolated, mistrustful and hostile toward the outside world. Her illustrious history of 4,000 years has contributed to the view of herself as a superior civilization set upon by hostile barbarians. In the wake of so tragic and unique a national experience, one can hardly be sanguine about immediate prospects for drawing China into the community of nations as a trustworthy and responsible partner. A great deal is at stake, however, and it would be tragic folly if we did not do what little we can to rehabilitate China to the world community. The West, to be sure, must defend itself against irrational and aggressive Chinese behavior, but in the long run we can only hope to be safe in the world with a powerful and dynamic China by drawing her out of isolation. Treated with friendliness and respect, China may be brought in time to see that the "barbarians" of the West are in fact less barbaric than they seem.

As Secretary General U Thant pointed out, China is going through a difficult period; it befits us as a great nation to act upon this fact with understanding and magnanimity. If we can bring ourselves to do so, we will be on the way to a solution of the great problems that beset us in eastern Asia. The prospects for an honorable and lasting peace in Vietnam have everything to do with China and its relations with the outside world, because China is the greatest nation of Asia. It is not within our power to make it otherwise, but it *is* within our power to repair some of the damage done by the arrogance and condescension of the past.

J. W. Fulbright



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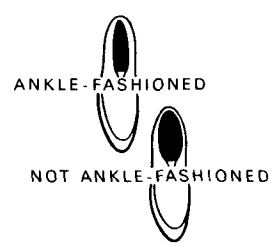

LEFT: Style 2513 — Spruce Brown Calfskin Uppers. Also in Black and Oak Brown. Flexible Fetherwate Construction. Leather Sole. Rubber Heel. *LOWER: Style 2563* — Oak Brown Calfskin Uppers. Also in Black. Flexible Fetherwate Construction. Leather Sole. Rubber Heel. Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201. Also made in Canada and Mexico.

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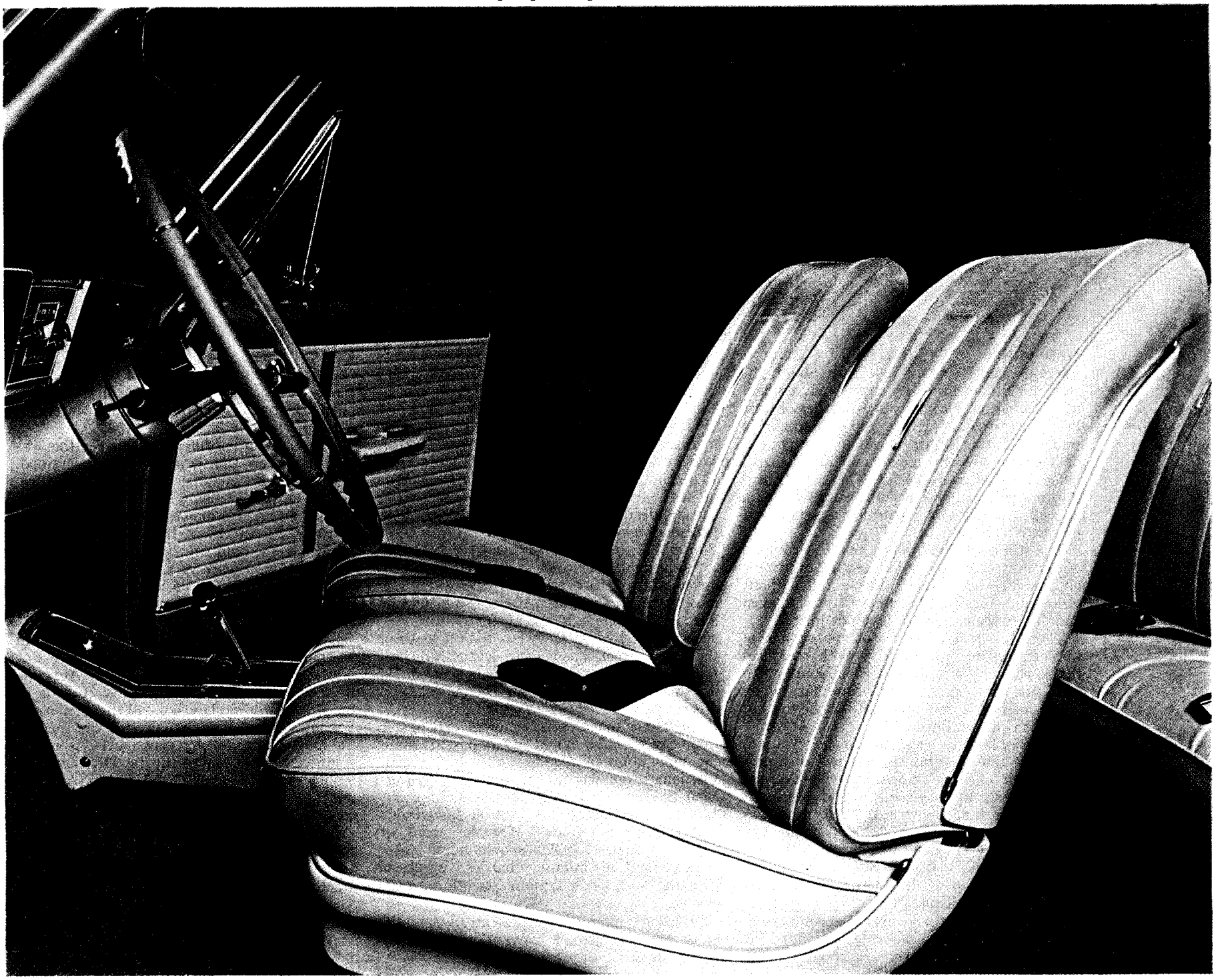

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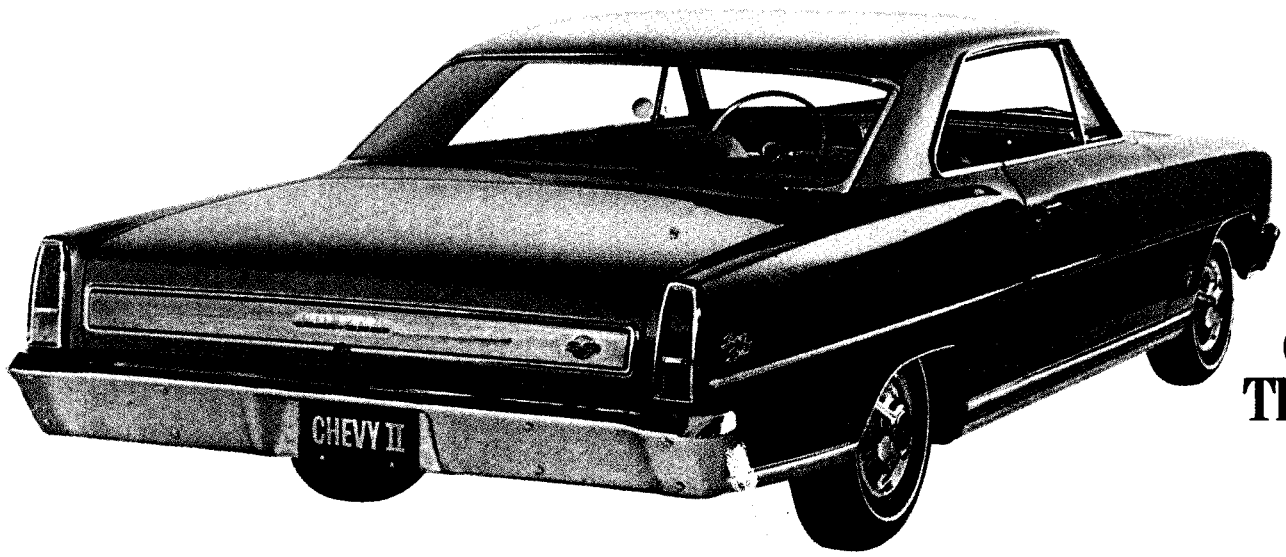

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Small war for a great power

WASHINGTON:

A mysterious underlayer of defeatism about the war in Vietnam has been increasingly evident in Washington. Normally sensible persons are beginning to say in private, and even to hint in public, that this country ought to get right out of Vietnam, by any means and at any cost, before disaster overtakes us. This defeatism is mysterious, if only because the war in Vietnam is really a very small war for a very great power to have to fight.

The strains the war imposes on this country are entirely bearable, and indeed not even very noticeable. The United States could without serious difficulty continue to fight the war, even on a larger scale, more or less indefinitely.

There are two measures of the strains of war—dollars and deaths. By both measures this is the most bearable war we have had to fight since the Spanish-American War, which cost a mere $250 million and took the lives of 385 Americans in battle.

Consider first the lesser side of the equation, the dollar side. The limited war in Korea provides an interesting comparison. The Korean War suddenly forced defense spending from a level of less than 5 percent of the gross national product to more than 13 percent. The Korean War was thus a real shock to the national economy. By contrast, the economy has absorbed the cost of the Vietnamese War almost without noticing it.

The cost of the war, over and above normal defense spending, is officially estimated at about $10.5 billion per year, or about 1.5 percent of the yearly gross national product. And because the American economy has been growing so rapidly, defense spending as a proportion of the economy has actually not grown at all. Obviously the dollar side of the equation provides no excuse for hand wringing or defeatism.

Now consider the military side of the equation. War, it has been said, is 99 percent boredom and 1 percent terror. In this war, the ratio is even more heavily weighted on the side of boredom. Death is the father of terror, and this is the least deadly war the United States has fought in this century.

As this is written, almost exactly 2,000 American soldiers have been killed in action since U.S. combat forces began to arrive in Vietnam early last summer. Two thousand dead young Americans are 2,000 personal tragedies. But wars do kill men, and all our previous wars in this century have killed a lot more men than the war in Vietnam. In the Korean War, we lost 33,000 men killed, more than 14,000 in the first year alone. In the worst year of the Second World War—1944—we lost 140,000 dead, and in the few months in which American troops were engaged in the First World War, we lost 53,000 dead.

As the fighting expands and more U. S. forces are committed, we are tragically certain to lose more men in 1966 than in 1965. But if current forecasts are correct, the roster of killed-in-action is likely to hold at less than a tenth of the 50,000 Americans who are statistically certain to die in automobile accidents in 1966. No one has suggested that we should all stop driving cars.

The fact is that this is a different *kind* of war from any we have fought in the past. Despite the infiltration of regular units from North Vietnam, it remains essentially a guerrilla war. Mao Tse-tung is authority for the dictum that "guerrillas should be as cautious as virgins and as quick as rabbits." What he meant, of course, is that guerrillas should at all costs avoid stand-up infantry battles, which is why the Viet Cong remains so infuriatingly elusive.

Stand-up infantry battles are what kill mountains of men in conventional infantry wars, the kind of wars we have previously fought. A guerrilla war simply does not produce a Verdun, in which, incredibly, a million men were killed out of two million engaged; or a Stalingrad or a Guadalcanal or a Battle of the Bulge or a Heartbreak Ridge.

A guerrilla war can be a cruel kind of war in its way, to be sure, and guerrillas can nibble an army to death, as the Viet Cong last year almost succeeded in nibbling the South Vietnamese Army to death. But guerrilla warfare can be cruel to the guerrilla side too, and with about 35,000 killed in 1965, the Viet Cong is taking heavier casualties than any guerrilla force has been able to sustain heretofore.

It is just not true that guerrillas cannot be defeated. And even if the war goes on for a long time, there is no reason to anticipate in Vietnam the terrible death toll previous wars have imposed, unless the basic nature of the war is changed—by Chinese Communist intervention, for example.

There is another difference between this war and other wars that is not widely understood. Our other wars have been fought by green recruits. This war is being fought mainly by volunteers and professional soldiers.

About 20 percent of the 200,000-plus U.S. troops in Vietnam are draftees—all of them in the army. But a very high proportion of the draftees in the regular combat units which do almost all the fighting are men who have volunteered for hazardous duty.

There are no draftees in the Marines in Vietnam, and the fliers of course were not drafted. All the men in the 173rd Airborne Brigade, all the men in the First Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division, all the men in the Special Forces, and virtually all the men in the magnificent 1st Air Cavalry Division are volunteers. That leaves the 1st Division—the proud "Big Red One"—and two brigades of the Hawaii-based 25th Division. Both are predominantly professional outfits.

In short, the picture promoted by the demagogues and defeatists, of "American boys" dragged from their mothers' arms to die in the jungle, is a myth. The war is being fought almost entirely by fighting men—not "boys"—who chose to become professional soldiers, or who on their own initiative volunteered for dangerous duty. We are lucky that the United States still produces such men.

The simple fact of their presence in Vietnam constitutes a clear commitment before the world—that a Communist government will not be imposed on South Vietnam by force. Honoring that commitment is not easy, but it is by no means an intolerable burden. The small war in Vietnam is thus a test of the United States as a great power. We may fail the test, though there is no reason, military or economic, why we should fail. If we do fail, the failure will be in this angry city, not among the professional soldiers and courageous volunteers for hazardous duty who make up the great majority of the men who are doing the fighting in Vietnam.

Stewart Alsop

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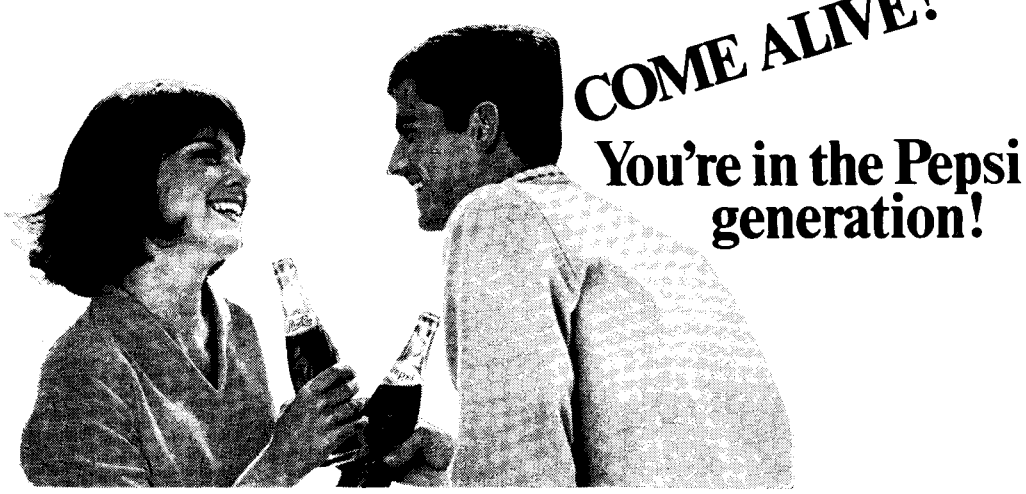

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Sentry thinks insuring 'small' businessmen like Chuck Sozio is real cool...

Chuck's business is called the Sozio Corporation. Major appliances. Sales and service. In Revere, Quincy and Cambridge, Mass. It's a "small" business. Smaller than IBM that is.

Chuck started with "one buck and a tool kit!"

His first year, 1949, (all by himself) Chuck grossed $5,000 repairing refrigerators.

In 1965 with 25 employees, out of 3 showrooms franchised by one of America's largest manufacturers, he did just under $1,000,000!

Pretty fair parlay on one buck and a tool kit!

"One reason for success," says Chuck, "we promise to keep our appliances in tip-top shape. And we keep that promise."

It's mighty satisfying! You know the feeling. So does Sentry. We started as a small business ourselves. A group of hardware merchants we were. Got together to insure ourselves. Today we sell all kinds of insurance (besides business insurance): There's fire, life, homeowners, auto, most any kind at all. But we've never forgotten how it feels to build a business from scratch! The rewards. The problems. Like Chuck Sozio's insurance problem, for instance. "I was worried," he says. "I had 15 or 16 policies. But even with all those policies I didn't know if I was properly covered."

The Sentry man was called in.

Found a hole in Chuck's insurance coverage. Where "installation liability" should have been—there was nothing. "Could have blown the roof off," says Chuck, "we'd have really been in hot water."

Chuck.

The hole was filled. Pronto!

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We wish we could do the same job for IBM. But right now we can't.

We just wouldn't have enough of *our* key people to take care of Chuck and you—and IBM besides. Of course, we did write $144,000,000 worth of insurance last year. And if we continue like that maybe one day we'll have enough key men on hand. Then we'll call on IBM.

That's a promise! And—like Chuck Sozio we keep our promises.

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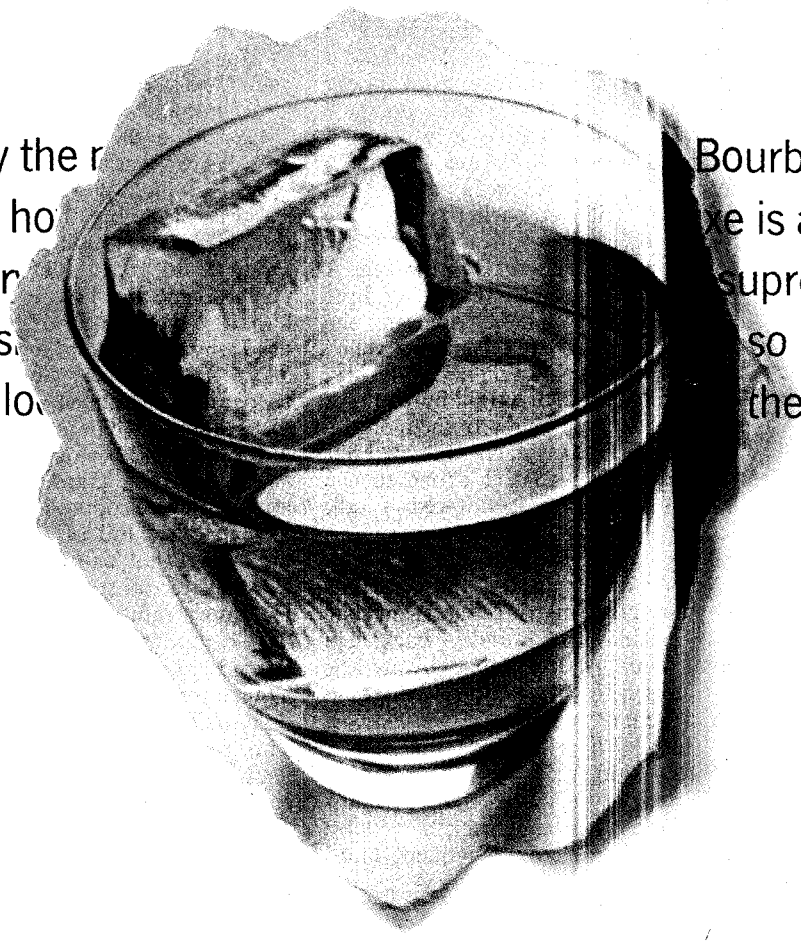

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NO TAXEE, NO SHIRTEE

BY JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

I remember in my formative years being given wise counsel by a friend who had emerged emotionally scarred and tangibly poorer from an encounter with the Internal Revenue Service. "Don't ever," my friend warned, "mess with the eagle."

Over the years I have assiduously followed that advice. Each April my tax return is prepared by an accountant so fiscally conservative that he makes Calvin Coolidge look like John Maynard Keynes, I never carry money on my person. Instead I carry 22 credit cards, permitting me to charge (and deduct) everything from movie-theater popcorn (business entertainment, Section 162, Internal Revenue Code) to a sauna bath (emotional wear and tear: medical expenses, Section 213, Internal Revenue Code). It is a system which has always given me a secure feeling. And then, last summer, I messed with the eagle. Over, of all things, my laundry.

It all began one afternoon when I drove into San Pedro, Calif., to pick up my shirts and sheets. The scene outside the New Deal Laundry had all the elements of Black Tuesday, 1929. A crowd of angry housewives was peering into the window and pounding on the padlocked door. In the window was a sign: CLOSED FOR NON-PAYMENT OF INCOME TAX. INTERNAL REVENUE AGENT WILL BE ON PREMISES AT 2 P.M.

It was then a quarter to four and the sullen crowd began to close around me. "Are you this agent?" a woman asked truculently.

"No," I said and fled to my car.

When I arrived the next day, I squinted through the window, and all I saw was a pile of empty polyethylene bags. The proprietor of the store next door told me the IRS man had come, distributed all the laundry and left. Someone, I thought, was 12 shirts and 16 sheets to the good.

From a pay phone on the corner I called the Internal Revenue Service and asked the name of the agent in charge of the New Deal Laundry caper. His name, I was told, was Mr. Hakimura. "May I speak to Mr. Hakimura?" I asked. The voice parried. What did I want to speak to Mr. Hakimura about? "The whereabouts of certain property," I said, slipping easily into what I imagined was IRS diction—"namely, my laundry." There was a pause. "Mr. Hakimura will get back to you," the voice said.

Three days passed. By this time I was a little gamey, 12 shirts being three less than I own. I kept badgering the IRS until finally, after I made a veiled threat of an appeal to higher authority, I was told that Mr. Hakimura might be found at the main branch of the New Deal in Long Beach. By now I felt distinctly committed. I drove to the branch, where I encountered a tall, slender Japanese.

"Mr. Hakimura, I presume," I said.

Mr. Hakimura perused me inscrutably. I produced my ticket and said that I would like my laundry back. He replied equably that he had given back all the laundry. I asked him where he thought mine might be.

"That," Mr. Hakimura said, "is a good question."

Pressed, he suggested that the laundry might be in the truck owned by Mr. Whiffle, the tax-delinquent launderyman. Mr. Whiffle's phone had been disconnected, and it took me two days to track the truck to a San Pedro garage. When I got there, I found the truck padlocked. Maneuvering around me on a skateboard, a mechanic told me that the IRS had sealed it.

My temper was beginning to fray, and during the ensuing days I prowled the corridors of the IRS offices in downtown Los Angeles, belligerently asking strangers, "Where's Hakimura?" But Mr. Hakimura had dropped from sight. Eventually one of his associates suggested that I call the cleaning plant where the New Deal sent its laundry. "I don't have access to the name," he said, "but it's in the book."

There are five telephone books in Los Angeles, but by deducing that the plant would be within a 25-mile radius of the New Deal, I located it on the 37th call. I explained who I was and asked if they had my shirts.

"We might," a voice answered. "Or we might not."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"We're under orders not to give out any laundry information."

"I'm not asking about the Polaris missile system."

"It's a federal affair, Mac."

I called the IRS and told an agent that the cleaning plant had taken the Fifth. He assured me that no injunction had been issued against the dissemination of laundry information. I again called the plant. Just before they hung up, I could hear a voice saying, "It's that nut who wants his shirts back."

Very coolly I dialed the IRS, and this time got Mr. Hakimura. "Where are my shirts?" I asked evenly.

"Have you investigated the possibility that they might be on Mr. Whiffle's person?"

I hung up. That night I dreamed of a very fat man roaming the streets wearing 12 shirts and 16 sheets.

In the morning I drafted a combative letter to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. But before sending it, I called Mr. Hakimura and offered to read it.

"Just make sure you spell my name right," he said.

'H-a-k-a. . . ."

"No!" he shouted. "H-a-k-i. . . ."

"All I want is my shirts."

"Tough luck, buddy."

I was stamping the envelope when the phone rang. It was Mr. Hakimura. I refused to take the call: the Federal Government and I were through, *finis*, kaput. Mysteriously, Mr. Hakimura asked my wife to appear that afternoon at the IRS. At four o'clock she drove there and was handed a large bundle of dirty laundry. The shirts, Mr. Hakimura said, had been found in a rag bin at the cleaning plant. On hands and knees, my wife counted the laundry before an office full of IRS agents. She discovered that we had been given two extra shirts and three extra sheets. Mr. Hakimura refused to take them back. "We're not in the laundry business," he said grandly. "And one more thing. Your husband's a grouch."

Actually there was one more thing. This year, on my return, a deduction for the cleaning and pressing of office curtains (business maintenance, Section 162, Internal Revenue Code) is being questioned by the eagle. □

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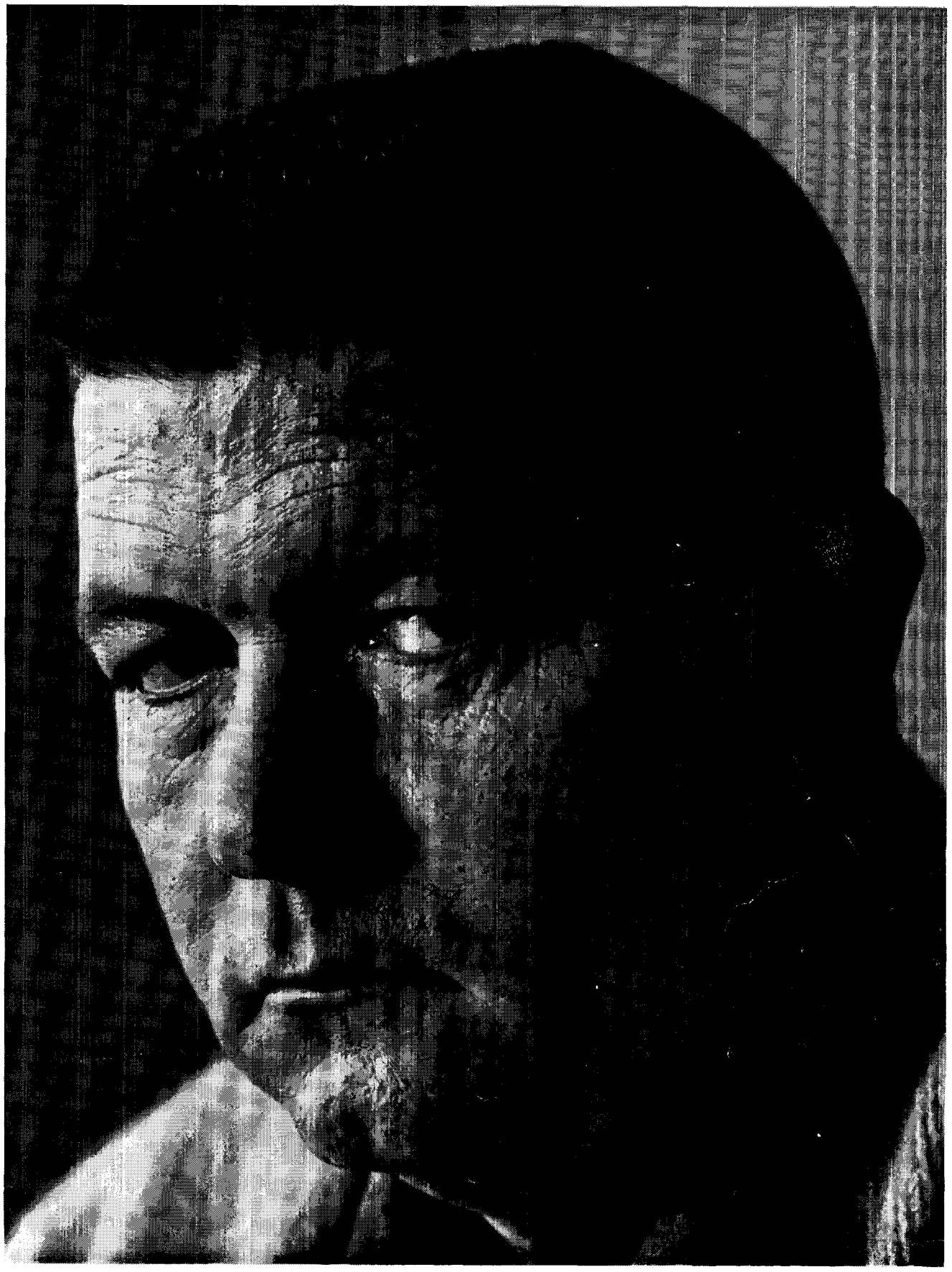
The Saturday Evening POST

PORTRAIT OF A KLANSMAN

Exalted Cyclops of a klavern in North Carolina, Raymond Cranford talked freely to a 'Post' reporter, revealing a side of the Klan that few outsiders see.



BY STEWART ALSOP

Raymond Cranford, an Exalted Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina, is a bullet-headed man with expressionless, black-rimmed eyes, who wears his hair close cropped, military fashion. Cranford fully expects to be framed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, or killed by Negroes or Communists, and he always has a rifle or pistol within easy reach. He talks a good deal about the last war, in which he was wounded, and about the Communists, who are, he believes, getting ready to assume power, and about guns, which he loves. But wherever a conversation with Cranford starts, it always comes back to the same subject—what Cranford calls "niggers."

"The word Negro," he explained, within five minutes of our meeting, "that's not in my vocabulary. There's colored folks and there's niggers, there ain't no Negroes."

I first met Raymond Cranford at the airport in Raleigh, N.C., where we had lunch. That lunch was my first exposure to his way of talking, which is a kind of brutal monologue. The Raleigh airport restaurant is desegregated, and I pointed to a Negro who was eating next to a white man at one end of the lunch counter. I asked Cranford if the Negro's presence bothered him.

"If that man sitting next him wants to eat like a nigger," said Cranford, "that's his business. But if that nigger was to come to this table, I'd know how to handle him. I'd say I'd got some alligators I'd like to feed." He looked around the table with a small, closed-mouth grin—he does not show his teeth when he smiles, and he hardly ever laughs. Then the monologue started. A few excerpts will suggest its flavor.

"A white nigger, that's worse than a nigger. A white nigger's a man's got a white skin, and a heart that's pumpin' nigger blood through his veins. If it comes to a fight, the white nigger's gonna get killed before the nigger."

"You come from Washington? I call Washington Hersheytown—ninety percent chocolate and ten percent nuts."

"We believe a white man's got his civil rights too. I'll lay down my life for those rights, if I have to. These nigger civil rights, they're gonna end in the white man's bedroom."

"We don't believe in burning crosses on a man's lawn. If I'm gonna burn a cross, I ram it through the man and burn it." This with a small grin.

"When the Communists take over, they're gonna kill me quick. Well, you only got one time to die."

"I got a daughter, she's nineteen years old. I love my daughter, but I find her with a nigger, I'll take my gun and I'll blow her brains right out of her head."

These observations are not very pretty or enlightening, and in the time I spent with Raymond Cranford, I heard them repeated almost literally

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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Cranford loves firearms. "Mister, with this little gun, you can blow a hole through a man, you could walk right through it."

PORTRAIT OF A KLANSMAN

ad nauseam. And yet it is worth trying to understand Raymond Cranford, for he is one of a very large number of Americans who are wholly alienated from the comfortable American society that most of us know. In the Klan oath, the world outside the Klan is called "the alien world," and in the eyes of a Klansman like Raymond Cranford, that world is heavily populated by "Communists," "white niggers," and other enemies.

North Carolina has an old and well-earned reputation for moderation in race relations. Nevertheless, as the recent investigation by the House Un-American Activities Committee established, North Carolina's Ku Klux Klan, nonexistent three years ago, is now bigger and better organized than the Klan in any other state. Its membership has been estimated as high as 20,000. The hard core of the Klan is in the flat, sandy, cotton-and-tobacco country in the eastern part of the state, where Negroes make up more than 40 percent of the population. The hard core of this hard core is in Greene County, where Exalted Cyclops Raymond Cranford presides over his klavern.

I owe my introduction to Raymond Cranford to a 33-year-old reporter called Pete Young. Young has spent the last two years covering the mushroom growth of North Carolina's Klan, and he has become a close friend of Exalted Cyclops Cranford, Grand Dragon Robert Jones, and dozens of assorted Klaliffs, Kleagles, Klokkards, Kludds, and just plain Knights. Young had invited me to have a look at the Klan, and offered to act as my guide. I had accepted, and asked Ted Ellsworth, an old friend, and *Post* photographer Ollie Atkins to go with me.

Cranford was in the marines in World War II, he told us at lunch, and had been wounded and decorated. "A psychiatrist told me I got backward reflexes," he said. "I got no sense of fear. Till I was twelve years old, I couldn't get to sleep at night without a light in the room. But when I'm in danger, I'm *cool*."

Cranford smokes constantly—upwards of four packs a day, he says. His nails are chewed to the quick, and he has bleeding ulcers. He used to drink a lot, but no longer. "When I was in the marines, I used to go out snipin' Japs with one canteen of water and one of alcohol. In the Klan, you can't get drunk, and you can't swear."

Cranford is deeply proud of being a Klansman. "My daddy and my granddaddy were in the Klan," he says. "I was born in the Klan." He is, he says, "a Klansman full time and a farmer part time." He owns a 200-acre farm with a 22-acre tobacco allotment. In most years his tobacco crop alone brings him a net profit of around $11,000. But Raymond Cranford does not think of himself as a prosperous citizen.

"They wouldn't let a pore white like me past the door of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York," he said, as we walked to the parking lot. "So why should a nigger go anywhere he wants?"

Between the bucket seats of Cranford's red, late-model car there was a bone-handled pistol and cartridge belt, and a rifle hung in a halter arrangement by the left front door. Cranford demonstrated how he would react if a "nigger or Communist" threatened him in the car. When he opened the door, he could fire his rifle without taking it out of its halter. The hollow-pointed bullets, he explained, would catch a man in the legs or stomach. "Mister, with this little gun," he said, "you can blow a hole through a man, you could walk right through it.

"I can outrun any FBI car in the state—I got a supercharged engine," he said, as we started on the drive to Greene County. "Course, the FBI taps my phone. I got an alibi for every cotton-pickin' minute, but they'll find a way to frame me." To the relief of his passengers, he turned out to be a cautious driver, careful about passing, and stopping at all stop signs.

Cranford is very proud of being Exalted Cyclops, or No. 1 man, of his klavern. A klavern is the basic Klan unit, with membership ranging from a dozen or so to a couple of hundred—Cranford said he had about 60 men in his klavern.

He was also, he said proudly, a major in the "V.I.P. Security Guard" of the Klan. As such, he wears a major's oak leaves, and a helmet liner, uniform, and regulation paratroop boots at the Klan's cross-burning rallies. His job is to guard the Grand Dragon, the Imperial Wizard, and other Very Important Persons.

"Fren, you better keep your hands away from your pockets at a rally. You lay a hand on the Grand Dragon or the Imperial Wizard, and fren, you're *daid*."

As an Exalted Cyclops, Cranford said, he had direct access at any time of the day or night to the Imperial Wizard himself, Robert Shelton of Alabama, to whom he always referred respectfully as "Mr. Shelton."

"I can't get to see 'Light Bulb' Johnson," Cranford said. "I can't get to see the governor. They wouldn't give me the time of day. But I can call *Mr.* Shelton any time of the day or night. There's the number one man in the nation, and he'll take his time and money to talk to me, or come and see me any time."

'You lay a hand on the Grand Dragon or the Imperial Wizard at a rally, and fren, you're daid.'

A man could identify himself as a Klansman if he wanted to, Cranford said, but no other Klansman would identify him, on pain of death. "In some places," he explained, "you got white niggers, they'll fire Klan people—they won't say it's because they're in the Klan, but they'll always find some excuse."

Then there are anti-Klan people in Greene County? "Some, but everybody knows they're just after the nigger dollar."

By this time we had arrived at the motel where we were to stay. When Grand Dragon Jones was in the neighborhood some months earlier, Cranford said, the manager refused to give him a room. Cranford gleefully explained how he dealt with this insult to the Grand Dragon:

"I went to the manager, and I said, 'Now, fren, I'm not threatenin' anybody. But I got twenty niggers working at my place, and they're *real* dirty niggers, why I bet they haven't washed for weeks, and they sure *do* stink. Now I want a public apology to the Grand Dragon, and if I don't get it, I'm gonna register those twenty niggers right here. If you take them you'll have to fumigate the place, maybe burn it down. If you don't take them, I'm gonna prosecute you under the Civil Rights Act.' So he apologized."

That evening we drove over to Raymond Cranford's house for supper and found that quite a little party had been laid on for us. We were introduced to Mrs. Cranford, a strong-faced woman with reddish hair, and to Bob Littleton, the Exalted Cyclops of a klavern in neighboring Pitt County, and his wife. A Kleagle, or recruiter for the Klan, who didn't want to be identified, was there, and so was the Night Hawk of Cranford's klavern. The Night Hawk, whose job it is to organize the Klan's cross-burning rallies, is a sad-faced, monosyllabic farmer called Bennie Earle Oates. Also at the party were Cranford's 19-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son, as well as various in-laws and other children.

The Cranfords live in a small brick house, close to a village street. The furniture is the kind that is meant to be used, not just looked at. There is an old-fashioned front parlor, a dining room and a "family room" at the back. The party moved into the family room. No liquor was served. Somebody put a record on the phonograph. The song's endlessly repeated refrain was: *Move those niggers north, if they don't like our southern ways, move those niggers north.* Cranford pointed to his young son's school book—there was a big KKK scrawled in ink across its cover. "He's born into the Klan too," Cranford said proudly.

When the record stopped, the male members of the party moved into the dining room and were served a good meal of barbecued chicken by the ladies, who ate afterward. The conversation was dominated, as always, by Raymond Cranford. There were a couple of units of the Deacons for Defense, the armed Negro organization, in the area, he said, "But we're not scared of them.

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In the Cranfords' "family room" after supper, Exalted Cyclops Littleton shows new rifle.

A Yankee guest, Ted Ellsworth, helps Cranford demonstrate "karate" with a bayonet.

You start poppin' bullets around a nigger, and their feet's gotta go."

One of the other Klansmen interrupted to say that the Klan was "against violence, except in self-defense," which is the official Klan line. "That's right," said Cranford. "We believe in ballots, not bullets—a Klansman gets out of line, and the Grand Dragon will clobber him." But the bullets kept creeping into the conversation.

"I'm not here to shoot a nigger, but if trouble starts, the white nigger's first on my list."

"Sure, the white niggers'll get it first. Say there's a bird on the fence and another bird scrunched down behind the fence. Which one's gonna get shot first?"

How much danger, I asked, was there of some sort of Negro uprising in the area—something like Watts?

"Not a chance," said Cranford, and the others nodded in agreement. "Look, I can have a thousand men in one hour, with air-cooled machine guns and two cases of grenades. There are more combat men in the Klan than in any other organization except the V.F.W. We didn't fight in World War Two just to let the niggers take over the country. That's not a threat. That's a promise."

In the living room, after supper, the guns came out. Everybody seemed to have a gun—all the children had toy guns. Cranford showed the shotgun he had won for recruiting members into the Klan, and Littleton passed around his new high-powered rifle. Then Cranford put on his Exalted Cyclops robes, white with a crimson hood. "They call these robes bedsheets," he said indignantly. "Bedsheets! You just feel that satin. That's the finest quality there is."

We got up to go, and I thanked Mrs. Cranford for the delicious chicken dinner. "Now, when you come to write that article," she said, in a sweet-southern voice, "you be fair. You're not fair, I'm coming to Washington with a machine gun."

All the men piled into cars to inspect Cranford's newly built klavern—permission to show these previously secret Klan meeting halls had apparently come from higher authority. The klavern turned out to be a long, windowless cinderblock hut with a cement floor. In the middle of the floor was the "altar"—a wooden table with a bayonet and a Bible on it, flanked by the U.S. and Confederate flags, backed by a cross lit by bulbs. On the wall behind the "altar" were two signs: FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT, DIE IF WE MUST, BUT ALWAYS REMEMBER, IN GOD WE TRUST, and A MAN NEVER STOOD SO TALL AS WHEN HE STOOPED TO HELP A CHILD. The first is the official Klan motto. Putting up the second, Cranford said proudly, was his own idea.

On a mantelpiece were two long strips of rubber tire, attached to wooden handles. These were used, said the Kleagle who didn't want to be identified, to "teach informers a lesson." The Klan, Cranford explained, has its own system of discipline. A Klansman who "gets out of line"—drinks too much, or "cheats on his wife," or disgraces the Klan in some way—may be tried by a Klan court, and punished appropriately. The Klan is, in fact, a kind of inner government—a Klansman swears allegiance to the Klan above any allegiance to the "alien world."

To us outsiders, the visit to Cranford's klavern was a bit anticlimactic—we had expected something more sinister. Perhaps sensing our disappointment, Cranford seized the bayonet and began demonstrating his "karate," showing how, if a "nigger or a Communist" made a grab for the bayonet, he would plunge it into his adversary's stomach—"I'll just shove it in, by instinct."

We piled into cars again, to have a look at Bob Littleton's klavern. It is bigger than Cranford's, with seats for more than 100 people. There is also an open coffin—to scare the initiates—and a lot of Klan propaganda tacked up on a post, including a picture of the murdered civil-rights worker, Mrs. Liuzzo, walking with two Negroes. Littleton and the Kleagle both pointed out the damning fact that she was walking barefoot.

"There was, we "aliens" agreed at the motel, something very sad about the dreary little klaverns with their kitchen tables masquerading as "altars," and their coffee cans filled with old cigarette butts and their hand-lettered, misspelled signs; and something very sad about the Klan."

The next day, Cranford showed up bright and early with his Klaliff, or No. 2 man. The Klaliff (who didn't want to be identified) turned out to be a pleasant-mannered, freckle-faced young man. He had been in the Korean war, and like most Klansmen we met, he had been a combat soldier.

Cranford took us to the "nigger school" which was, he said, bigger, newer, and more expensive than the white school. I asked if integration of the school had started.

"It started," Cranford said, "but it stopped."

We "aliens" got out to talk to the principal of the Negro school while the Klansmen stayed in the car outside. The principal is a soft-voiced, articulate Negro called Raymond Morris. Yes, he said, it was quite true—the Negro school was newer and better equipped than the white school. Had integration started? Yes, it had started—three specially chosen Negro children had been sent to the white school, in September. They had got along well for a month.

"But then an unfortunate thing happened," Morris said, in his quiet, singsong voice. "One night, someone shot into the homes of the children who had gone to the white school. No one was hurt, but the parents had a natural reluctance to keep the children in that school." Later we asked Cranford about the shooting incident. He grunted, but for once he said nothing.

That afternoon, we went to the town of Ayden, where, Cranford said, "the niggers are stirring up trouble." Outside a store, a line of Negro children were carrying signs reading NO HIRING NO BUYING or WE'RE TIRED OF BEING BAGBOYS AND MAIDS. This trouble, Cranford said, had been "stirred up" by the local head of the N.A.A.C.P., an undertaker called Gratz Norcott.

"He stirs up the trouble, and him being an undertaker, if the trouble gets bad, he stands to get all the business. I tole him, if one of my guys gets hurt, I'm not gonna horse around, I'm comin' right after *you*."

Norcott, it turned out, had his office in a small house across the street from the store. Ted Ellsworth suggested that we call on Norcott, and get his side of the story. The idea of a confrontation with Norcott had clearly never occurred to Cranford. But he interpreted the suggestion as a challenge to his courage. So he squared his shoulders and strode into the little house, followed by the Klaliff, the Night Hawk, and us "aliens."

Norcott's office is tiny, and by the time I elbowed my way into it, whatever greetings had been exchanged between Cranford and Norcott had already occurred, and an uncomfortable silence reigned. Norcott, a middle-aged Negro with an expressionless face, was at his desk, with a telephone held against an ear. Occasionally he would mutter something into the telephone, but there were long stretches when he said nothing at all. I shook his hand, and it was wet with sweat, and when he lit a cigarette, the match wavered. But if Norcott was scared by this surprise visit from the Klan, his self-control was remarkable.

For a while, as Norcott held the telephone up to his ear, we white men stood around rather sheepishly—there were only two chairs in the

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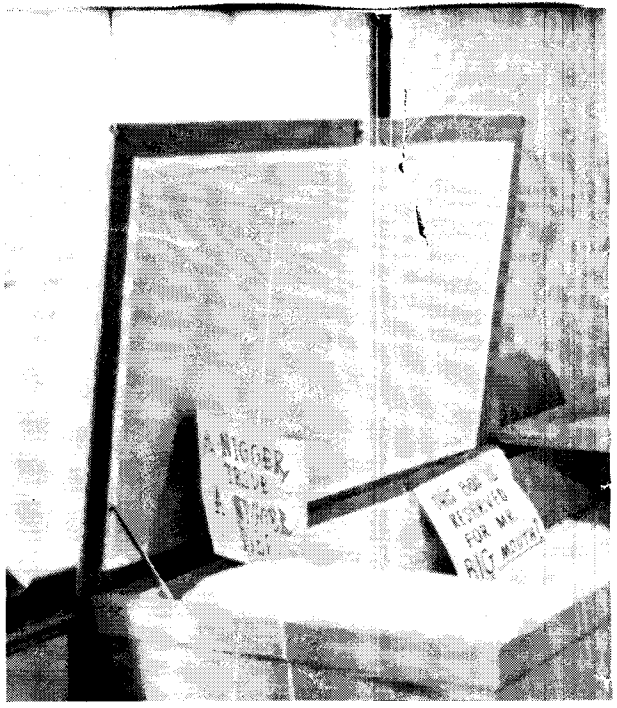
Cranford and Gratz Norcott, head of local N.A.A.C.P., confront each other across tense room, as Stewart Alsop watches.



Sonny Fischer, a Grand Klokkard of the Realm, invited Alsop to

office. Then Norcott held the telephone away from his ear and addressed Cranford in a polite but authoritative tone:

"Mr. Cranford, there are some chairs right across the hall there. Will you fetch a few so these gentlemen can sit down?"

Cranford hesitated a moment, and glared at Norcott, then got the chairs. We all sat down.

At last Norcott put the telephone in its cradle. While he was explaining his side of the "trouble"—the store did most of its business with Negroes, he said, and the Negroes wanted one of the three cashiers' jobs—two young, tough-looking Negroes came into the office, followed by an elderly Negro minister and a Negro doctor. Obviously news of the confrontation had spread rapidly.

The two young men were field workers for Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. One was a native North Carolinian, the other came from the Bronx. Norcott introduced them, and then introduced Cranford:

"Mr. Cranford here is the Cyclops—is that right, Mr. Cranford? Yes, the *Exalted* Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan." There was no hint of a smile, only the faint emphasis on the ridiculous adjective.

Cranford, sensing a challenge, glared at the Negro from the Bronx, then addressed Norcott:

"Now, fren, I'm not threatenin' you, I'm just givin' you a bit of advice. You and me, we don't see things the same way, but we'll get along all right, just so long as you don't bring in outsiders to make trouble. If you're gonna bring in outsiders, you could be asking for real *bad* trouble. Now, is that a gamble you want to take?"

"Well, now, Mr. Cranford," said Norcott, his tone polite, almost soothing, "when you had your rallies here last summer, I think I'm right, you brought in Mr. Shelton, the *Imperial* Wizard, I think you call him, from Alabama. And I heard you bring in some *Grand* Dragons, or what is it you call them, from as far away as Ohio. Isn't that right?"

"Well, let me tell you something," said Cranford, "I don't believe in threatenin' a man, or burning crosses to scare him. If I got something I don't like about you, I just walk right up to you in the street and bust you right in the nose."

"Well, now, Mr. Cranford," said Norcott, more soothingly than ever, "I wouldn't walk right up to you and punch *you* in the nose. I'd *discuss* the matter with you. And if we couldn't agree, then I'd put the matter in the hands of the law, because we in the N.A.A.C.P., we believe in the law, we obey the laws of the land."

By this time Cranford was both angry and a little confused, like a bull after the picadors had worked him over.

"I'm against violence," he said, his voice rising "but I'm gonna protect my rights, and if anybody wants a fight, he can get what he wants. Why, few weeks ago, three niggers pulled up beside my car, I seen they had guns, and I put a clip in my gun, and by God. . . ."

"SHUT UP, RAYMOND," Pete Young said, suddenly and loudly. Cranford subsided. There was some further sparring. Then Cranford said, rather plaintively, "You nigras talk about discrimination. Why, right here, some cops will give a Klansman a ticket just *because* he's a Klansman."

At this point, Dr. Andrew Best, a Negro physician with a round, good-humored face, intervened for the first time. He spoke with quiet passion:

"But can't you see, that's just what they've been doing to us as long as we've lived, giving us a ticket just because we're Negroes."

"The word 'Negro'," Cranford said, in a Pavlovian reaction, "that's not in my vocabulary. There's colored folk and there's niggers, there ain't no Negroes."

"Mr. Cranford," said Dr. Best, in a tone of infinite earnestness, "I want to ask you to try to imagine something. I want to ask you to try to imagine what your life would be like if my color was your color and your color was my color. Can you imagine what that would be like?"

"Listen, fren," said Cranford, "do you think life's easy for the pore white man in the South?" Cranford got up suddenly and strode out to his car, followed by the Klaliff and the Night Hawk, while we outsiders shook hands with the Negroes and muttered good-byes.

That evening the Exalted Cyclops, the Klaliff, the Night Hawk, and a couple of local Knights joined us "aliens" in a motel room, and we drank a few bourbons and talked. I asked the Klansmen why they hated Negroes. They seemed genuinely surprised. "We don't hate the niggers," the Klaliff said, and the others agreed. Cranford told how he supported a family of "no-count niggers" on his place. "We don't hate niggers, long's they behave like colored people," said a Knight. Somebody added that "Northerners don't understand niggers. A nigger's like a dog, he can smell it when you're scared of him."

There was a silence. Raymond Cranford looked musingly at his big hands. "These hands of mine," he said. "They're my secret weapon. By rights they ought to be locked up as a deadly weapon. My hands are like knives—they'll cut a man right across. I can kill a man with the open hand. The tougher the man is, the better I like it."

Cranford had had nothing to drink. He began talking then about a poor white family we had visited that afternoon. The wife and children had come to the door for groceries supplied by the Klan. The man had been lurking somewhere in the house. He was a drunk, and he had left his fields untended, and could not hold a job.

"I'm going out there again, maybe tomorrow," Cranford said, "and I'll straighten him out. I'll tell him, 'You straighten out, or I'll bust your tail.' Then maybe I'll shove him up against the wall, and slap him up against the side of a truck, and maybe turn him upside down and shake his brains up a bit. Then I'll tell him, 'Fren, you straighten yourself out, and then we'll go out and get you a job so you can support your family.' Course now, I'm not goin' to hurt him, not unless he fights back. If man don't fight back I can't *stand* to whup him. But if he just puts his fists up, man I *love* that. I'll just tear his tail *up*."

There was another silence, as we contemplated Cranford's cure for alcoholism. Then the Klansmen began talking about the rallies the Klan had held every night in the summer—the burning crosses made of big trees dragged out of the forests, the "nigger speeches," the crowds of robed Klansmen. Someone said that the sight of the burning cross gave him a "real religious feeling." Pete Young described a rally at which Collie Leroy Wilkins and the other Alabama Klansmen accused of killing Mrs. Liuzzo had been introduced to the crowd. They were greeted, Young said, with a wild roar of enthusiasm, and the other Klansmen who had been present at the rally nodded happily at the recollection.

It is a reporter's job to listen, to ask questions, to try to understand, to avoid emotional involvement. But suddenly I felt involved, and angry.

"Look," I said to the freckle-faced Klaliff, "you're proud of having fought for your country, and you're right to be proud. But a young man shooting an unarmed woman through the head at a range of ten feet—I don't care what she did, that's a cowardly thing to do, and I just don't see how a brave man like you can shout and clap for a man who did it."

There was a sudden silence in the room. The Klaliff was genuinely shocked—he blushed beet red, as though I had said something obscene.

"Well, now," he said, "I'm not saying I approve of what was done there, but you've gotta remember what she was doing. . . . Anyway, let's face it—this is a war."

There was another silence. Cranford said nothing, but he stared sullenly with his black-rimmed eyes at his big hands, his "secret weapon." For the first and only time, I smelled danger. Then Pete Young changed the subject, and the smell passed. One by one we drifted off to bed. As I was saying good night, the young Klaliff stopped me, and said earnestly, as though trying hard to explain something to me:

"Maybe there's something you don't understand, coming from the North. When it comes to a woman, in the South, why, there's nothing that's respected any more than that."

The next morning Raymond Cranford greeted us bright and early, as usual. The Klaliff was with him, and the Night Hawk. So was a high Klan official, the Grand Klokkard of the Realm, a

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see his klavern. Flashlights on wall make good clubs. One is bent.

With Night Hawk Bennie Earle Oates, Cranford poses in robes—"Just feel that satin, the finest quality there is."

youngish man with a very thin face, quiet manners, and hard eyes, called Sonny Fischer.

The Grand Klokkard insisted on showing us his klavern. Like Littleton's, Fischer's klavern boasted an open coffin. There were two hand-lettered signs in the coffin—A NIGGER TRIDE A NIGGER DIED, and THIS BOX IS RESERVED FOR MR. BIG MOUTH. Hanging from a wall nearby were two of the long five-cell flashlights which Klansmen carry at rallies—they make very effective clubs, and to make them more effective, they are sometimes lined with lead. One of these flashlights had a deep dent in it. I asked how the dent was made.

"On a burrhead," someone said, and the Klansmen laughed.

Behind the coffin there were two signs which read: OUR GOVERNMENT IS DEAD. There was the now familiar picture of Mrs. Liuzzo, walking with two Negroes—again, a Klansman pointed out that she was walking with her shoes in her hand. And hanging from a knob was a little plastic doll of a Negro child.

The doll—it was a girl, in a cotton dress—had a hangman's noose tied around its neck. I asked about this, too, and was told it was "just a joke." I remembered the sign Raymond Cranford had posted in his klavern, and of which he was so proud: A MAN NEVER STOOD SO TALL AS WHEN HE STOOPED TO HELP A CHILD.

Later that day, we said good-bye to Raymond Cranford and his fellow Klansmen. Cranford passed around stickers which read: THE KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN IS WATCHING YOU and BE A MAN JOIN THE KLAN and YOU HAVE BEEN VISITED BY THE KU KLUX KLAN.

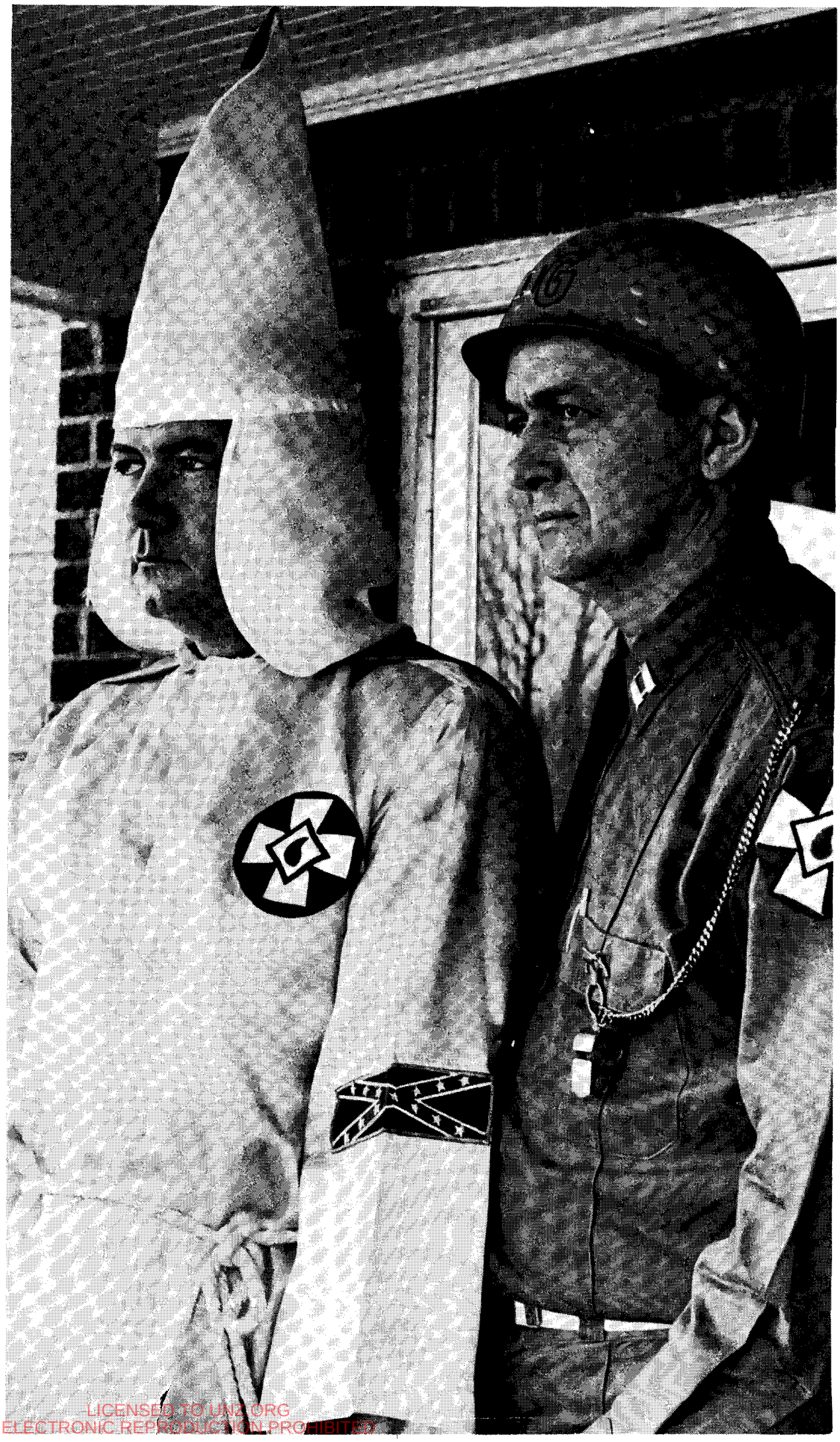
"Now, you just stick those on Light-Bulb Johnson's desk when you get up there to Hersheytown," he said, and laughed out loud, for the first time, at his own joke.

Have I been fair to Raymond Cranford? Or would Mrs. Cranford be justified in bringing her machine gun to Washington?

The Kleagle, the Klokkard, the Night Hawk, Exalted Cyclops Littleton and their wives and children seemed polite, pleasant-mannered people. Raymond Cranford and the other Klansmen were no doubt brave men and patriots by their own lights. And they were all people who wanted very badly, almost desperately, to be understood. Yet, I never did really understand them.

"Maybe there's something you don't understand, coming from the North," the young Klaliff said. Maybe there is. But how *do* you understand people who seem to be moral people, and who feel quite sincerely that a picture of a woman walking with Negroes, with her shoes off, justifies her murder? □

'These hands of mine, they're my secret weapon. By rights, they ought to be locked up as a deadly weapon. I can kill a man with the open hand.'



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Bing Crosby and his new movie

BY BILL DAVIDSON

OLD DAD HAS A LONG WAY TO SLIDE

Starring in the 1966 Stagecoach, The Groaner has baffled friends who remember the riotous Crosby of old. Today the new Crosby is busier than ever—a new family, new interests and a brand-new career.

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Bing Crosby arose from a midday nap in his dressing room on location in the Colorado Rockies, where he was making his latest film. Various infirmities were bothering him in the high altitude. But with no complaint about the bursitis which periodically grips him in both shoulders, he creaked, groaned and stretched, and made ribald wisecracks. Then, fixing his hairpiece into place on the expanse of scalp which rises from his amazingly youthful face, he observed, "The rug which Old Daddy used to cut now goes on his head."

The world's wealthiest working actor then went forth to work.

Why does Crosby, at an age when most men of his means are playing golf or touring the world in yachts, still get up at 5:30 in the morning, report to drafty studios or rugged movie locations, drink coffee out of soggy paper cups and get pushed around by directors half his age? Certainly it is not—as nearly every comic cracks at one time or another—that "he needs the money."

The Old Groaner's net worth has been variously estimated at from 40 to 70 million dollars. He has an astronomical annual income which he derives from royalties on his old records (over 200 million copies have been sold, more than those of any other entertainer), from the TV shows produced by his Bing Crosby Productions (currently *Ben Casey*, *Hogan's Heroes*), and from his commercial enterprises (six banks in California and Arizona; oil-drilling operations in Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma; a piece of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team, plus other, lesser holdings).

And yet, in the last few months, Crosby has scrambled for the show-business buck as if he were a hungry young actor just out of the Pasadena Playhouse. After finishing his starring movie role as Doc in *Stagecoach*, he hosted eight *Hollywood Palace* shows on ABC, starred in a special, *The Magic of Broadcasting*, which will be seen on CBS on May 1, made *The Road to Lebanon* with Bob Hope and Danny Thomas (another TV special to be aired on NBC on April 20), did Cinerama's *Adventure in Russia with Bing Crosby*, and philosophized and caught fish for ABC's *American Sportsman*. He gives a typical and logically simple answer when you ask him the reason for this strenuous activity. "Take that camera away," he says, "and I'd die. I like to work, and this is the kind of work I do."

This attitude is a far cry from that of the younger Crosby—a notorious roisterer and goof-off. It was not unusual, in the old days, for Crosby and Bob Hope to leave the set at Paramount Pictures at 1:30 P.M. and dash off to play golf, after which they would enjoy a riotous evening on the town. "Actually," says a close friend, "there have been three completely different Bing Crosbys. First came the wild, hard-drinking kid who made a fortune with Bob Hope and as a singer, in the 1930's. Then came the more sober Bing Crosby who emerged as a really fine movie actor in the 1940's and '50's. Now we have Crosby the elder statesman, the Great White Father of us all."

The 1966-model Crosby still eats a frugal lunch of canned soup in his dressing room when he is working, and he still is the master raconteur of unprintable stories about the misadventures of his friends. His speech still abounds with so-called Crosbyisms, which have been described as "a combination of the language of a literate guy and a musician-hipster." Typical Crosbyisms were overheard on the set of *Stagecoach* when his wife Kathryn visited him with their six-year-old daughter, Mary Frances. When Mary Frances became restive and ornery, Bing said to her, "You buckin' for the orphanage, gal?" To Kathryn he said, "But I guess by the laws of heredity, that kid's chromosomes *should* be offbeat."

Perhaps the most significant difference between the Old Crosby and the New Crosby is a notable change in the spectrum of his interests. In his earlier years he seemed to occupy himself mostly with music and carousing. Today he is one of the more erudite men in the entertainment world. He has learned to speak French and Spanish fluently, and frequently reads books and magazines in those languages. He also is an omnivorous reader of American and English books and periodicals (ranging from medical journals to works about pro football), and he is always studying some special subject which interests him. About a year ago Crosby suddenly decided to sell his magnificent Holmby Hills mansion in Los Angeles and moved his family to Hillsborough, a suburb just outside San Francisco. (He now commutes by airline to his work in Hollywood.) When asked why, he replied that he wanted to live in a city with more varied interests, where, as he put it, "I can go to the opera every week during the season, and I also can go to see people like Louis Armstrong."

Along with the emergence of the new, cultivated Crosby came a Crosby with completely different attitudes toward family life. During his tempestuous 22-year marriage to former movie star Dixie Lee (she died in 1952), he rarely saw his four sons, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay, and the noticeable lack of warmth in their relations resulted in bitterness and in problems that were luridly detailed in the press. Today, Crosby not only has succeeded in healing the breach between himself and the boys (mostly through stoic patience and belated understanding) but he has become almost fatuous about Harry Jr., 7, Mary Frances, 6, and Nathaniel Patrick, 4, the new set of children he has had with his second wife, actress Kathryn Grant. He always has a new story about one of the children. "I took Harry to Candlestick Park to see the Pirates," Bing will say, "and I was standing up yelling at Bill Mazeroski about some goof. Harry said to me, 'Daddy, that man is very rude. He didn't even answer you.'"

The new Crosby seems to have begun to emerge painfully in about 1955. His first wife, Dixie, had died of cancer just three years before, there was trouble with his four sons, and he was in a period of aimless confusion. In 1954 he had turned in one of the finest performances of his career in the film *The Country Girl*, with Grace Kelly, but good parts were getting harder and harder to find.

This was a period of intense loneliness and stock-taking for Crosby. He lived in his huge Holmby Hills mansion with his aged mother and 17-year-old Lindsay (the other boys were away at school or in the Army), and that's when his program of concentrated reading and self-education became so important to him.

During this time of introspection, he began to date casually an ambitious 18-year-old actress named Kathryn Grant, whom he had noticed a few years before at Paramount Pictures. Kathryn, born Olive Grandstaff in West Columbia, Tex., was 30 years his junior. She appealed to Crosby mainly because she was different in intellect from other starlets he saw. She studied at U.C.L.A. and got her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the University of Texas. Her romance with Crosby was a strange one. They sometimes didn't see each other for months at a time and, in fact, she hadn't even spoken to him for nearly a year when the phone rang in her Hollywood apartment one Sunday morning in October, 1957. It was Crosby. He said, "Kathryn, what I have to say to you will take only about a minute." Kathryn said, "Good. That's about all the time I have because I'm on my way to church." Bing said, "Let's get married." They were—a few days later—in Las Vegas.

The period of painful self-examination was over for Bing. He resumed his career as a tycoon and stocked up Bing Crosby Enterprises by acquiring banks and other businesses. He also formed Bing Crosby Productions and went into the TV-producing business in a big way, first with *Ben Casey* and later with *The Breaking Point* and *Slattery's People*. He began to take all sorts of roles—even beat-up-character parts, such as the one in *Stagecoach*—to keep his acting career alive.

Kathryn Grant Crosby, 30 years younger than Bing, was a Paramount starlet when she met her husband. After iheir marriage, Bing was inspired to start back to work again.

Nothing, however, has fascinated him (and possibly inspired him) more than Kathryn's determination to become a registered nurse. She developed this ambition early in their marriage, and he watched, with tolerant amusement at first, with puzzled admiration later, as she struggled through five years of studies—between babies—at Los Angeles' Immaculate Heart College and Queen of Angels Hospital. When she finally was graduated in June, 1963, Bing was still unconvinced. He says, "I bet her a piece of jewelry that she'd never pass the State Boards. Well, she came out first in the Los Angeles area and fourth in the state of California. She made a chump of me."

Today Crosby is as avid in telling anecdotes about his wife's professional prowess as he is in relating cute sayings by his children. "We went down to Las Cruces last winter," he says proudly, "and Kathryn discovered that one of the Mexican girls in the town had tuberculosis. There's no doctor there, and she realized that TB could spread like wildfire through a poor, undernourished population like that in such a remote section of Mexico. So she went out to our yacht, the *True Love*, and she put in a ship-to-shore telephone call all the way to Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles. They flew down two hundred Mantoux tests, which you give by injection, and Kathryn set up a clinic in the hotel and posted notices in Spanish for the whole population of the town to come there for the tests. She succeeded in giving shots to the entire population. Ten of the tests came back positive, and Kathryn took the sick ones in a bus to La Paz, more than two hours away over terrible roads. They told her in La Paz that she had averted an epidemic."

This recitation is typical of the conversation you hear these days from the New Crosby. The New Crosby has saddened many of his old friends, who long for some signs of a return to the spectacular wastrel of yore. When they tease him about his changed attitudes and about his continuing to work so hard, at his age and with his great wealth, he often replies with a Crosbyism: "Well, the paterfamilias has gotta demonstrate to the spouse and offspring that the adrenaline's still flowin'—and Old Dad's still got a long way to slide." □

Outside their suburban San Francisco house, young Harry Crosby and Mary Frances cavort with Mother and Old Dad.

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

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BY MURIEL DAVIDSON AND JANET RALE

STAGECOACH

'DO IT RIGHT, KID. YOU'LL BE DEAD IF YOU DON'T.'

Not everything goes exactly right as Bing, Ann-Margret, Red Buttons, Van Heflin, Chief Yellow Horse and the others shoot a remake of the movie classic. Nobody is dead—but nobody knows that every minute of the off-camera action is being secretly recorded.

After announcing his intention to film a remake of the classic 1939 Western, *Stagecoach*, producer Martin Rackin sent the following telegram to the original director, John Ford: "If you'd made it right the first time, I wouldn't have to do it again." But Ford indicated that he was not amused. His displeasure at Rackin's irreverent attitude toward his masterpiece was reflected throughout the entire film industry. Producer Rackin, a former newspaperman, former comedy writer, former screenwriter, former head of production at Paramount Pictures, was called—among other epithets—an "opportunist," an "egomaniac" and a "fast-buck operator."

Undaunted, the handsome, fast-talking producer set about assembling his cast. He signed four Academy Award winners—Bing Crosby, Van Heflin, Red Buttons and director Gordon Douglas, whose 1936 Oscar was for *Bored of Education*, an *Our Gang* one-reeler. Rackin tried shrewd if risky casting with a newcomer, Alex Cord, whose one screen credit is *Synanon*, as "The Ringo Kid" (the role which made John Wayne a star), and with the offbeat choice of singing star Ann-Margret as the prostitute (a part played memorably in the original production by Claire Trevor). He took further chances with good-looking Michael Connors as the gambler (a complete departure from the image set by lean and saturnine John Carradine); comedian Bob Cummings as a despicable heavy; and unmarried, Hollywood-born Stefanie Powers playing the pregnant, Southern-born wife of an Army officer.

More conventionally, he cast Slim Pickens (seen riding an atomic bomb in *Dr. Strangelove*) as the stagecoach driver and Keenan Wynn as a maniacal, Bible-spouting killer.

To keep a secret journal of the 20th Century-Fox production, Rackin allowed two sisters, the authors of this article, to be on hand last summer in the guises of, respectively, a bit-part actress and a "publicity coordinator." Our real activity was disguised so that nobody would be inhibited by the presence of known journalists.

Van Heflin and Stefanie Powers (foreground) rehearse expressions of horror at the remains of a bloody Indian massacre.

HOLLYWOOD, JULY 6: Ann-Margret didn't show on this first day of shooting. Al Manuel, Rackin's associate producer, told us he sent a doctor to her home and he reported that she was "semihysterical" and unable to appear. The most common theory about the cause of her illness: The studio is making her do this picture for her contractual fee of $25,000. She could have gotten more than $150,000 doing a loan-out film with Marcello Mastroianni in Italy.

No illness for the two diarists. We had to arrive on the lot at exactly 7 A.M., Muriel to begin her film debut as a beaten-up prostitute and Janet to start her role as the picture's publicity coordinator.

We went first to makeup where Marvin Westmore, member of famous family of cosmetologists, transformed Muriel into a hard-faced dance-hall broad. The costume is black sequined taffeta with a tightly fitted bodice, the neckline of which stops somewhere short of the navel. Hideous black-silk shoes with thick, stubby heels and crystal-chandelier earrings complete the getup.

We stepped onto stage 16 at 8:50 A.M. The set is a purposely ugly 1870-type saloon and consists of a roughhewn bar, a few round tables, a stairway on either side of the bar leading to the ladies' "cribs," an upright piano, a moose head and two standing wood-burning stoves. This is for the scene where two soldiers kill each other over Ann-Margret, and she and drunken Doc Boone (Bing) are thrown out of town. Muriel has her two lines to say in this scene. All day director Gordon Douglas shot stuff of Bing, Mike Connors and others. All to no avail—without Ann-Margret it's like shooting *Flipper* without the porpoise.

HOLLYWOOD, JULY 7: Up again with the dawn and to the studio and through the dressing routine again. The work of an actress is grueling. Hours of standing under burning lights, doing nothing but waiting for the camera to get set up, taking "five" and then doing the same thing all over again. Ann-Margret showed up today at 9 A.M. looking as fresh as a hummingbird as she flitted onto the set wearing a Sidney Guilaroff-designed hairdo which sported everything from green ribbons to sequined feathers. Before she got into her costume she flitted around some more saying "hi" to everyone. She was wearing black-and-white-checked short shorts, a black-and-white striped shirt and Courrèges boots with stiletto high heels. She is very pretty and seems to register emotion by widening her very large, very green eyes.

Started in earnest what we should have shot yesterday. The fight scene between actors Brett

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On location in the Colorado Rockies, Bing, as the besotted Doc Boone, chats with Ann-Margret, the dance-hall hustler.

Pearson and Bruce Mars is a wild, dirty battle. Brett is the drunken Army sergeant jealous of the attention Dallas (A-M) is lavishing on trooper Bruce Mars. Bruce is supposed to disembowel Brett with a knife while Brett, dying, squeezes Bruce to death. Muriel's role at this point is to sit on the bar, forgetting to flirt with the troopers, registering horror at what's going on. They really should have shot this with stunt men who can act, instead of actors who really don't know how to fight in this brutal manner. The heavy (who actually weighs about 250 pounds) is supposed to dash Bruce Mars's head against the bar. Foam rubber which looked like wood was nailed into place, but Brett kept missing the rubber and pounding the poor kid's head on the wood. Then Brett, spinning to take *his* lumps, tripped and plunged head on into the wall. Director Douglas hollered for Brett to get up and come back swinging, but Pearson was out cold. Ann-Margret got sick to her stomach and fled from the set.

Later, Bing made a classic flub. In his portrayal of a drunken doctor, he is ordered to leave town along with the undesirable A-M. She asks him why they have to go. He was supposed to say, "You see, my dear, we are both victims of a disease called social prejudice." Instead, he explained to her, "You see, my dear, we are both victims of a social disease. . . ."

Although he isn't at work, Alex Cord, our Ringo Kid, has been on the set for these two days of shooting. So has Van Heflin, who won't start work until we get to Denver. They watched most of the day as Gordon Douglas struggled quietly to get Ann-Margret to do what he wanted her to do. Later, waiting for camera setups, she stood alone at her floor mark, frugging and jerking and watusiing like mad.

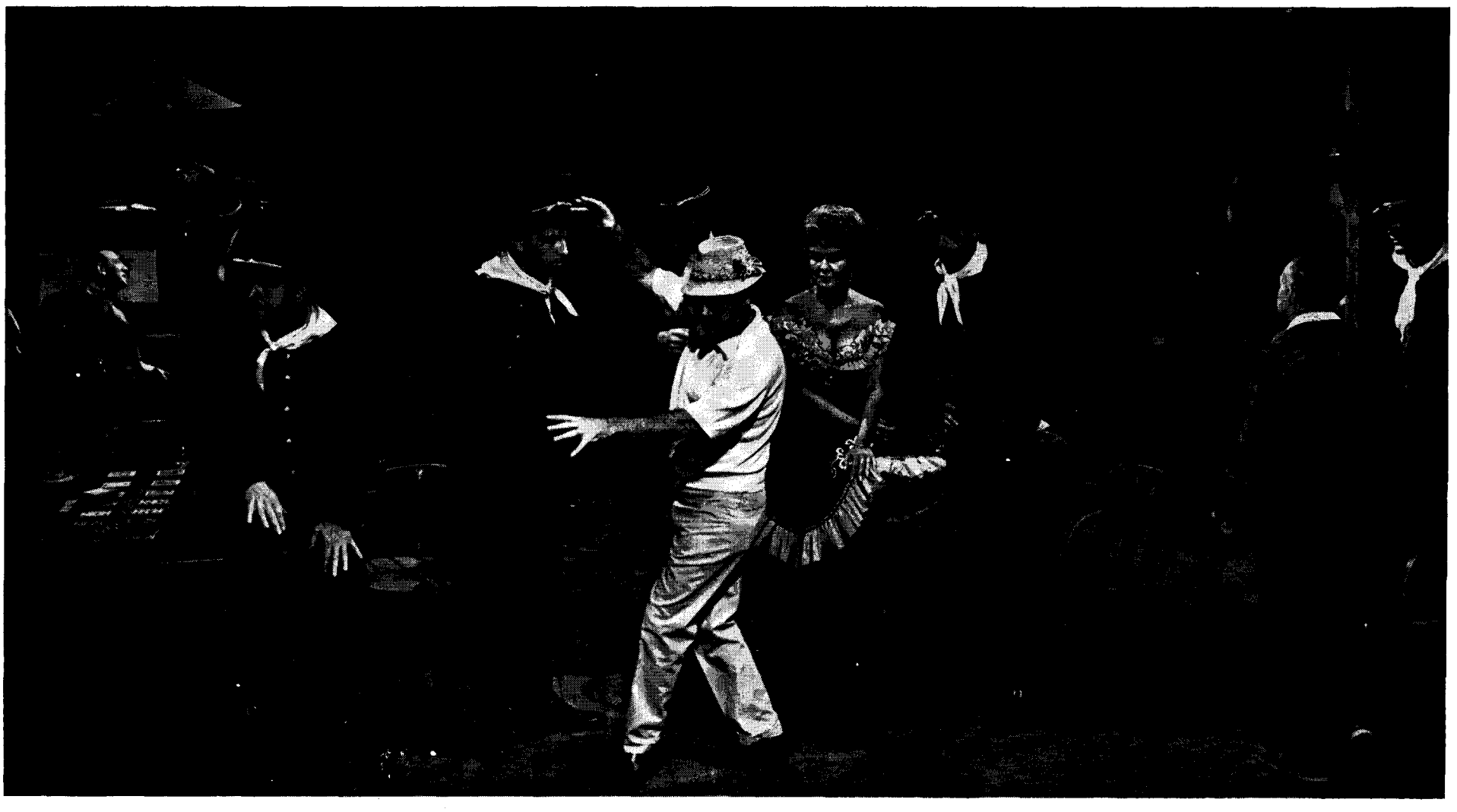
HOLLYWOOD, JULY 8: Bing, whom we have known for years, has had to be briefed about our undercover roles. He has promised to say nothing. So far, he has been very gay and lighthearted on the set. He sings a lot and he dances little time steps when he finishes a scene and he is unfailingly courteous to everyone. He manages to remain detached, though, and you don't just walk up to Bing to have a random chat about nothing. Also, he has been in constant pain with bursitis in his shoulder and had to leave the set for an hour this morning to get to his doctor.

We broke for lunch and made the long trek to the commissary. Just ahead of us, Brett Pearson, the heavy who is "killed" by a dagger, was walking with the bloody knife jutting from his side.

HOLLYWOOD, JULY 9: Marty Rackin said that he was having some trouble with Red Buttons, who wanted to be sure he was going to have a room as good as Bing's in Denver for the location shooting. Marty said, "Buttons is just like a Jewish Oriental. He doesn't want to lose face." He also said he resents actors who try to tell the writer or director how things should be done. Marty cited Michael Connors, who, he said, wanted to play his part with a limp so he could capture more attention. "I asked him, 'Why don't you play it as a hunchback?'" Connors gave up the idea.

Rackin is very excited because he has hired Norman Rockwell to paint portraits of his 10 stars, as well as do the advertising art for the

Dressed up as a saloon hostess, writer Davidson watches director Gordon Douglas show two troopers how to play a fight scene with feeling. One actor later was knocked cold for his pains.



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Suddenly the horses spooked. The coach went out of control and headed straight for Gordon.

picture He roared with laughter when he said that Rockwell was at first dubious about working for Rackin. Rockwell had written to him, "You know, Marty, I'm kind of afraid of you. I hear you're a rough, tough man and I'm just one half of a sweet old couple." Rockwell is 72.

DENVER, COLO., JULY 10: We are all billeted in the Hampshire House Hotel. There are no "rooms" here. Only suites. Rackin did this so that all his stars have identical accommodations. But he had to redo completely Ann-Margret's quarters in her favorite color, pink. She has pink walls, pink sheets, pink bedspread, pink towels, pink roses and even a pink phonograph. Judging from the musical sounds blasting from her suite, she listens to nothing but rock 'n' roll. After lunch in the dining room, Janet tweaked A-M's hair to see if it could possibly be all hers. It is.

DENVER, JULY 11: Our first surprise excitement today. Gordon Douglas and two stunt men, Jim Loucks and Dave Richards Jr., took the stagecoach and the six horses to a location site at a place called Caribou Country Club and Ranch, some 10,000 feet straight up in the Rocky Mountains. They wanted to accustom the horses both to the coach and to the altitude. They found a beautiful meadow surrounded by huge ponderosa pine trees and the stunt men started the coach up while Gordon stood in shelter under some of the trees. All of a sudden the first pair of horses "spooked" and started to run away. The second pair veered to the left and the third pair pulled to the right. The coach was completely out of control and headed straight for Gordon. He didn't have time to move, so he threw himself down on the ground while the team and coach thundered almost over his head. Then the lead horse ran headlong into a tree, the coach tilted and smashed to the ground and the two stunt men went flying. Jim Loucks's face looks as if he stuck it in a buzz saw, and Dave Richards is limping.

Gordon wasn't hurt, only shocked almost out of his mind. The poor horse who hit the tree died. The coach is in terrible shape, and Rackin has to send for Evan Martin, head of construction at 20th, and two other men to come out to fix it. He estimates that if it can be fixed at all, it will take at least three days. Of course, they have two other coaches, but one hasn't yet been "weathered" properly, and the other, which is for close-ups, has no driving gear. Rackin called to tell us *not* to tell any of the actors about the accident. He said Buttons would faint if he thought somebody had a hangnail and that the others are afraid of the coach anyway. He said that coaches frequently turn over and often you get seasick riding in one. His call came about five minutes late. We had just informed Alex, who naturally told everyone else.

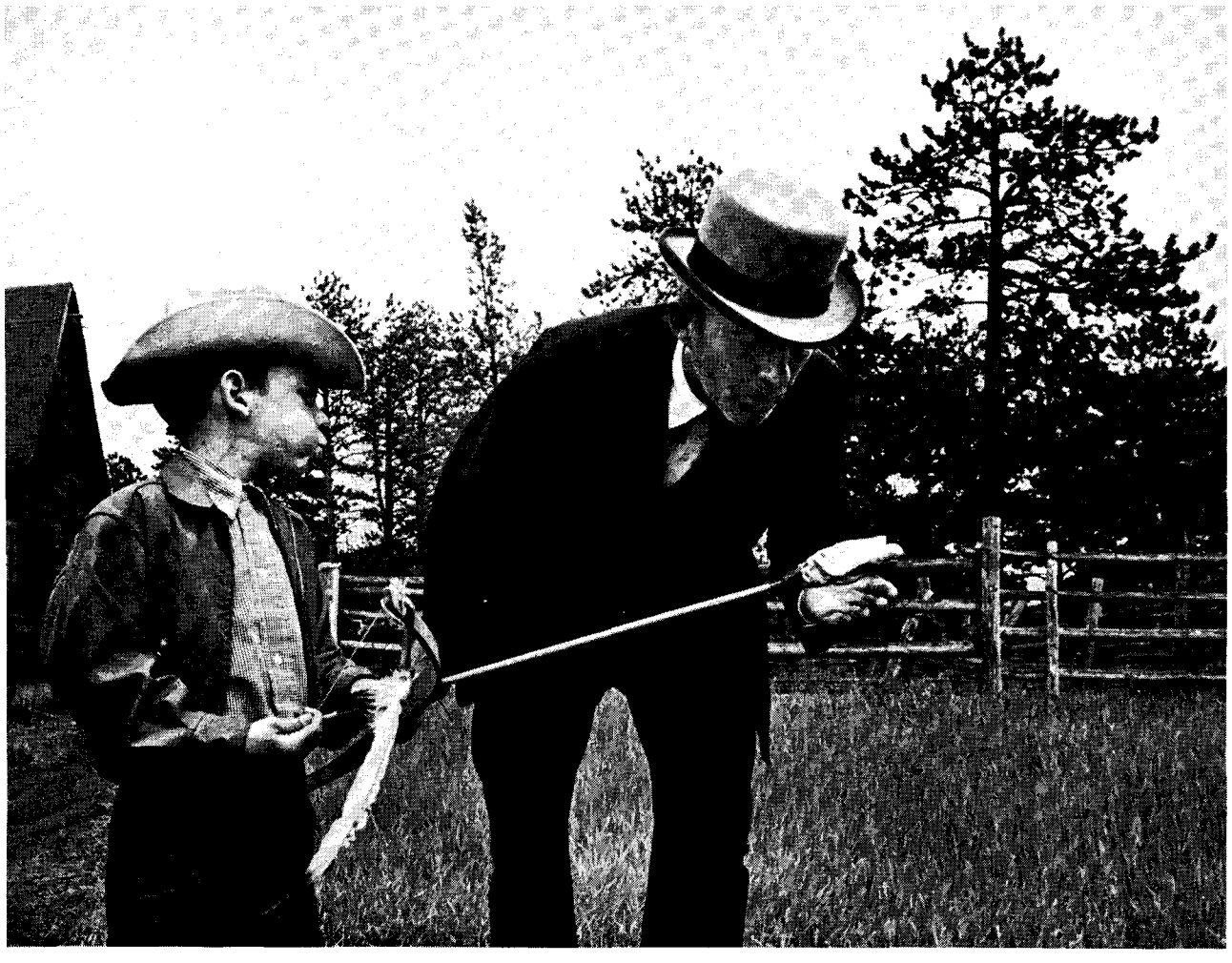
BOULDER, COLO., JULY 12: We set out at seven this morning for the location, which is about 56 miles northwest of Denver, an hour-and-a-half drive from our hotel. We arrived in a blinding sun, and now, at one P.M., it is pouring rain. So far, they have gotten only three shots. What happened this afternoon was close to murder. The doubles for the stars were called by the second assistant director, Al Murphy, to "sit in" for their famous counterparts. Murph is a little man who, to emulate Gordon Douglas, wears the same kind of dark-tinted glasses and a silly-looking straw hat. There the similarity ends. Murphy treats both stars and stand-ins with contempt. Hastening against the bad weather, Murph screamed for the stand-ins to take their places in the coach *immediately*. Unknown to him, Bob Cummings Jr., standing in for his famous father during summer vacation from Stanford University's Medical School, was already in his place. Cummings Sr., resting close by, heard Murphy holler, "Where is that s.o.b. son of Cummings? He's worse than his father, he couldn't get a job anywhere." Cummings Jr. stuck his head out of the coach to announce his presence just as Cummings Sr. roared to Murphy, "You b——, I'm coming up there to murder you!" Gordon Douglas and Rackin grabbed the elder Cummings and held him back. Junior scrambled down from the coach and ducked out of sight. He quit a few minutes later. Bob Sr. has flatly refused to work if Murph is around anymore.

BOULDER, JULY 14: Almost all the cast have asked to be moved closer to the location—which means living in Boulder, less than a half hour from the outdoor set. Red Buttons, however, declared, "I'm not moving. I'm a star." Stefanie Powers merely said, "I don't mind the long ride because I sleep all the way." Bing has accommodations at the Harvest House in Boulder and is being visited by his seven-year-old son, Harry Lillis Crosby III.

Just after a sumptuous lunch from the chuck wagon of Ed Michaelson, a Hollywood caterer, it started to pour again. This isn't just rain. It's like wet Ping-Pong balls falling from great heights, and when they land on you they hurt. We're behind again in shooting—and tempers are short. Stefanie, who is playing a subordinate part to A-M's flamboyant prostitute, and who looks like the devil with a homely hairdo and very pale makeup, said, "I can't talk to Ann-Margret in anything but monosyllables. She's in another world." Fortunately, Miss Margret rarely, if ever, hears her. When it rains, she runs to her dressing trailer and listens to her portable phonograph.

BOULDER, JULY 15: We have *all* moved here to Boulder, including Red and Stefanie. Red is very unhappy over a number of things. First, it's not so much that he must be treated as a star as the fact that he cannot seem to exist unless he is in a big city "where there are lights and action." Also, he, like Bob Cummings, is a health-food nut and vitamin-pill addict. And while he can get to his pills, he does not like Michaelson's chuck-wagon food—steaks, pork chops, spareribs and other wonderful things. Then, unlike the rest of the stars, Red changes his clothes for lunch, removing his costume and replacing it with a royal-blue Los Angeles Dodgers' baseball jacket which was given to him by the team.

Cummings, who is said to take more than 100 vitamin pills every day (and he does look 15 years younger than his 55), at least eats the prepared



Bing Crosby inspects son Harry's arrow. The youth was one of many children who visited parents on location.

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food, even though he would prefer a cup of wheat germ or something similar.

BOULDER, JULY 17: More heavy rain again, so there was virtually no shooting. Roger Smith, A-M's current *inamorato*, arrived for a visit. We were all astounded when they greeted each other by simply shaking hands. The lady refused to pose for photographers with him.

BOULDER, JULY 19: Luckily, we got five shots this morning before the heavens opened again and the rain came down. Gordon is finding it a little difficult to shoot anyway, since Cummings's refusal to work if Al Murphy is around. So now Murphy is dispatched to somewhere at the end of an elaborate walkie-talkie communications system, about five miles away, whenever Cummings is in a scene. When Cummings finishes, Murphy is called back. At lunch, Murphy is put to work on the chuck wagon serving the food.

We drove home with Marty Rackin in Ann-Margret's car this afternoon. She was complaining about her motorcycle, or "sickle," as she calls it, which has no pickup because of the high altitude. Next, she talked enthusiastically about a restaurant where she had eaten caviar and blinis for the first time. "Have you ever tried them?" she asked Marty. He replied, "Of course I have. Ya think I've been eating all my meals at the Y.M.C.A.?" Then she told us she had gone to see *The Sandpiper* and had come out of the movie crying. She said, "I want to do a love story so bad I can taste it. I can only relate to love. I have absolutely no rapport with children. But men! Them I understand." She accompanied her conversation with chomps on her Juicy Fruit gum.

BOULDER, JULY 20: Drove to location with Bob Cummings and Red Buttons. Bob told us a funny story about Slim Pickens's monumental appetite which he had heard from Dick Hudkins, head stunt man on our film and a longtime friend of Slim's. There is a place in Bend, Oreg., where they serve a complete meal for $12.50 which includes a 4¾-pound steak and all the trimmings. Anyone who can polish this off completely gets the meal free. Slim not only ate for free every night while he was there, but he would then go to a Chinese restaurant across the street where he had a plate of chow mein for dessert. "So why don't we call him Fat Pickens?" asked Red.

Bob gets up at four every morning when he's working. He devotes 40 minutes to setting-up exercises. Then another hour is devoted to giving himself an elaborate facial. He claims he doesn't need as much sleep as the average person because of the high-energy vitamins he takes and because of the kind of food he eats. He says he gets along very nicely on three or four hours of sleep a night.

Ann-Margret arrived at the set wearing purple slacks, a lacy red sweater, T-strap shoes, and over her shoulder she had an enormous brightly printed carpetbag of cut velvet. The visiting photographers rushed at her and she posed graciously. But when Alex was asked to get into some of the pictures with her, he refused. Ann-Margret, who really is very sweet to everyone, seemed hurt and confused by this attitude. Van Heflin, who co-starred with her in *Once a Thief*, is very defensive about her. "I've watched her progress, and I think she's made the greatest advancement of any young actress in recent years," he told us. "She has a great sex quality. I'm male, and I recognize it."

BOULDER, JULY 22: David Humphreys Miller, an agent who has successfully built an entire career by booking Indians for (*continued on page 76*)

Whenever she wasn't on camera, Ann-Margret killed time with a wild watusi, slop, frug, jerk or mashed potato.

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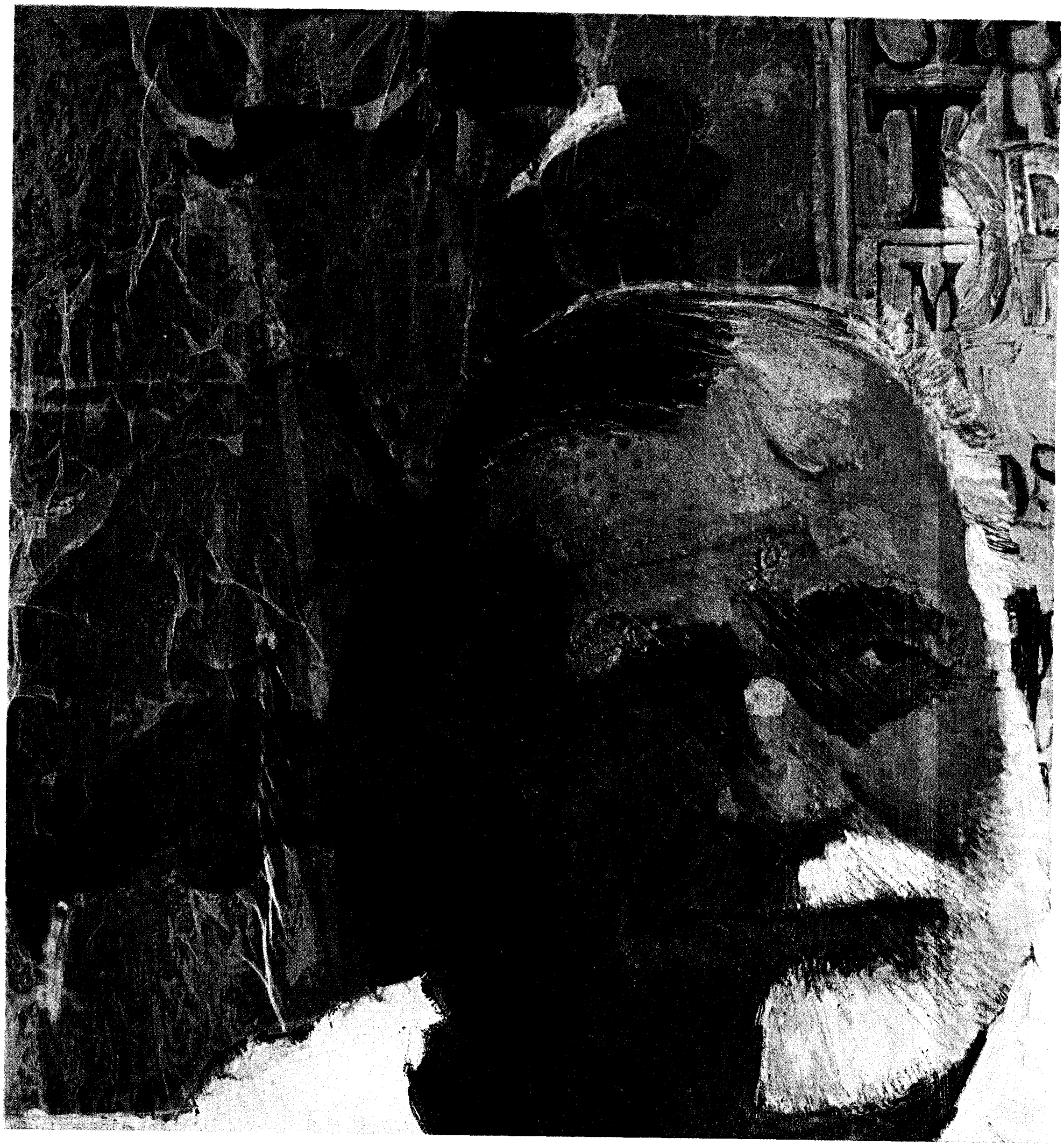

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PAPA HEMINGWAY

By A. E. Hotchner

After so many good years, everything he cared about was gone. 'There won't be another spring,' he said. 'If I can't exist on my own terms, then existence is impossible. Do you understand?'

CONCLUSION

Old wine in its cask sometimes reacts to seasons, and the summer of 1959 was, by Ernest's own avowal, one of the best seasons of his life. That aura of keen enjoyment I had found so overwhelming when we had first met in Cuba 11 years before, and which since then had been steadily blunted, now had a splendid renascence.

Ernest and Mary went to Spain in May aboard the *Constitution*, and in June I began receiving bulletins from Málaga, Madrid, and Aranjuez on the "wizard ops in prospect." What made the ops wizard was that Ernest's plan to tour the bullfight circuit with the matador Antonio Ordoñez had worked out. Zaragoza on the 27th, Alicante the 28th, Barcelona the 29th, and so on. Ernest informed me that Zaragoza would be the first fight after the Big Wound (Antonio had been severely gored in the left buttock in Aranjuez on May 30) and that I should meet up with him in Madrid on the 26th.

In his final bulletin Ernest said that it shaped up as the best summer of his life. The country's two great matadors, Ordoñez and Luis Miguel Dominguin—proud men, Ordoñez married to Dominguin's beautiful sister, a certain animosity between them—were about to engage in a series of deadly combats known as *mano a manos*. True *mano a manos* are rare, for only once in a generation, if that, are there two great matadors concurrently fighting. Ironically, the last *mano a mano* of such significance had occurred when this same Dominguin had first electrified crowds with his vibrant skills. He was considered a fit adversary for Spain's *El Número Uno*, the most revered matador in her history, Manolete. In that punishing duel the veteran Manolete, no longer as quick as he once was, was pushed by the young, reckless Dominguin beyond where he should have gone, and in one such moment he was severely gored and eventually died from it. Now this same Dominguin, who had ruled the bullfight domain until he retired in 1953, was returning to accept the challenge of a young matador of such supreme talent that many were saying he could well become the greatest bullfighter of all time. The victor would be crowned *El Número Uno*, the champion of the world.

In addition to the excitement of a great *mano a mano*, there was for Ernest the factor that Luis Miguel and Antonio were his good friends, and he greatly admired both of them as men and as matadors. But it was Ernest's judgment that Antonio was the greater matador because he had achieved perfection in all three categories: the cape, the *muleta* and the kill, whereas Dominguin, in Ernest's opinion, was weak with the cape and unnecessarily cheapened his performance with Manolete-inspired tricks. Paramount to those considerations, however, was the element of emotion—Ernest felt that Dominguin's performances were cold and unemotional, whereas Antonio on occasion moved him very deeply.

So Ernest had thrown in his lot with the young half-gypsy from Andalusia, whose matador father had been his friend 30 years earlier and had also been the model for the matador in *The Sun Also Rises*. In his closeness to Antonio and his devotion to this summer-long roundelay of bullfights, I felt that Ernest was in effect transporting himself back to that happy time when he had roamed Spain with the true-life counterparts of Lady Brett and Robert Cohn.

Ernest was waiting for me on the steps of the Carlton Hotel; we threw my bags into the lobby and started immediately for the ring. En route he introduced me to Bill Davis, a pleasant, middle-aged ex-San Franciscan who had been entertaining Ernest and Mary at his house in Málaga.

On our way, Ernest told me about the fight at Zaragoza, during which Miguel had turned in the best performance. "Luis Miguel claims to be Number One, so he must substantiate that claim every time he appears now," Ernest explained, "but he has the handicap of having become rich. The daylight between a matador's groin and the bull's passing horns increases as his wealth increases. But I will say for Miguel that he truly loves to fight when his stuff is going for him, and on those days he seems to forget he is rich. But Antonio does not forget it, ever—Miguel's wealth, that is—and that's where the gimlets get sharpened. Miguel has demanded more money than Antonio for these *mano a manos*, and he is getting it, but this has rancored Antonio, who is out to prove that Miguel does not deserve it. No one has a fiercer pride than Antonio, and that's the deadliness of this combat. Antonio considers it an insult that Miguel does not treat him as an equal, and I can tell you that before this summer is over, Antonio will impale Miguel on the horns of his pride and destroy him. It is tragic but like all tragedy, preordained."

Antonio was splendid that first afternoon in Alicante. Afterward, Ernest took us up to Antonio's hotel room to congratulate him and arrange a dinner rendezvous at La Pepica, a restaurant on the beach at Valencia, 182 kilometers away; from there we were all to drive through the night to Barcelona.

Thus the pattern for the summer circuit was established: Bill staunchly at the wheel; an insulated canvas ice bag containing several bottles of the light *rosado* of Las Campañas resting between Ernest's feet; the rear seat crammed with clothes, luggage and a wicker hamper that contained cheese, bread sticks and a varying supply of other food; a brief serious visit to Antonio's room before the fight; a protracted joyful visit to Antonio's room after the fight; dinner at 11 or midnight en route with Antonio and his *cuadrilla*. From June 29 to July 6, Barcelona, then Burgos, then down to Madrid, then back up to Burgos, along the way Ernest delighting in the sounds, sights, tastes and smells: great, succulent asparagus with white draft wine; Pamplona *riau-riau* songs to the whine of the Pembrook Coral's tires; storks in their sloppily strawed chimney tops; olive trees casting crooked shadows on the red earth; cork oaks as bare as sheared lambs; the heat and excitement of standing in the *callejón* with the quick-moving sword handlers and gray-faced, dry-mouthed matadors. And then, suddenly, Pamplona, *La Feria di San Fermin*, seven days and nights melted into one 168-hour day.

We arrived in Pamplona a day before the start of the *feria* (Annie Davis and Mary Hemingway had come up from Málaga to join us) because Ernest said we had to be "forted-up and the joints all scouted before the Eruption." Ernest's old friend Juanito Quintana—who had been impresario of the Pamplona ring and owned a hotel there before the civil war—received a regular monthly retainer from Ernest for the express purpose of procuring bullfight tickets and lodgings when Ernest came to Spain. Ernest had given Juanito the Pamplona assignment in May, but when we met him at the Café Choko he was very nervous and tried to

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explain, but the fact was that he had promises instead of tickets and no hotel rooms. Ernest could not have been kinder and gentler with his old friend. Ernest knew very well what a miserable spot we were in, but he explained to Mary that the world had let Juanito Quintana down, not he us. Ernest then put a scalper to work on the tickets, and we found quarters in private houses.

"It doesn't matter a damn except for the tickets," he explained, "because nobody sleeps or changes his clothes."

At noon the following day two rocket bombs exploded in the hot bright sky and the town erupted. It happened before your eyes but you didn't see it. One minute the deserted square, the next minute a compact mass of revelers, pipes and fifes and drums playing the *riau-riau* music, men and boys all red and white, arms high, dancing and singing to the music. For seven days and nights, the streets never empty.

The cafés were jammed, but the Choko maintained for Ernest the table he had staked out. The 25,000 tourists were mainly American college kids, and almost to a student they had been attracted to Pamplona by *The Sun Also Rises*. When they discovered that the author himself was there, they descended upon the Choko in great adulatory waves, bearing everything from books to T-shirts for autographing.

By evening, Ernest had filled his table at the Choko with the characters he had selected as his mob for the *feria*. Two of them had been anticipated, Dr. Vernon Lord from Ketchum and his wife, Lee, but the rest were impromptu. A young Glasgow girl I'll call Honor Johns, red rounds on her cheeks and hair that shocked up like a black wool tiara, supposedly a reporter for a Glasgow weekly (we had our doubts); a tall, gaunt guitarist named Hugh Millet, who sang calypso verses he had composed and was accompanied by the sweet voice of his pretty French wife, Suzie; a pert canary-blonde named Beverly Bentley (now Mrs. Norman Mailer), the star of a Smell-o-Vision motion picture, *Scent of Mystery*, then being shot in Spain; a young man from Hawaii, Mervyn Harrison, who had interviewed Ernest in Ketchum the previous winter for an English thesis

"The thing about old friends now is that there are so few of them."

and had put the bite on Ernest for money to finance six months in Paris to learn French at the Sorbonne. The six-month period had just ended.

Antonio, who was not in the *feria*, showed up that evening with his manager, Pepe Dominguin, who was Luis Miguel's brother; Ernest, Bill and I joined them in an all-night revel of dancing in the streets and singing and drinking in the cafés. Everywhere Ernest ran into men he had known years before, and these meetings always called for an acceleration of drink and song.

Around four in the morning, as we were marching down a narrow Pamplona street five abreast, arms linked, singing, we were approached by a small white Renault that had a beautiful young face peering from behind the right windshield.

"They shall not pass!" Antonio shouted.

"Capture the girl!" Ernest commanded.

Antonio jumped up on the hood of the Renault as Pepe opened the door on the driver's side and extracted a short, perspiring Frenchman. From the other side there emerged a stunning young lady who first looked at Antonio and said, in Midwest Americanese, "Aren't you Antonio Ordoñez?" And then, as if it weren't enough to be captured by the ruling matador, she turned and saw Ernest and said, "Aren't you Ernest Hemingway?" and I thought she was going to faint.

By now the Frenchman had stammered out that the car belonged to the lady, whom he scarcely knew, and he was just driving her because she couldn't find her apartment, and while we were loudly arguing over whether we should lock him up in the trunk he escaped into the night. Ernest solemnly informed the girl, who identified herself as Teddy Jo Paulson of Williston, N. D., that she was an official prisoner; she was absolutely delighted and asked whether we would please go to her apartment and take her traveling companion prisoner too.

Bill knew all the streets in Pamplona, and in no time we had aroused Teddy Jo's roommate, Mary Schoonmaker. "True beauty," Ernest said, "is to wake up looking like that."

Antonio took us to a club where there was a loud orchestra with everybody singing as they danced, and we had such a hell of a time we almost missed the first running of the bulls.

Each day of the *feria*, in the early morning, the bulls for that day's *corrida* are released from the pens at one end of town and they run along a street that leads to the bull ring. It is traditional to join the group of men and boys who race down the street in front of the onrushing bulls: Front runners get a big head start, middle runners keep a modest distance ahead, and then the brave ones or crazies, depending on your point of view, try to stay as close to the bull pack as possible.

Ernest ran with the bulls in the old days, but now his legs were too unreliable. Antonio, of course, ran just in front of the bulls—with the crazies. I ran at the rear of the middle runners where, glancing over my shoulder, I had a good view of the bulls and the crazies. We were about halfway to the ring when the crowd, which solidly crammed the fences and windows and balconies, suddenly cried out, and I looked back to see that one of the crazies had slipped and a big black bull with huge horns had splintered off to get him. That's when I noticed Antonio. He had been carrying a rolled-up newspaper and now he was running toward the fallen man, unfurling the newspaper and yelling, "*Toro! Huh! Toro!*" at the bull.

The bull hooked once for the fallen man but his horn went over him, and then Antonio swept the newspaper in front of his eyes and he went for that. The man scrambled to his feet and ran as Antonio again passed the bull with the newspaper. But this time the paper recurled itself and uncovered Antonio's right leg, and the horn got him. At that moment Ernest, who had rushed to the fence, pulled off his jacket and flapped it against the fence and the bull charged that, banging his horns into the wood planks, which he splintered. Antonio limped to the barricade, which a policemen opened to let him escape.

I had stopped running to watch Antonio, but now I realized I was being swept up by the crazies, so I got out of there with a burst of speed that only wild bulls can inspire.

Because of the ignominious manner in which the wound had been inflicted, Antonio refused to pay any attention to it. He danced all day and night, and then again ran with the crazies the next day just to prove whatever he wanted to prove. Only then he listened to Ernest and let Vernon Lord give him an antitetanus shot and clean and dress the nasty gash.

Teddy Jo and Mary Dos (Mary Hemingway, naturally, was Mary Uno) became inseparable members of the basic *cuadrilla;* when Ernest discovered that they both taught mathematics he was delighted because, he said, it wasn't often a *cuadrilla* got beauty and intellect in one handy package. But on the second day we lost one of the mob—Mervyn Harrison of Hawaii. Quite simply, he overslept and failed to show for that afternoon's bullfight, letting the hard-to-get ticket go to waste. Then, that evening, when Ernest asked him if they had taught him how to oversleep at the Sorbonne, he confessed that he had not gone to the Sorbonne with Ernest's borrowed money but had discovered a superior way to learn French. "I met this Paris girl," Mervyn said, "who could not speak a word of English, so when we started to sleep together I *had* to learn. I tell you, Papa, that's the place to learn a foreign language—in bed!"

"Yes, but what you learn there," Ernest said, "is sometimes difficult to work into an ordinary, everyday conversation."

I don't know how Ernest handled it, but we never saw Mervyn again. When he did not reappear, Ernest simply said, "Well, our boy Mervyn has just become a complete stranger. Never discuss your casualties, gentlemen."

Just to the northeast of Pamplona are the Irati River and its forests. For four afternoons we picnicked at various places along the river, leaving at noon, getting back just in time for the bullfight. One day after lunch Ernest and I sat on the pebbly bank, contemplating the circling hawks, rising mountains, and the seven women of our *cuadrilla* who were napping at various levels on warm rock ledges. "You know, Hotch," he said, "it's all better than *The Sun Also Rises*."

Ernest sat with his back against a beech trunk, and as I studied him I thought, This is different for Ernest than anything we have ever done, for this is not the enjoyment of memory, but the enjoyment of experiencing. This summer we are not revisiting the places in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, or driving along the road he once cycled

In a booth rented for his 60th-birthday party in Spain, Papa guns a cigarette out of the mouth of his friend, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar.

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with Scott Fitzgerald; this summer, unlike the others, is young.

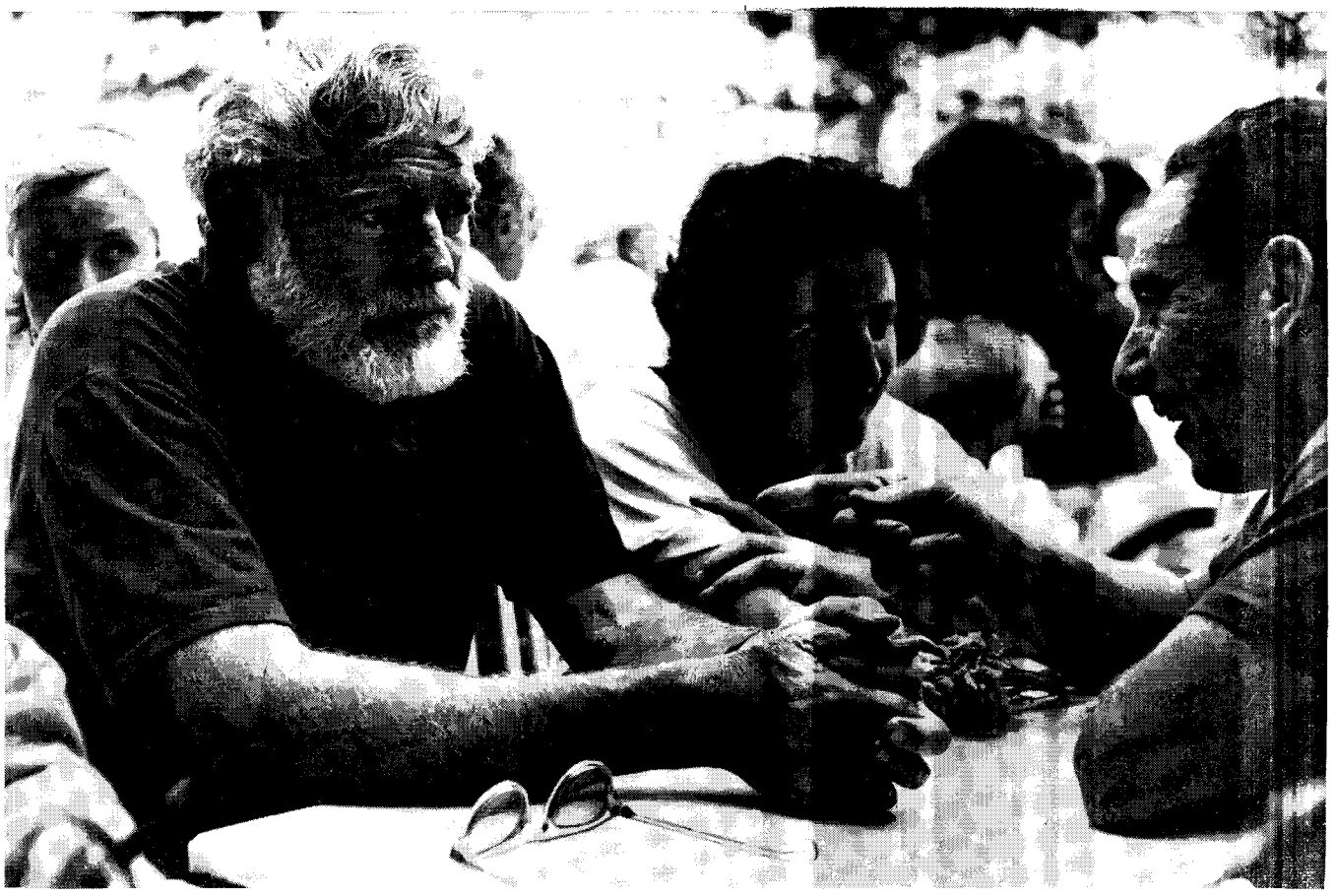
When we got back to Pamplona that afternoon, there was a cable waiting for Ernest. It was from Toots Shor: ERNIE, WHERE SHALL I SEND THE FOUR THOUSAND BUCKS, YOU BUM? Ernest laughed. "Toots is burned up because I phoned him from Málaga and asked him the odds on Johansson against Patterson. When he said the boys were laying four to one on Patterson I told him to put down a G for me on the Swede, but he tried every which way to talk me out of it. I don't bet much on fights any more. Have a new rule: Never bet on any animal that can talk—except yourself."

After Pamplona we rested for a few days in Madrid before going down to Málaga for a birthday party that Mary Uno had been working on for nearly two months. July 21 was Ernest's 60th birthday and also the birthday of Carmen, Antonio's wife. The Bill Davis mansion, La Consula, on the southern coast of Spain was to be the locale. Mary felt that Ernest's birthdays, because of his lack of cooperation, had always been observed with a pause rather than a celebration, and she was determined to make up for all the lost parties this time. She ordered champagne from Paris, Chinese foods from London and, from Madrid, *bacalao*, a dried codfish. She hired a shooting booth from a traveling carnival, a fireworks expert from Valencia, flamenco dancers from Málaga, musicians from Torremolinos, and waiters, barmen and cooks from all over.

The Davis house sleeps only 25, so Mary had taken over a couple of floors of a new skyscraper hotel on the beach in nearby Torremolinos. In addition to the regular *cuadrilla* mob, Ernest had invited a large number of other Pamplona people and some from Madrid. There also arrived the Maharaja of Jaipur with his maharani and son, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar with his maharani, Gen. C. T. (Buck) Lanham from Washington, D. C., Ambassador and Mrs. David Bruce, who flew down from Bonn, several of Ernest's old Paris pals, and 30 friends of Antonio's. The prisoners, Mary Dos and Teddy Jo, had torn up their itinerary, which would have taken them to 92 cities in 62 days, and Honor Johns had permanently forsaken her allegiance to her Glasgow weekly.

The party started at noon, July 21, and ended at noon, July 22, and Ernest said it was the best party that ever was. He danced and popped champagne, proposing marvelously funny toasts to his guests, and shot cigarettes from the lips of Antonio and the Maharaja of Cooch Behar. When the orchestra, which played on the veranda, struck up the fiesta music of Pamplona, Antonio and Ernest led all the guests in a *riau-riau* that snaked all over the grounds. The one sober moment of the evening occurred when David Bruce, with whom Ernest had fought in the war, proposed a simple and affectionate toast; Ernest bowed his head against his chest and was visibly touched.

The firecracker wizard from Valencia put on a lavish display, but one of a salvo of giant rockets unfortunately lodged in the top of a royal palm tree near the house and set the treetop on fire. Attempts by some of the guests to climb a 60-foot ladder with a garden hose were perilously abortive, so the fire department was eventually summoned from Málaga.



Hemingway and Hotchner, surrounded by admirers, at their regular table at the Café **Choko** *during Pamplona's seven-day bullfight festival.*

The hook and ladder that arrived was straight out of Mack Sennett—and so were the firemen. But they fought the blaze courageously, and the tree and the house and the night were saved. The firemen were immediately assimilated by the party, and so were their uniforms and their fire engine, which Antonio, wearing the fire chief's helmet and raincoat, raced around the grounds with the siren wide open.

After breakfast the guests started to depart, but it was not until noon that the last of them had retired. The sun was up hot by now and Ernest and I had a swim before going to bed.

"What I enjoyed most about the party," Ernest said as we were going to our rooms, "is that these old friends still care enough to come so far. The thing about old friends now is that there are so few of them."

The very first *mano a mano* was scheduled for the fourth day of the *feria* in Valencia. On the afternoon of the third day Antonio's friend Juan Luis, whose estate was on the water just outside Valencia, invited Ernest and all his *cuadrilla* mob for lunch and swimming. The sea had polite little whitecaps and looked civilized, but we discovered when we went in that there was a strong current running away from the beach. I don't recall which girl it was who came swimming in and called to us from the surf; all we heard was "Papa . . ." over the breaking waves, but that was enough.

Juan Luis got to him first and Ernest put his hand on Juan Luis' shoulder, and they got to shore that way with three of us swimming alongside. Ernest sat with his back to the shore, looking out to sea. I could not help but think of the time at Varadero Beach, 10 years before, when he had swum through much rougher waters with his pants held high over his head.

Ernest got to his feet rather shakily and started across the beach to where the main body of the group was camped. I don't think they were aware of what had happened. I looked at Ernest as he approached them. His color was gone and the smile on his face wasn't a smile.

The following afternoon's *mano a mano* was brief. A gust of wind caught Dominguin's *muleta* during a pass, and the bull drove his horn deep into Luis Miguel's groin, cutting through the abdominal muscles. It had been a good *feria* until then, with Antonio giving several brilliant performances, but his rivalry with his brother-in-law was over for the time being. Ernest felt bad that Miguel had been hurt by wind, which Ernest had always said was the bullfighter's worst enemy.

Then, a few days after Dominguin's *cornado*, Antonio was gored in the right thigh in a fight at Palma de Mallorca; that really put the quietus on our bullfight plans. Ernest's *cuadrilla* had all gone by now, and the three of us went back to the Davis house. Ernest spent his mornings making notes for a bullfight article which he had contracted to write for *Life* and working on his Paris sketches.

The *mano a manos* were scheduled to resume on August 14 in Málaga, but it seemed impossible that either of the matadors could recover that soon. They did, although their wounds were far from healed. Antonio got out of the hospital on the 11th with his wound still discharging, and came to Churriana on the 12th to get into shape.

Ernest called the following day's *mano a mano* "one of the very greatest bullfights I have ever seen; maybe the greatest." Antonio was awarded six ears, two tails and two hoofs for his three bulls, and Dominguin garnered four ears, two tails and a hoof for his; it was an afternoon of such competitive artistry, such fierce display of courage that Ernest called it unreal.

Four days later, in Bilbao, the *mano a manos* ended abruptly and for keeps when the mounting pressure from Antonio finally caught up with Dominguin. It happened while Dominguin was placing the bull for the picador. It is one of the most elementary moves in bullfighting, but Dominguin inexplicably moved into the bull instead of away and its horn caught him in the groin and slammed him against the horse. The picador drove his lance into the bull as Dominguin was tossed into the air, but the bull disregarded it and caught Dominguin again as he came down and chopped at him several times on the sand before they made the *quite* and ran him to the infirmary.

Ernest went to see him in the hospital that evening. Dominguin was suffering very much from the penetration of the horn, which had ripped up into his abdomen and very nearly taken his life. Ernest talked to him for a short while in a low voice, and Dominguin nodded and smiled a little.

Afterward, walking back to the hotel, Ernest said, "He's a brave man and a beautiful matador. Why the hell do the good and brave have to die before everyone else?" He did not mean that Dominguin would die, but that what was important to his living had died. I remembered Ernest once telling me, "The worst death for anyone is to lose the center of his being, the thing he really is. Retirement is the filthiest word in the language. Whether by choice or by fate, to retire from what you do—and what you do makes you what you are—is to back up into the grave."

Two days later, Bill drove me to Biarritz, where I took the *rapide* to Paris. The following day I received a cable telling me to disregard the newspaper accounts, that the car was wrecked but they were OK. It was signed: Love Papa. I telephoned the hotel, and Ernest told me that on the road to Madrid, Bill had fallen asleep at the wheel; the Lancia had left the road at high speed, ripped up several cement road markers, careened across

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a ditch and a field, but had not turned over; nor did any of them have so much as a scratch.

"Absolutely can't blame Bill," Ernest said. "He's done all the driving all summer, and damn fine, and I shouldn't have pushed him on this. I should have known it was too late to start out."

"I guess he feels pretty bad about it." Bill prided himself on his driving.

"He does now but I'm working on him. He'll be all right."

Ernest returned to New York on the *Liberté* toward the end of October. The summer was over, the last good time of a life of good times. Unfortunately, some of what had happened that summer in the disguise of levity was to come back to haunt Ernest. But this had been the best summer of his life, he had said, and no one could take that away from him.

All of San Francisco de Paula was at the airport with banners to greet Ernest when he got back to Cuba. He was well loved by the villagers, who treated him like a benign feudal lord. A few days later we talked on the phone.

"Things at *finca* under control," he said. "But the Castro climate is something else. Not good. . . . After Batista any change would almost *have* to be an improvement. But the anti-United States is building. All around. Spooks you. If they really turn it on, I'm sure they will put me out of business. I'll just get one of those 'Going Out of Business' signs and hang it around my neck: 'After 25 Years at This Location Everything Must Be Sold at a Sacrifice.'" There was a pause at the other end of the wire. "A hell of a sacrifice."

By January, Ernest was hard at work on his *Life* account of the *mano a mano*, which he was calling *The Dangerous Summer*. From then until June we telephoned each other often about some television plays of his stories I was working on and about the article. In April he called to say that the article stood at 63,562 words and had missed its deadline, with the end not in sight.

"You sound tired," I said.

"I'm dead-house. Try to slow it down but can't. I haven't wanted to worry you, but old eyes started getting bad in February and the doctors say it's a rap called *keratitis sicca*. Cornea is drying up. Tear ducts dried up already. Only book in the joint with type big enough for me to read is *Tom Sawyer*. Doctors say if it doesn't arrest I'll be blind in a year."

"What! Oh, I can't believe ——"

"So haven't been running as a cheerful these days. I'm down to one glass of booze, two glasses of wine, and *Tom Sawyer*, which is a great book but begins to pale on the ninth reading."

On the fourth of May I was awakened in the early hours of the morning by the overseas operator. Ernest had just heard on the radio that his friend Gary Cooper had had a prostate operation in a Boston hospital, and there was speculation that it was malignant. I assured him that from what I had heard it was not malignant and that Coops was scheduled to make a picture that summer. Ernest was very upset; Cooper was one of his oldest friends, and although they did not see each other often, their bond was strong.

'I'm down to one glass of booze, two glasses of wine, and Tom Sawyer.'

Ernest was also perturbed over *The Dangerous Summer*. It had reached 92,453 words and he figured it would finish out around 110,000. What bothered him was how it could be cut to 40,000 for *Life*. I advised him not to think about cutting until he had finished it, but he said he had nightmares over the emasculation of 70,000 words.

I clearly recall my reaction to that phone call: For the first time since I've known him, I thought, Ernest is unsure of himself.

Ernest finished *The Dangerous Summer* on May 28 and it came to 108,746 words. He said he had to go back to Spain to bring it up to date, but his immediate problem was excising 70,000 words. Between June 12 and June 25 he telephoned me 12 times, with mounting anxiety at his inability to cut the manuscript. When he phoned on the 25th his voice was husky with fatigue. "I have been over every page a dozen times," he said, "and all I have is five hundred and thirty words to show for it. I can't see another word I can cut. I can't see the damn words—in the morning I can but by ten o'clock I can't see the goddamn words anymore. So I was thinking—I know it's a hell of an imposition—but could you possibly come down and work on it with me? You'll have your sharp head and your good eyes and it won't take more than a few days and we'll get the piece off to *Life* and then we can go out on the *Pilar* and relax and catch some fish and it will be like old times."

I flew down to Havana on the morning of June 27. Ernest was waiting at the airport, and as we drove through the streets of Havana I noticed anti-United States slogans scrawled everywhere on the walls. A big anti-Yankee demonstration was in the works for July 4. Ernest sat in the front seat, keeping his eyes off the signs. "You can see," he said, "this is the last summer."

The villagers waved to him as we passed through San Francisco de Paula and he smiled and waved back. But he ate little at lunch and he closed his eyes frequently and pressed his fingers against them. His beard had not been trimmed for months; the forward part of his head had become bald, but he covered it by combing forward the long hair at the back of his head, giving himself the mien of a Roman emperor.

After lunch he gave the me the 688-page typed manuscript of *The Dangerous Summer*. I read and made notes all that afternoon and evening. By the following afternoon I submitted to Ernest a list of eight suggested cuts.

We conferred on these cuts the next morning in his bedroom. He had in front of him seven different-colored pills, which he swallowed one by one with siphon water, and a pad on which he had written his reasons for rejecting each of the cuts. He handed me the list.

It was a startling document. Some of it didn't make any sense, and the whole thing had an uncharacteristically disorganized, badly phrased, petulant ring. I could not figure out why Ernest painstakingly had written all this out. We had often conferred about his manuscripts, but this was the only time he had gone through the process of writing notes.

For the next three days I continued to work on the manuscript, suggesting cuts that Ernest would consider and then carefully reject with written notations on his pad. In the late afternoons we went down to the pool to swim. I watched Ernest slowly enter the pool. He looked thin. His chest and shoulders had lost their thrust and his upper arms were macilent and formless, as if his huge biceps had been pared down by an unskilled whittler.

On the fourth day Ernest finally approved a cut of three pages, and from then on he slowly, grudgingly, painfully began to accept cuts until at the end of nine days he had a total of 54,916 excised words. The following day Ernest said he could not use his eyes anymore. We decided that I should take the manuscript back and have *Life* make the additional cuts.

"I'll tell you, Hotch, although I move about as cheerfully as possible," Ernest said, "it is like living in a Kafka nightmare."

"What bothers you most—the Castro business?"

"That's part of it. He doesn't bother me personally. I'm good publicity for them, so maybe they'd never bother me and let me live on here as always, but I am an American above everything else and I cannot stay here when other Americans are being kicked out and my country is being vilified. I guess I knew it was all over for me here the night they killed Black Dog. A Batista search party, looking for guns, came barreling in here in the middle of the night and poor Black Dog, old and half blind, tried to stand guard at the door of the *finca*, but a soldier clubbed him to death with the butt of his rifle. Poor old Black Dog. I miss him. In the early morning when I work, he's not there on the kudu skin beside the typewriter; and in the afternoon when I swim, he's not hunting lizards beside the pool; and in the evenings when I sit in my chair to read, his chin isn't resting on my foot. I miss Black Dog as much as I miss any friend I ever lost. And now I lose the *finca*—there's no sense kidding myself—I know I must leave it all and go. But how can you measure that loss? Everything I have is here. My pictures, my books, my good work place and good memories."

Ernest and Mary came up to New York in mid-July and Ernest went to a prominent eye specialist I had arranged for him to see. He did not say anything about the results of the examination until we were almost back to the apart-

At the Café Choko, Hemingway keeps time while Hugh Millet plays calypso music. Millet was a member of Hemingway's Pamplona "mob."

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ment. "Turned out pretty good," he said matter-of-factly. "Haven't got the dire crud diagnosed by Cuban medicos. Just need stronger glasses."

Ernest never mentioned his eye trouble again. And, as far as I know, he never used the prescription for stronger glasses.

I had not planned on going abroad that fall, but after I midwifed the last of *The Dangerous Summer* installments Ernest, who was in Madrid, became unnaturally anxious to get to an immediate agreement with Twentieth Century-Fox, which had offered $100,000 for his Nick Adams stories. I arrived in Madrid the evening of October 2, looking forward to a happy reunion with Ernest's mob (now reduced to Bill, Annie, Honor and Antonio). In Ernest's suite, Annie and Honor were seated on a sofa, talking and drinking wine from a bottle of *rosado* that rested in a silver cooler on the table, and Bill was packing photographs into a suitcase. Worry hung in the room like black crape.

As Bill came toward the door to greet me, Ernest emerged from the bedroom. He was wearing his old woolen bathrobe, secured by his GOTT MIT UNS belt, with a sweater underneath the robe, his elkskin slippers, and a white tennis visor that was pulled far down over his eyes. Annie had risen, and I was crossing the room to give her a welcome hug, but Ernest stepped in front of her and said rather accusingly, "Been sweating you out since nine-thirty-four this morning."

"I got routed into Barcelona and had to fight my way out of there."

"Barcelona? You had me plenty worried. Thought you had gone down in the drink. Couldn't get any gen from the goddamn Spanish airline. Figured they were covering up."

"We were really sort of in mourning," Annie said. "Ernest was so worried it was already reality for me. Now, of course," she said reproachfully, "I'll have to get drunk."

"My state of mourning got me half drunk already," Honor said.

"I have some Scotch in our room," Bill said, and started out.

"And what am I supposed to do while you all are having drinks?" Ernest asked in a cutting voice. "Hit myself over the head?"

There was an awkward silence. Then Bill went back to packing the photos. "How was Antonio?" I asked.

Ernest had gone to stand in the doorway, and I didn't think he was going to answer. "He was super in Ronda," he said, finally, coming back into the room. "The fights in Tarifa were blown out by a near hurricane, and they almost called off Jerez de la Frontera because of the high wind, but the civil governor said fight or jail, so they fought. Antonio was wonderful with his final bull. Then Salamanca two days, bulls worthless, Antonio very good, and we saw the new boy, Camino, twice." He came very close to me and looked into my eyes piercingly. "Have you seen the *Lifes* and those pictures? I'll bet all hell has broken loose."

"About what?"

"About *what?* The way *Life* crossed us up on the pictures in the second issue. That's what! After me working literally weeks for them to get wonderful pictures, fair to both boys, showing things at their best and OK'd by *Life*'s Paris man, Will Lang, after arguments—after all that, they used the most inferior of the OK'd pictures and one of Miguel that they took last year in Bayonne. . . . Hell, that's the kind of picture photographers use to blackmail bullfighters. I'm the laughingstock of anyone who knows anything about bullfighting and has seen the piece. I'm regarded as the crook and double-crosser of all time. Didn't that photo knock you down when you saw it?"

"Frankly, Papa, no. But I don't have your knowledge about . . ."

"Didn't Mary say something?"

"It seemed all right to her too," I replied.

"Then you weren't looking. Neither of you. Just like Bill. Why don't you use your goddamn eyes?"

He went into the bedroom. I turned to look at the others; from their attitude of complete resignation I could see that this was something they had been enduring for a long time.

I went into the bedroom and Ernest shut the door and led me to the farthest corner of the room. "You watch yourself," he said in a low, ominous voice. "Keep your eye on all of them. Especially Bill. He has been trying to crack up the car again. He missed killing me the first time and he's waiting for another opening. That's one of the reasons I've been staying put. Last time out he tried to run me off a cliff. There's no sense discussing it with Honor because she tries to make excuses for him."

"Oh, come on, Papa. What are you saying? You're joking."

He tightened his hold on my arm, and his face grew more tense. "Would I kid about a thing like that? I don't know what he's up to, but if you go to the Callejón, don't take the car. Take a taxi. Maybe he'll be all right with you. But it's been hell the whole month of September. I've got to get out of here as soon as I can."

Bill and I had a drink at the bar while Annie and Honor dressed for dinner. "Am I glad to see you!" Bill said, the words tumbling out of him. "I don't think I could have lasted another week. Ernest came over here so nervous and fatigued and right away plunged into traveling and collecting hundreds of photographs from all over Spain, and then worked night and day writing captions for *Life* and worrying about them, and arguing with Will Lang, and down on everyone, and . . . he never smiles or even looks pleasant. You remember how he always talked when we traveled, about the countryside or the cattle or the old days and the places he fought? Now he doesn't say a word. Not one word. Just sits there tense as hell and looks straight ahead. And no wine bag. Can you imagine Ernest in the front seat without the wine bag?"

It was a glum dinner; nobody ate much. Annie was convinced that Ernest had been told that he had a fatal kidney ailment. "He carries on about his kidneys the way he used to carry on about his eyes," Honor said.

"We must help him to get back to the States," Bill said. "He keeps making reservations—I make them in my name—but then he changes his mind. In the *Life* piece he says that Manolete used cheap tricks and all that, and a lot of Spaniards are going to get on him for that. Manolete is their most revered hero, and it's bad for a foreigner to spit on his grave. Ernest *has* to be out of here before *that* hits him."

With actress Beverly Bentley and Hotchner, in fire hat, at the all-night birthday party.

"He has a thing about Bill and the car," Honor said.

"He sure has," Bill agreed.

"It's best that we not use the car at all," Honor said.

"What's *happening* to Ernest?" Annie asked. "Sometimes the way he gets scares me. Really scares me. What in the world is *happening* to him?"

Ernest came into my room early the following morning, and we had breakfast together. He said his kidney had kept him up most of the night, and his hand was unsteady when he raised his teacup. He was very anxious to know about the movie offer. He said it figured to be a very bad year and repeated financial fears he had recently expressed. I happened to know that Ernest's annual income from royalties on his books was around $100,000, that he had large holdings of stocks and bonds, and that his tax account was stocked beyond any possible demands he could make on it. But I had to respect his pretense that he had to live on what he earned.

We also discussed the *Across the River* project, for which Gary Cooper had been negotiating, and I put in a call to Coops, who was then in London. Ernest enjoyed talking to him; his voice became animated and he laughed several times. By the time he hung up he was a little like his old self.

"Coops sounds fine. From what he says, don't think they tipped him the black spot on the prostate. Do you think he's too old to play Colonel Cantwell?"

"No, not if we got a certain Italian lady to play Renata."

"Who?"

"Sophia Loren."

"Who's she?"

"You've never heard of her?"

"I lead a very sheltered life."

"You've got a lot coming to you."

He snapped his eyes at me. "That's out of *The Battler*. Did you realize that?" His voice was hard and threw me off balance. I hadn't been aware I had said anything out of anything, and I said so.

"I'm sorry," he said, meaning it. "I don't usually go around hearing dialogue from my published works. Why don't we all have an early lunch at the Callejón? A piece of broiled calves' liver might be good for kidney."

I had a copy of Ernest's volume of short stories in my luggage because it contained the Nick Adams stories that 20th wanted to buy. I looked up *The Battler*, which is an account of Nick's meeting with a punch-drunk fighter and his Negro companion, Bugs:

"Where you say you're from?"

"Chicago," Nick said.

"That's a fine town," the Negro said. "I didn't catch your name."

"Adams. Nick Adams."

"He says he's never been crazy, Bugs," Ad said.

"He's got a lot coming to him," the Negro said.

I closed the book and buried it deep in my luggage.

Lunch at the Callejón started out pleasantly. We all drank *vino tinto* and Ernest talked to Honor and Annie, and seemed to be enjoying himself.

It was while the salad was being served that it happened. I don't know what preceded it; I had been talking with Bill and the first I knew, Ernest had a waiter by the sleeve and was shouting at him, in English to begin with, and then in Spanish. The waiter was terrified. He tried to balance the large wooden salad bowl while attempting to free the sleeve that Ernest had hold of. I do not to this day know what the waiter had done. Probably he himself did not know. At one point Ernest demanded to know his name, which sounded like "Pollock," and Ernest demanded to know whether he was Spanish or Polish, and when the waiter said Polish he lit into him about that.

The restaurant was crowded, and everyone by now was watching Ernest. The owner, whom Ernest had known since his first days in Madrid, came to make peace, but Ernest turned on him too and accused him of having turned Shylock that summer when Ernest and I had tracked down Rupert Belville at the Callejón, drunk almost to the point of expiration. In order to get him on an airplane that would immediately take him back to London, where he could be taken to a clinic, Ernest had asked the

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proprietor to advance him the air fare until he returned that evening. The proprietor had advanced the sum, but apparently not in the spirit that Ernest had approved of, and now, four years later, Ernest gave him both barrels of this long-smoldering grudge. The altercation with the waiter ended abruptly. Ernest rose suddenly, threw a large amount of pesetas on the table, and left. He never went back.

That afternoon Ernest got undressed and went to bed and stayed there for four days. The morning after the Callejón incident, he called us and said he had just had a terrible thought: What if Iberia had a rule against excess baggage and would not let him take the photographs with him?

I could not believe my ears. For as long as I had known him, Ernest had traveled with an amount of luggage which had exceeded in baggage fees the cost of his air ticket. He once came up to New York with 36 pieces of luggage. I pointed this out to him.

"Yes, but this midnight plane isn't a jet and maybe they don't allow excess baggage on prop planes. If the photos don't get on, neither do I."

Ernest had collected hundreds of bullfight pictures, in three small suitcases. The more we said we were sure it was all right, the more Ernest stiffened, so I suggested we phone the airline.

"OK," Ernest said, "but first we've got to weigh everything. They'll want to know total weight and we've got to be exact." Bill and I glanced at each other; then while Ernest held a heating pad against his ailing kidney, we started to pack his bags. It took us over an hour; when we had everything in valises, Bill called the desk and asked for two porters. They took all the things down to the luggage room and weighed each piece. Bill called Iberia and asked whether a passenger on Ernest's flight would be permitted that amount of excess luggage. The reply was in the affirmative.

"Who were you talking to?" Ernest asked.

"That was Iberia itself."

"That's just it," Ernest said. "Some nameless flunky who doesn't know his ass from his elbow and I'll show up and they'll turn me away."

No amount of discussion would reassure Ernest, so that afternoon I went over to the Iberia ticket office and got a written statement, signed by the manager of the Madrid office, that a passenger bearing that amount of excess luggage would be permitted aboard. Ernest took the letter, folded it carefully, and placed it inside his passport.

Antonio unexpectedly came to see Ernest the evening before he left. Antonio sat on the edge of the bed to talk to Ernest, and complimented him on *The Dangerous Summer*.

"Did you look at the photos?" Ernest asked.

"Yes, they're wonderful."

"Has Luis Miguel seen them?"

"Yes, when we were at Nimes."

"And he liked them? Including the ones in the second issue?"

"He thought it was all very nice. As did I."

After Antonio had left, Ernest came into the sitting room and sat down heavily, his shoulders slumped forward. "Antonio is thinking of retiring," Ernest said. "He asked my advice."

"Did he say why?" Bill asked.

"The grind. He says it is now an effort to get himself 'up' for a fight. He is troubled by his liver, and his energy is not what it should be. And he says that sometimes now he is spooked by a bull. That's what really bothers him."

"What did you tell him?" I asked.

"Said it had to be his decision. No one can advise you on something as delicate as your own machinery. But did tell him that when you're the champ, it's better to step down on the best day you've had than to wait until it's starting to leave you and everyone notices it."

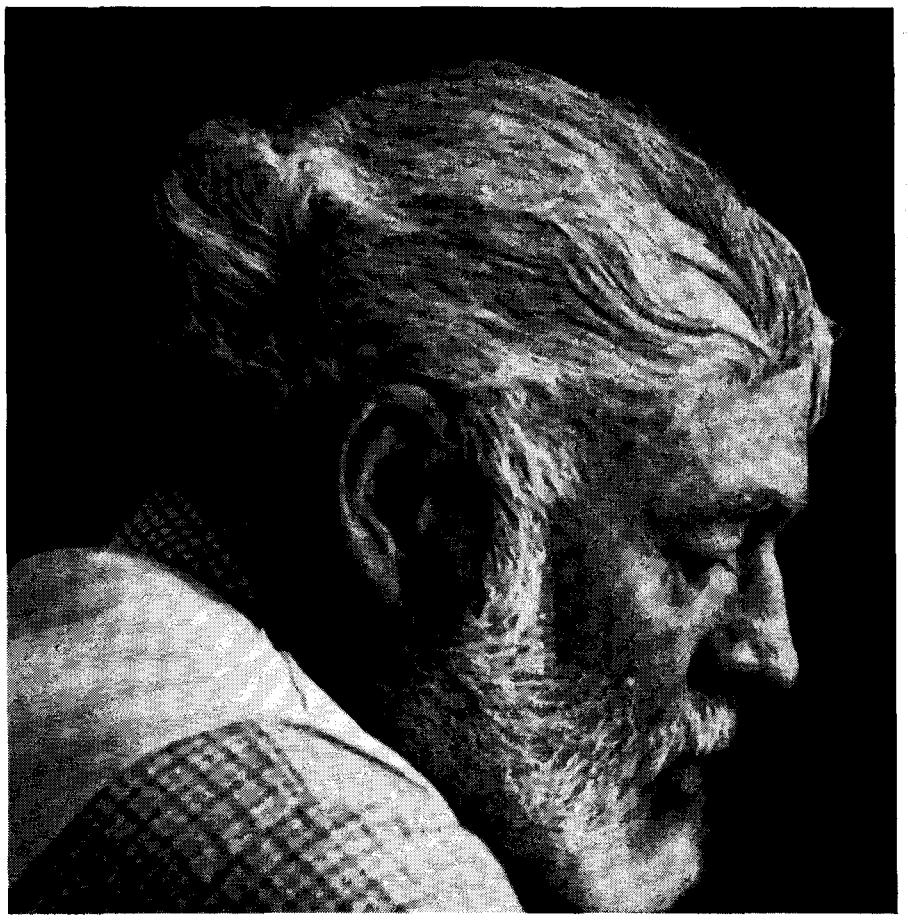
As we walked toward the plane that evening, I said, "Papa, please don't get down on everyone. Your friends are just as much your friends as they ever were. You're tired and upset now, but you'll be all right once you get to Ketchum and breathe that good mountain air and get some rest; then everything will start to look OK again."

"Yes, but . . . all the work I've got to do . . . listen, I left a bottle of Scotch in my room. Be sure to get it when you go back."

"Good-bye, Papa. Good trip."

When we got back to the hotel I went to his room to get the bottle of Scotch. It was on the writing desk. There were several pieces of stationery covered with handwritten lists of things to do, and on a page of typewriter paper he had written in neat diagonally ascending lines a paragraph which appeared in *The Dangerous Summer*.

"Nothing is as much fun any more as it was when we first drove up out of the grey mountains above Malaga onto the high country on the road to Madrid we drove so many times that year. Everything you read in the paper every morning makes you feel too bad to write. Probably the moral is you never should have got mixed up with bullfighters. I knew that once very well and I should not have had to learn it twice."



When I got back to New York I telephoned Ernest in Ketchum to tell him that everything was fine with Cooper, and I asked him how the hunting was; he said he had not yet had a chance to get out but that he would catch up when I arrived. I said I would probably not be able to go hunting with him because I had a backlog of work. This disturbed him very much. He said he had been counting on my coming and if I didn't it would be the first fall we hadn't hunted; he was so insistent that I said I would get there if I possibly could.

A few days later, in the middle of a phone conversation with Ernest, the long-distance musical tones danced in and we were disconnected. When I got Ernest back on the phone, he was very agitated. He said we should not talk any more but that I positively *had* to get out there, the sooner the better.

"Wire me your date of arrival," he said. "Don't use the phone any more."

The *Portland Rose*, scheduled to arrive at nine in the evening, arrived in Shoshone a few minutes early. I went into the bar across from the railroad station where we always had a drink before starting the long drive to Ketchum, knowing that Ernest would find me there.

He did. A hunting friend, Duke MacMullen, was with him. But instead of coming over to have a drink, he asked me to finish mine as soon as I could and meet them outside. While he was speaking to me, he kept looking nervously at the men at the bar. I left my drink and paid up and followed them out to Duke's car. Duke is a cheerful, outgoing man, but he was very subdued and had greeted me the way you greet a friend you meet at a funeral.

During the first part of the drive, to break the heavy silence, I started to tell Ernest about our project with Cooper, but he interrupted me abruptly: "Vernon Lord wanted to come but I wouldn't let him."

"Why?"

"The Feds."

"What?"

"Feds. They tailed us all the way. Ask Duke."

"Well . . . there was a car in back of us out of Hailey . . ."

"That's why I wanted to get you out of the bar. Was afraid they'd make their move and pick us up there."

"But, Ernest, that car turned off at Picabo," Duke said.

"Probably took the back road. That would take them longer, so I wanted to be out of Shoshone when they got there."

"But, Papa," I said, trying to collect myself, "why are federal agents pursuing you?"

"It's the worst hell. The goddamnedest hell. They've bugged everything. That's why we're using Duke's car. Mine's bugged. Everything's bugged. Can't use the phone. Mail intercepted. What put me on to it was that phone call with you. You remember we got disconnected? That tipped their hand."

"But long-distance calls are often cut off. How can that mean . . . ?"

"I have a pal with the phone company in Hailey. He traced the disconnect for me. It was here, at this end, not the New York end."

"But what does that have to do with it?"

"For God's sake, Hotch, use your head—you placed the call, didn't you? A legit disconnect would be at your end. But the disconnect was *here*, in Hailey, where our phone calls are relayed. That means the Feds were monitoring the call *here* and that caused it to cut out." He was very agitated. I settled back into the darkness of the car. I wanted to ask Ernest why he thought he was being tailed and why Vernon couldn't come to the station, but I just sat in the darkness, watching the white corridor of the headlights.

It was November 14, and there had not yet been any snow to attract skiers, so the streets of Ketchum were empty. As Duke turned onto the street that would take me to the Christiana Motor Lodge, Ernest said, very quietly, "Duke, pull over. Cut your lights."

Ernest rolled down his window and peered across the street at the bank. It was lighted, and you could plainly see two men working in back of a counter. Ernest had his head partially out of the window, fixedly watching them. Then he carefully looked up and down the street and inspected the dark store fronts. He rolled up his window, and Duke turned on his lights and drove on.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Auditors. They've got them working over my account. When they want to get you, they really get you."

"But how do you know it's your account?"

"Why would two auditors be work-

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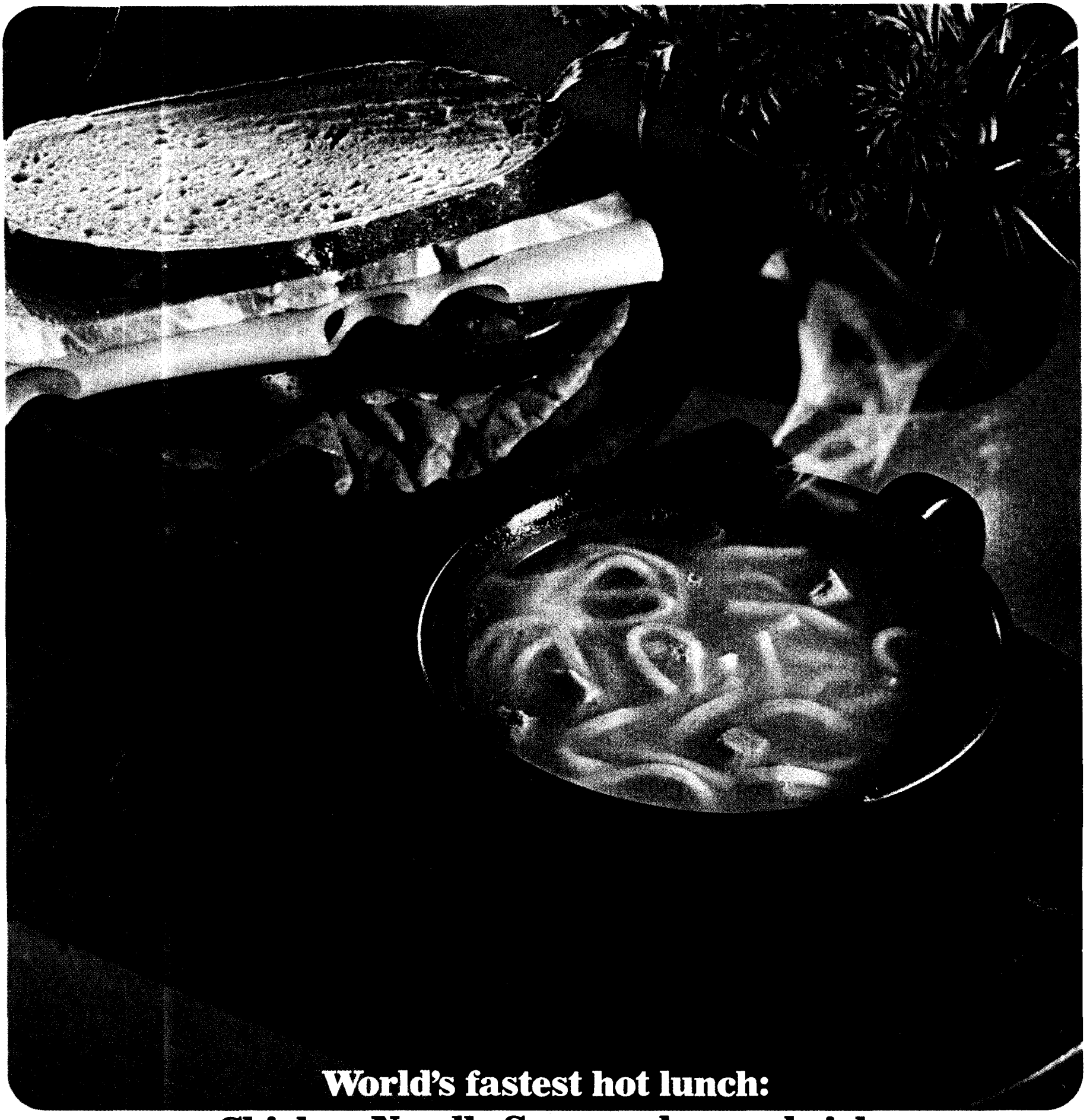

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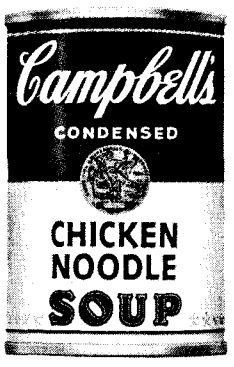

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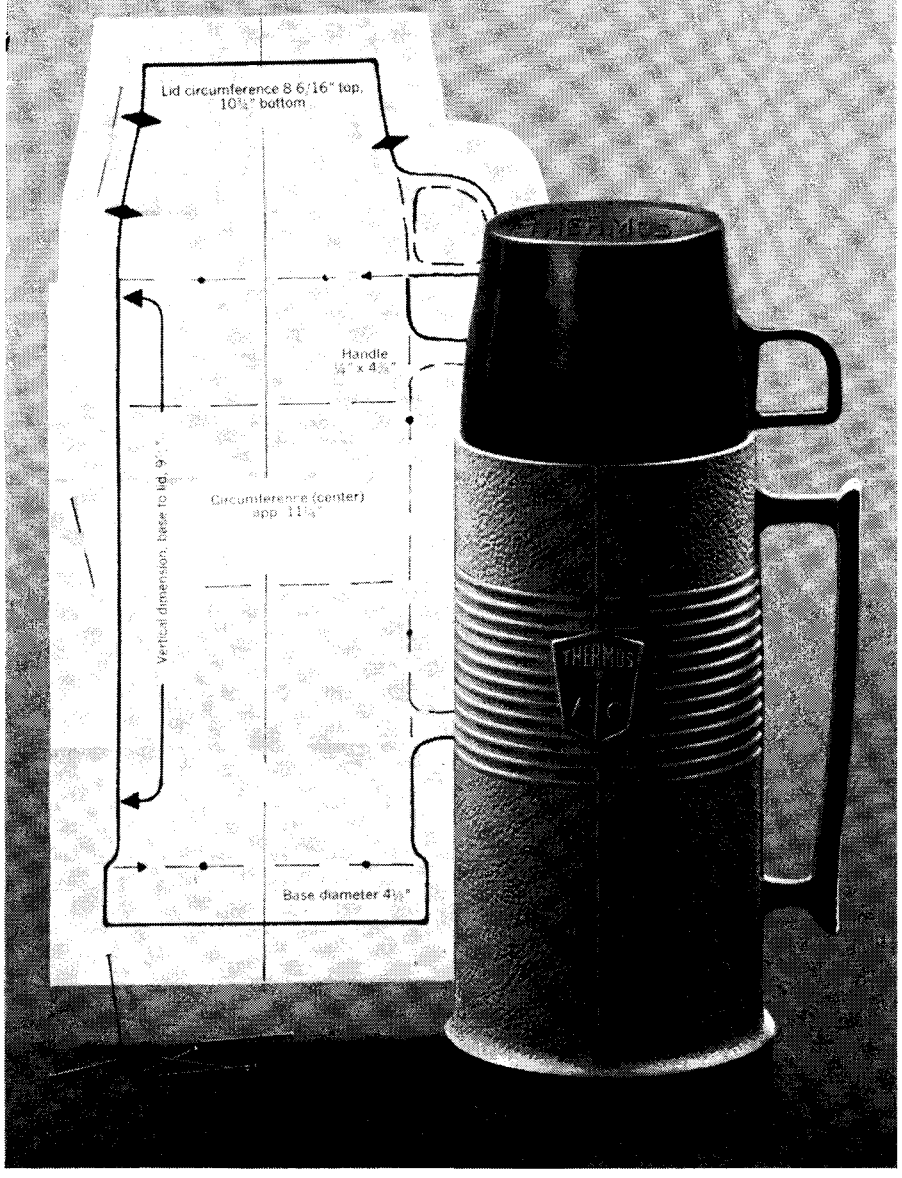

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ing in the middle of the night? Of course it's my account."

"But what have you done? What will they find?"

"Hotch, when they want to get you, they get you."

We had pulled into the Christiana. Duke helped me carry my bags while Ernest waited in the car.

"You've got to do something," Duke said desperately, "Nobody's doing anything and let me tell you, somebody has got to *do* something."

"But what can *I* do, Duke?"

"You see how he is. Everybody whispers about it, but . . . Jesus!"

Those first few days in Ketchum, Ernest's close friends sought me out, one after the other, and confided their fears about him. He had changed so. He seemed depressed. He refused to go hunting. He carped about old friends. He no longer invited a Friday-night group to watch the fights.

He refused to talk either in his house or in my room at the Christiana because he thought both were bugged, so we put on our jackets and walked a little way up the hill beside his house until we found a log to sit on. Ernest said that the Feds were after him because of Honor. The simple fact was that at Mary's suggestion, Honor had come to New York to study drama, and Ernest was paying her tuition. But Ernest said the Feds were immigration agents and they were getting the goods on him. For what? Impairing the morals of a minor. I pointed out that Honor and he had never been together in the United States—only in Spain and Cuba—so United States Immigration could not possibly sustain any such charge against him, even if it were true, but he just got up and began walking around the log agitatedly, saying that there was absolutely no truth in the charge but they were out to get him and rather than go through any more of this he would turn himself in and get it over with. The more I tried to dissuade him, the more irritated he became with me for challenging the danger that he was sure threatened him.

He wanted to know whether I had been questioned by the immigration agents about Honor and him, and when I said I had not he gave me a look, his face totally disbelieving, and my stomach was hit by the awful realization that in Ernest's eyes I too had now become part of the conspiracy.

Ernest sat down on the log again. He warned me that Vernon Lord was not to be told any of this because Vernon was a great guy and had taken very good care of him and he did not want to get him into any trouble.

"But, Papa," I said, "Vernon is your doctor. His communications with you are privileged. You don't have to worry about him." He said he *did* have to worry about him because a doctor is not privileged in a federal court. I decided to make my stand on this. Ernest knew that I had practiced law for a brief time, so I tried to force him to see that at least in this matter his anxiety was unfounded. The more I documented the facts, the more Ernest battled me, veering from allegations about the federal courts, as if they were Star Chambers, to attacks upon my knowledge of the law and, eventually, my fidelity to him. But I did not give ground. I did not try to mollify him. We were both off the log, pacing about. Finally he turned on me and said in deadly accusation, "Let's get it straight, Hotch. Either you make me out to be a liar, or a crazy—which is it?"

His head was thrust forward; his chin was unsteady and his face drained of color. "I'm sorry," I said. "Let's have a walk and forget it." We started back to the house.

Eventually I got Ernest to go on a pheasant shoot. I had assembled all his favorite hunting pals: Bud Purdy, Pappy Arnold, Don Anderson and Chuck Atkinson. Bud had a farmer friend who had given him permission to hunt his fields.

When we reached our destination and got our guns loaded, Ernest balked. Going into that field was trespassing, he said, and he didn't want to be shot. In addition to the fact that Bud knew the owner and had talked to him, it was the custom in that wide-open country that fields could be hunted unless they were posted. But Ernest said he could not afford to let the Feds get anything else on him. It took us a half hour to coax him onto the field.

Pappy Arnold took the first shots at a pair of cocks that broke a little out of range; Ernest insisted on waiting to see if anyone showed up to protest the shots, and again it took coaxing reassurances to get him moving. We were fanned out in an arc, about 30 yards apart, and had been combing the fields for almost an hour without results when three absolutely wonderful cock pheasant suddenly winged up not more than 10 yards from Ernest's position. It was a hunter's dream, and with Ernest's ability to reload quickly he had a good chance at a triple; he flicked off the safety and snapped shut the breech in one move as he snugged the knurled butt of the gun into his shoulder and cheek, now swinging with the birds, that graceful and effortless fluidity of his locking the gun into the flight of the cocks.

But he did not fire.

The birds rose fast and disappeared. "I'll be damned if I'll get myself shot as a trespasser for a couple of lousy birds," he said, breaking the breech and removing the shells.

We all stood there for a few minutes, not able to say anything. Then Bud suggested that we hike to the farmhouse and recheck about the permission. Ernest was agreeable to that.

The wife of the farmer said her husband had gone to the market in Twin Falls but that it was perfectly all right to hunt the fields. She suggested an old cornfield not far from the house.

When we started again, spread across that cornfield, a single bird broke out in front of Chuck, and he put him down on the rise. Ernest went over to look at the dead pheasant. He said he was still spooked because it was one thing to get permission from the wife but what if the farmer came driving in and saw them shooting up his field, mightn't he just take a shot at them as trespassers? Ernest said emphatically that he thought we shouldn't hunt any more but should wait at the farmhouse until the farmer got back.

I felt beaten by an accumulation of hopelessness. Not just this afternoon, but the days before, and the fall and summer before that; I had reached the moment of facing up to serious reality about Ernest. I did not want him to see

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my thoughts, so I turned my head down and looked at the desiccated soil; the others were also helplessly silent, except for Bud, a gentle man, who took over and said, "To tell you the truth, Ernest, there aren't enough birds in there to bother about. Let's drive over to my place and have some cider."

That evening Ernest had agreed, out of consideration for Mary, to let me take them to the Christiana restaurant for dinner. This was the first time Ernest had been out of the house in the evening since his return.

Ernest had one cocktail and one glass of wine with his meal (a regimen he was strictly adhering to); he seemed at ease as he recounted some amusing stories about his days in the old Ketchum when it was as wide open as a gold-rush town. Then he suddenly stopped and said we had to pay up and go. Poor Mary, who had been so enjoying her evening out, her meal only half-eaten, asked what was wrong. "Those two FBI men at the bar," Ernest mumbled. "That's what's wrong." Mary asked how he could possibly know they were FBI men, and Ernest told her to keep her voice down. "Don't you think I know an FBI man when I see one?" he said. "We've got to get out of here, Hotch."

I went to find the waiter and on the way passed a table where Chuck Atkinson and his wife were having dinner. I asked Chuck whether he knew the two men at the bar. "Sure," he said. "They're salesmen. Been coming through here for the last five years. Don't tell me Ernest is worried about *them*." He shook his head sadly.

When I told Ernest they were salesmen, he scoffed. "Of course they're salesmen. The FBI is noted for its clumsy disguises. What do you think they'd pose as—concert violinists?"

Mary had been anxious to speak with me from the time I had arrived, but Ernest had made it very difficult. On our way out of the Christiana, she was able to tell me, without Ernest hearing, that she would be shopping at the supermarket at 11 the next morning.

We had our talk over a shopping cart in back of the cereals. Mary said she was desperate. She showed me a letter she had found on Ernest's desk the day before; it was addressed to his bank, the Morgan Guaranty in New York. The salutation and first sentence were in order, but then the words became gibberish, as if he had been experimenting with a new language.

Basically, Ernest's ability to work had deteriorated to a point where he spent endless hours with the manuscript of *A Moveable Feast,* but he was unable to really work on it. He was terribly depressed over the loss of the *finca,* and although Mary had suggested that they get an apartment in Paris or Venice, or a new boat that could take them on a long sea voyage, there was no way to get a reaction from Ernest. His talk about destroying himself had become more frequent, and he would sometimes stand at the gun rack, holding one of the guns, staring out the window at the distant mountains.

I told Mary that I thought it was perfectly obvious that Ernest needed immediate and thoroughgoing psychiatric help, and even went so far as to suggest Menninger's, but she registered concern over what effect such publicity might have. She said she realized that Ernest needed psychiatric help, but that she felt unable to arrange for it because of his disdain of analysts. I suggested that the best procedure might be for me to return to New York immediately and put the problem in the hands of a very fine psychiatrist whom I knew. Mary urged me to act as quickly as I could, because she was afraid that Ernest's threats to destroy himself might become reality.

Before leaving, I arranged to see Vernon Lord, because if Ernest was to receive treatment it had to be with his own consent and approval, and Vernon, I felt, was the key to achieving this. He was as fearful as Mary about Ernest's condition.

"I'm just a country doctor," he said, "and a pretty young one at that. I know that Ernest needs immediate help that I can't provide. Ernest is in a serious condition that is so far out of my field I cannot even diagnose it; yet I can see almost daily deterioration. If you could bring in a New York psychiatrist it would be vitally helpful."

I asked Vernon whether, when he next took Ernest's blood pressure, he could find that it had risen enough to convince Ernest that he must have tests and treatment. He agreed to try.

The New York psychiatrist, whom I shall call Dr. Renown, acted quickly. He described Ernest's general condition as depressive-persecutory, and in a telephone conversation with Vernon Lord he prescribed certain new drugs that he felt would be helpful, pending hospital treatment. Dr. Renown's first hospital choice was Menninger's, but Vernon felt that because of the stigma of the name, there was no possibility that Ernest would go. The only acceptable hospital would be one that had both physical and psychiatric facilities so that Ernest could be admitted for some physical ailment, thereby masking his true malady. On that basis Dr. Renown suggested the Mayo Clinic. Vernon reported that Ernest had reacted to the increased-blood-pressure readings with the alarm we had anticipated, and Vernon said he might be able to get Ernest to go to Mayo on the basis of blood-pressure tests and special treatment. Subsequently, Dr. Renown made all arrangements for Ernest's hospitalization and discussed his general condition in telephone conversations with the Mayo doctors.

On November 30 Vernon accompanied Ernest to Rochester, Minn., in a small chartered plane, and Ernest was admitted to the Mayo Clinic that afternoon. He was admitted under the name of Vernon Lord and placed in a room in St. Mary's Hospital, since the clinic has no hospital facilities.

Ernest was not permitted to receive or make phone calls, and he wrote no letters, but during December I occasionally spoke on the phone to Mary, who was staying at the Kahler Hotel and seeing Ernest every day. During December, Ernest was given 11 treatments with electric shock, technically referred to as E.C.T.'s. Mary told me how terrible they were for Ernest and how he suffered, more psychologically than physically, from them. But she said he seemed to be getting along well with his doctors, who reported that he was making good progress.

The E.C.T.'s were abruptly stopped during the first week in January. Shortly thereafter Ernest asked the doctors whether he could speak to me on the phone, and they agreed. It was Ernest's first outside contact since his admission and obviously very important to him. The call was for a specific time on a specific day.

After he greeted me, Ernest said, "Hell of a thing having a name like Lord in a Catholic hospital—and me a failed Catholic." He sounded vigorous and in control, but there was a heartiness in his voice that didn't belong there. He told me that during the past few days he had been able to read for the first time since his arrival; what he had been reading were the galleys of a new book by our friend George Plimpton. It was called *Out of My League,* and Ernest said he was enjoying it very much. "But it's hard to enjoy anything," he said, "in a room where they frisk you and lock the door on you and don't have the decency to at least trust you with a blunt instrument."

We talked for 15 minutes and there was not one word about any of his old delusions. He spoke a good deal about the Paris sketches and getting back to work on them; for he had decided to publish them in the fall. The hospital operator cut in to say, "Mr. Lord, will you please conclude your call," and he quickly said good-bye.

The town of Rochester, Minn., is the Mayo Clinic, and vice versa. It stands upon a flat plain, a needle ringed by thimbles. The needle is the skyscraper clinic, and the thimbles are the hotels that house its patients. The hotels have subterranean passageways connecting with the clinic. Stretchers and wheelchairs fill the hotels' elevators.

I was scheduled to fly to Rochester on January 13, 1961. On the 10th I received a telegram from Ernest telling me that Northwest Airlines was on strike, and I should take Capitol direct to Minneapolis, then Braniff or Ozark to Rochester, or a Jefferson Transportation limousine that took 90 minutes, left every four hours and cost eight bucks. He gave his weight as 173¼, and said all of it would be glad to see me. This was a flash of his old self, I thought, this concern about his friends and attention to details for them.

I checked into the Kahler, then went directly to the hospital. Ernest looked shockingly thin. His face had lost its conformation, and even his features seemed changed. He introduced me to his doctors, whom he had already invested with "pal status." He had been to their houses for meals, and one of the doctors told me they had shot skeet in back of his house the preceding Sunday. Ernest's room was small but pleasantly furnished, and one barely noticed the bars on the windows. Ernest joked and laughed and remembered things for the doctors' enjoyment, like our horse-racing triumph at Auteuil. Despite his disappointing physical appearance, he seemed restored. But I got the uneasy feeling that the doctors were treating him like a celebrity as much as a patient.

When they left they said it was perfectly all right for Ernest to get dressed and go for a walk with me.

As he was dressing, he asked the question I had been dreading to hear ever since I left New York. "How are things with Coops?"

Cooper had come to New York the early part of January and had called me to have lunch. "I'm going to have to check out of my plans with Papa," he had said. "The medics have given me the word on that operation I had—it was cancer. They say I'm not gonna hang around too long. I hope to Christ they're right. You better tell Papa about me. We always have leveled with each other, absolutely, about everything, all our lives, and I wouldn't like him to find out from someone else or in the papers. I tried to call him, but they wouldn't put me through, and I don't like to write about something like that."

So now I told Ernest. He didn't say anything. Just looked at me as if I had betrayed him. Then he picked up his Windbreaker and slowly put it on, fitted his houndstooth cap on his head, and started out of his prison.

We walked away from the center of town. "Your doctors appear to be awfully good guys," I said.

"You mean because they trust me with a skeet gun?"

"It is pretty nice of them to have you over . . ."

"What these shock doctors don't know is about writers and such things as remorse and contrition and what they do to them. They should make all psychiatrists take a course in creative writing so they'd know about writers."

"Have they stopped the treatments?"

"Well, what is the sense of ruining my head and erasing my memory, which is my capital, and putting me out of business? It was a brilliant cure but we lost the patient. It's a bum turn, Hotch, terrible. I called the local authorities to turn myself in but they didn't know about the rap."

My heart stopped.

"I looked into this business about the federal court and you're wrong, or maybe you were trying to con me, but there is no privilege and they can nail Vernon, especially now that I've used his name for cover. That's why I wanted to turn myself in."

The delusions had not changed or diminished. His room was bugged and so was the hospital phone, and he suspected that one of the interns was a Fed in disguise. I made the walk as short as I could, but even at that it seemed interminable.

I saw Ernest again the following day. Mary was there, and his mood fluctuated from being very deferential and appreciative of her loving care to being brutally abusive. He was very eager to get to work answering his letters.

When it came time for me to leave, Ernest walked with me to the elevator; he held the doors, reluctant to let me go. "This coming spring we'll be back at Auteuil," he said, "the Hemhotch colors striking terror in the hearts of the touts." He chuckled. "Remember that tout who saw me counting my winnings and said, 'One can see Monsieur is of the *métier?*'" He patted my shoulder. "Good old Hotch. Put you through a lot, haven't I, boy?"

"Put me through the best times I ever had."

"And this?"

"Hell, Papa, you're the one who said when you go the distance you've got to expect to get dumped once in a while. You've been decked before."

"Sure have. But was always up at the count of three. But we're up to six this time. Maybe seven."

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"There's a nand atory eight now."

"Goddam but I wish we were out at Bud's now jumping-shooting the canals. But Auteuil in the spring is a promise. I'll write Georges to start working on the form. Save your money, Hotch, for the ghost of Bataclan rides again." The elevator buzzed insistently. I became aware that Ernest's nurse had been standing in back of him. I stepped into the elevator.

"Thank you very much for coming," he said.

To my surprise, Ernest was released from the Mayo Clinic nine days later. He called me in Hollywood to say how delighted he was to be home and back at work. He had gone hunting the day after his return, he said, and there were eight mallards and two teals now hanging over the woodpile outside the kitchen window. He sounded fine, but I felt an overriding uneasiness.

A few days later Ernest decided to accept the Twentieth Century offer on the Nick Adams stories; his letters during February, and his phone calls, were succinct and businesslike. His only expressed worry was about his weight, which at 170 was too low, he complained, to permit him to operate with his old steam.

Toward the beginning of March Ernest's letters began to change again. The writing became so cramped it was difficult to read. The letters themselves began to be more complaining, with less reference to work.

During the last week in March, when I spoke to Ernest on the phone, he sounded listless and discouraged. The ends of sentences tailed off as if he didn't have the energy to finish them. "Am following doctors' orders exactly and pressure is good. But weight reaction's a little spooky."

"Can't you put on a little? What does Vernon say?"

"Don't mind being spooked if I could find a way to get my mind off it and have a little fun. Guess I'm spoiled. Always had such a damn good time."

On April 18 I went to a cocktail party in New York which Harvey Breit had given to celebrate the publication of George Plimpton's book, and at one point Harvey suggested we call Ernest. I tried to prevent the call by pretending I didn't have Ernest's unlisted phone number with me; unfortunately Harvey found it in his address book.

First Harvey spoke to him, then George, and they were merry and funny and George told him how well his book was going. When I came on, Ernest said, "Hotch, please try to hold off these calls." His voice was dead, the words coming at me like rocks falling down a well. "It's gotten pretty rough. Hotch, I can't finish the book. I *can't*. I've been at this goddamn worktable all day, standing here all day, all I've got to get is this one thing, maybe only a sentence, maybe more, I don't know, and I can't get it. Not any of it. You understand, I *can't*. I've written Scribner's to scratch the book. It was all set for the fall but I had to scratch it."

"Then they'll do it in the spring."

"No, no they won't. Because I can't finish it. Not this fall or next spring or ten years from now. *I can't*. This wonderful damn book and I can't finish it. You understand?"

When I hung up, Harvey said, "He sounds fine, doesn't he?"

That was April 18. At eleven o'clock Sunday morning, April 23, I received a call from Ketchum. Ernest was in the Sun Valley Hospital under heavy sedation, nurses around the clock.

When Mary had come into the living room that morning, she had found Ernest standing in the vestibule, where the gun rack was; he was holding a shotgun in one hand, with the breech open; he had two shells in his other hand. There was a note propped up on top of the gun rack addressed to her. Mary knew that Vernon Lord was due to come by to take Ernest's blood pressure, so she just tried to hold Ernest's attention until he got there. She knew he had been terribly depressed about his inability to write, but she had had no inkling that his depression had driven him this far.

Ernest was calm and did not make a move to put the shells in the chamber, so Mary did not mention the gun at all but asked for the note. Ernest refused to give it to her but read her a few sentences here and there. There was a reference to his will and how he had provided for Mary and she wasn't to worry. Also, that he had transferred $30,000 to her checking account. Then he got onto his latest worry, which concerned filing income taxes for the cleaning woman. He was talking about how the Feds were sure to get him for the cleaning woman's taxes, and then Vernon arrived. When Vernon took hold of the gun, Ernest let him have it without a protest.

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Vernon had already put in a call to the Mayo Clinic and I was asked whether I would contact Dr. Renown.

Vernon phoned at 4:30 that afternoon. He reported that the Mayo doctors were insisting that Ernest go to Rochester voluntarily but that Ernest absolutely refused to go.

"I called Dr. Renown," I said, "and he was to call Mayo and then call you."

"He has. He made all the Mayo arrangements and discussed procedures, but I don't think he knows about this condition they've imposed, that Ernest go of his own free will. Hell, he doesn't have any *free* will! What are they talking about? I have my associate, Dr. Ausley, helping me with Ernest, but we're fighting the clock. We don't have proper facilities for this kind of thing and, Hotch, honest to God, if we don't get him to the proper place, and *fast*, he is going to kill himself for sure."

For the rest of that day we phoned back and forth between New York, Ketchum, Hollywood and Rochester, but the Mayo doctors could not be induced to come to Ketchum or vary their adamant policy that patients must enter the clinic voluntarily.

The following day Mary phoned, terribly shaken. There had been a nightmarish incident. Vernon had finally gotten Ernest to consent to reentering Mayo, and the charter plane had been summoned from Hailey. Ernest said, however, that before he went there were some things he had to get from the house. Vernon said he would send Mary for them, but Ernest said they were things he had to get himself and he would not go to Mayo without them. So Vernon reluctantly consented, but first he called Don Anderson, who is six feet three and over 200 pounds, to come along. Vernon took the nurse and Mary.

They drove to the house, the five of them, and Ernest started toward the door, followed by Don. Suddenly Ernest cut loose for the door, slammed it and bolted it before Don could get there. Don raced around to the other door, charged into the house and spotted Ernest at the gun rack, holding a gun and ramming a shell into the chamber. Don hurled himself at Ernest and knocked him down. There was a terrible struggle over the gun. Vernon had to help. Luckily the safety had been on, so it did not go off. Ernest was now back at the hospital, heavily drugged.

He was now saying he would not return to Mayo's, but Vernon was keeping the plane at the Sun Valley airstrip in the hope that he could change Ernest's mind. The next morning Mary phoned to say that Ernest had suddenly consented to go and the plane had just taken off. Vernon and Don Anderson had gone with him. Mary was just barely holding herself together. She promised to have Vernon call as soon as he got back.

It was after midnight when the call came through. Vernon said that he had given Ernest a heavy sedation before taking off but that shortly after they had become airborne, Ernest had made a strenuous effort to get the door open and jump out of the plane. It had taken all of Don's and Vernon's combined strength to get him away from the door. Vernon had then given Ernest a large injection of sodium amytal, and soon thereafter he had become drowsy.

Shortly afterward the small plane had begun to develop engine trouble and had had to be landed at Casper, Wyo. On leaving the plane, Ernest had tried to walk into a moving propeller, but Don had had him by the arm and pushed himself between Ernest and the propeller, although in so doing Ernest had inadvertently almost bumped Don into the whirling prop.

It had taken a couple of hours to repair the plane, but Ernest had seemed quiet until they were on their way again; then, having feigned sleep for an hour, he had made a second attempt to jump out of the plane.

Mayo doctors were waiting for them when they landed in Rochester, and Ernest, who was now docile and greeted the doctors like old friends, was taken to St. Mary's, where he was placed under constant surveillance.

"You know the date?" I asked.

"The twenty-fifth, isn't it?" Vernon said.

"Yes, almost three months to the day since they discharged him."

"Not a very long cure, was it?"

The first week in May, I went to see Cooper for the last time. During February and March on his good days he continued to enjoy life the way he always had. But by April the pain and ravages of the cancer had finally knocked him down, and when I went to see him he was a wasted figure, lying immobile in his darkened room.

"Papa phoned a couple weeks ago." He paused between words, because it was very painful for him to speak. "Told me he was sick, too. I bet him that I will beat him out to the barn." He smiled and closed his eyes and seemed to doze off. "Heard on the radio he was back at Mayo's." The eyes flickered open. "That right?"

"Yes."

"Poor Papa." His eyes shut again and then he was hit by a big pain and his face contorted as he fought it off; sweat instantly covered his face. When the pain had passed, Cooper reached his hand over to the bed table and picked up a crucifix, which he put on the pillow beside his head. He had converted to Catholicism late in life and had talked about it with Ernest.

"Please give Papa a message. It's important and you mustn't forget, because I'll not be talking to him again. Tell him . . . that time I wondered if I made the right decision"—he moved the crucifix a little closer so that it touched his cheek—"tell him it was the best thing I ever did."

He died 10 days later.

This time the Mayo doctors had advised Mary not to come to Rochester, so she stayed in Ketchum and kept in touch with the doctors by telephone.

Two weeks after Ernest had entered the hospital Mary telephoned me in New York. "I have a letter from Papa, the first I've received. Long letter, the handwriting pretty good, much more lucid than he's been for a long time . . . and then he says, 'Also I should start working and want to be out of here the soonest I can.' I wrote back telling him all the local news and all that, and then I said, 'Please don't con your friends there into letting you come home until they are absolutely sure your cure is complete because neither of us wants a repetition of the last three months of hell we spent in Ketchum.' But, Hotch,

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I worry that he'll do just that. . . . One thing I am sure of is that a repetition of the last three months would destroy me in one way or another. That isn't a threat; it's just a fact."

I subsequently asked Dr. Renown about Ernest's complaints that the shock doctors were ruining his memory. He said that the two most prominent side effects of electrical treatments, loss of memory and confusion, both disappear in a short time. It is true, he said, that details of illness and hospitalization may never be recovered to memory, but he felt that such details were not important.

During the month of May, Ernest received a number of electrical treatments. When they were completed, Mary was permitted to visit him. She reported that Ernest was even more infuriated with these treatments than the previous ones, registering even bitterer complaints about how his memory was wrecked and how he was ruined as a writer and putting the blame for all this on the Mayo doctors, who had finally acceded to his demands that they stop giving him the E.C.T.'s.

"How can we persuade him to have the treatment that he feels isn't necessary?" Mary asked. "It's so confusing seeing him there needing help, the help all around him, but not getting through to him. There must be a way."

In the beginning of June, on my way back from Hollywood, I rented a car in Minneapolis and drove to Rochester through lovely spring countryside.

When I approached Ernest's room, he was standing at a hospital table with a newspaper spread before him; I stood at the open door, not able, for the moment, to enter. Whereas on my previous visit he had appeared attenuated, now the man he once was had disappeared and the man before me was only a marker to show where he had been.

He was very happy and, in a peculiar and incomprehensible way, proud that I had come. He called in nurses and other floor personnel, and introduced them to me, each introduction followed by an effusive endorsement of my past, present and future. When the doctors came, they readily gave their consent to his request to go for a drive.

In the car I started to tell Ernest about Honor, but he cut me off quickly. To my dismay it was as before: the car bugged, his room bugged, all the same persecutions. He directed me onto a road that carried us to the summit of a blunt hill. We walked a short distance along a trail that emerged upon a clearing. The view took in three quarters of all the surroundings, but Ernest noticed none of it; he immediately took me through a catalog of his troubles.

My first inclination was to let him talk himself out, but as I watched him pace about, his eyes on the ground, his face contorted by the miseries he was recounting, there rose in me a kind of anger, and finally not able to hold back, I stepped into his path, causing him to look up, and said: "Papa, it's spring!"

He looked at me blankly, his eyes cloudy behind his old glasses.

"We missed Auteuil again." Make him come into my world. Restate the reality. "We missed Auteuil again, Papa."

The eyes stirred. He moved his hands into his pockets. "And we will miss it and miss it and miss it," he said.

"Why?" My words pounced on his. I didn't want to lose the wedge. "Why not next fall? What's wrong with a good fall meet? Who says Bataclan can't run in autumn leaves?"

"There won't be another spring, Hotch."

"Of course there will. I can guarantee it . . ."

"Or another fall." His whole body had relaxed. He went over and sat on a busted fragment of stone wall. I stood before him with one foot up on an overturned rock. I felt I should get to it quickly now, and I did, but I said it very gently: "Papa, why do you want to kill yourself?"

He hesitated only a moment; then he spoke in his old, deliberate way. "What do you think happens to a man going on sixty-two when he realizes that he can never write the books and stories he promised himself? Or do any of the other things he promised himself in the good days?"

"But how can you say that? You have written a beautiful book about Paris, as beautiful as anyone can hope to write. How can you overlook that?"

"The best of that I wrote before. And now I can't finish it. Hotch, if I can't exist on my own terms, then existence is impossible. Do you understand? That is how I've lived, and that is how I *must* live—or not live."

"But why can't you just put writing aside for now? You have always spent a long time between books—years between *To Have and Have Not* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and then ten years until *Across the River*. Take some time off. Don't force yourself. Why should you? You never have."

"I can't."

"But why is it different now? May I mention something? Back in 1938 you wrote a preface for your short stories. At the end of it you said you hoped you could live long enough to write three more novels and twenty-five more stories. That was your ambition. All right—*For Whom the Bell Tolls, Across the River and into the Trees* and *The Old Man and the Sea*, not to mention the unpublished ones. And there're more than twenty-five stories, plus the Paris sketches. You've fulfilled your covenant—the one you made with yourself—the only one that counts. So for God's sake why can't you rest on that?"

"Because—look, it doesn't matter that I don't write for a day or a year or ten years as long as the knowledge that I *can* write is solid inside me. But a day without that knowledge, or not being sure of it, is eternity."

"Then why not turn from writing altogether? Why not retire? God knows you have earned it."

"Retire? How the hell can a writer retire? DiMaggio put his records in the book, and so did Ted Williams, and then on a particular good day, with good days getting rarer, they hung up their shoes. So did Marciano. That's the way a champ should go out. A champion cannot retire like anyone else."

"You've got some books on the shelf . . ."

"Sure. I've got six books I declare to win with. I can stand on that. But unlike your baseball player and your prize fighter and your matador, how does a writer retire? No one accepts that his legs are shot or the whiplash gone from his reflexes. Everywhere he goes, he

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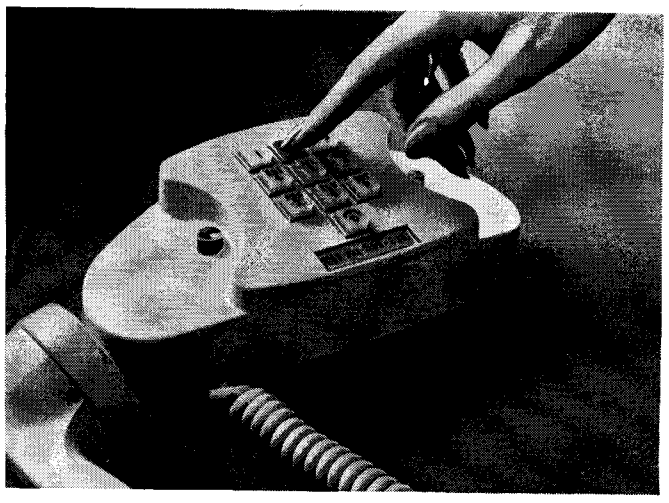

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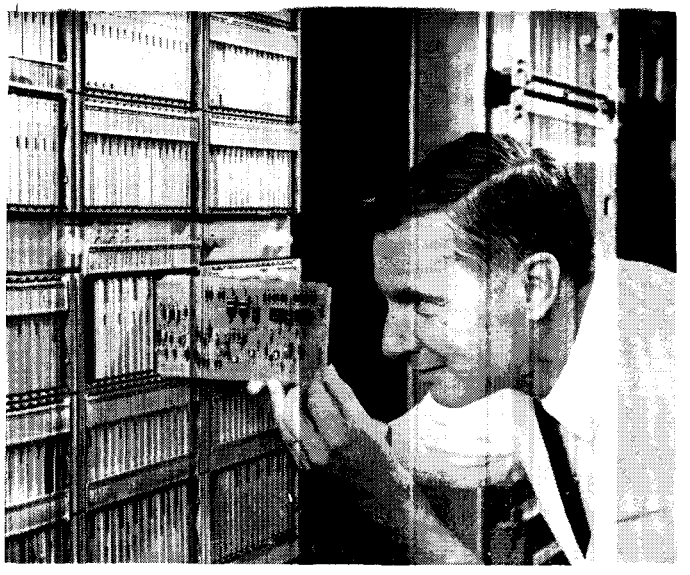

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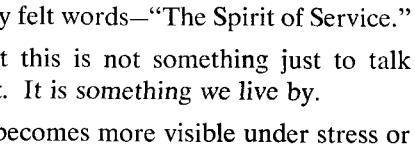

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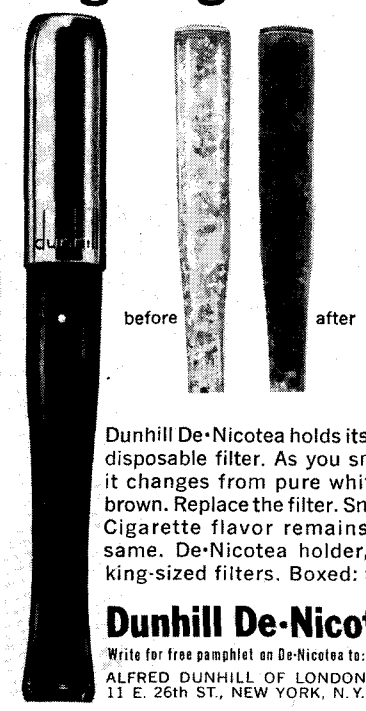

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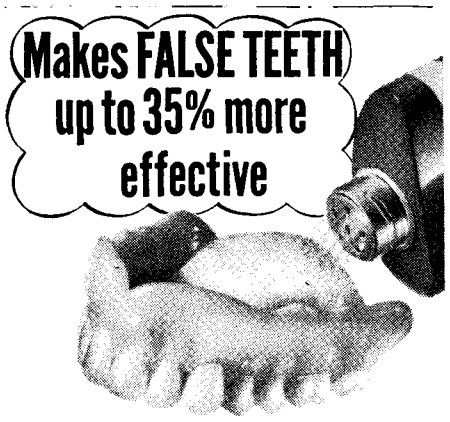

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hears the same goddamn question—What are you working on?"

"But who cares about the questions? You never cared about these phony tape measures. Why don't you let us help you? Mary will go anywhere you want, do anything you like. Don't shut her out. It hurts her so."

"Mary is wonderful. Always and now. Wonderful. She's been so damn brave and good. She is all that is left to be glad for. I love her. I truly love her." A rise of tears made it impossible for me to talk any more. Ernest was not looking at me; he was watching a small bird foraging in the scrub. "You remember I told you once she did not know about other people's hurts. Well, I was wrong. She knows. She knows how I hurt and she suffers trying to help me—I wish to Christ I could spare her that. Listen, Hotch, whatever happens . . . she's good and strong, but remember, sometimes the strongest of women need help."

I couldn't manage any more. I walked a short distance away. He came over and put his hand on my shoulder. "Poor old Hotch," he said. "I'm so damn sorry. Here, I want you to have this." He had the horse chestnut from Paris in his hand.

"But, Papa, that's your lucky piece."

"I want you to have it."

"Then I'll give you another."

"OK."

I stooped down to pick up a bright pebble but Ernest stopped me. "Nothing from here," he said. "There's no such thing as a lucky piece from Rochester, Minnesota."

I had a key ring that one of my daughters had given me, that had a carved wooden figure attached to it, so I removed the figure and gave him that.

"If I could get out of here and get back to Ketchum . . . why don't you talk to them?"

"I will, Papa, I will." I felt suddenly elated. "And you should work hard to think about the things you care about and like to do, and not about all those negative things. That's the best thing that can happen."

"Sure. Sure it is. The best things in life and other ballroom bananas. But what the hell? What does a man care about? Staying healthy. Working good. Eating and drinking with his friends. Enjoying himself in bed. I haven't any of them. Do you understand, goddamn it? None of them. And while I'm planning my good times and worldwide adventures, who will keep the Feds off my ass and how do the taxes get paid if I don't turn out the stuff that gets them paid? You've been pumping me and getting the gen, but you're like Vernon Lord and all the rest, turning state's evidence, selling out to them . . ."

I lashed into him. "Papa! Papa, damn it! Stop it! Cut it out!" A heavy quiver shook him, that thin old lovely man, and he held his hand against his eyes for a moment before he started to walk slowly back along the path to the car; we didn't say another word all the way back to the hospital.

I stayed with him for a few hours in his room. He was pleasant but distant. We talked about books and sports; nothing personal. Late in the day I drove back to Minneapolis. I never saw him again.

On the flight back to New York I found myself thinking about the old double *dicho*—a saying that can be reversed—that Ernest once told me: Man can be defeated but not destroyed. Maybe it could work that way, even though Ernest always favored its contrary brother.

Toward the end of June I received a note from Mary telling me that when she had arrived in Rochester the Mayo doctors had already told Ernest that he could go back to Ketchum, and he was counting on it. The doctors felt Ernest was on the threshold of a new phase and needed to prove to himself what he could do in Ketchum. They said that Ernest was between 60 and 70 percent of his normal self and that that was plenty good to sustain him. Mary said she tried to protest, but that with such little psychiatric knowledge it was futile. So she was fearful but resigned.

On July 2 I flew from Málaga to Madrid, where I stayed overnight to catch the morning jet for Rome. As I was leaving the hotel elevator to go to the airport in the morning, Bill Davis hurriedly entered the lobby. He had driven all through the night, virtually the length of Spain, to tell me that Ernest had shot himself and to be with me at this moment. I was glad he had. But what Ernest had done did not really hit me deeply at that time. It took months for that to happen.

On the flight to Rome I read the details of what had happened. As Dr. Renown had predicted, there were banner headlines on the front pages of newspapers everywhere I went. The Associated Press said that Ernest had been cheerful during the three-day drive through the northern states and appeared to enjoy himself. That on his first night home he had had a pleasant dinner and had even joined Mary's singing one of their favorite songs, *Tutti Mi Chiamano Bionda.* Then, according to Mary, early the following morning a shotgun exploded in the house. Mary ran downstairs. Ernest had been cleaning one of the guns, she said, and it had accidentally discharged, killing him.

I could not fault Mary for covering up. She was not prepared to admit what had happened and that's what came out when she had to explain. What difference does truth make about a thing like that? Does truth bring back anything? Or assuage the torment? I found myself remembering the interview years before with the German journalist at the Felipe II. He had asked, "Herr Hemingway, can you sum up your feelings about death?" And Ernest had answered, "Yes—just another whore."

I sent Mary a long cable from Rome, but I did not go to Ketchum for the funeral. I could not say good-bye to Ernest in a public group. Instead I went to Santa Maria Sopra Minerva—his church, not mine—because I wanted to say good-bye to him in his own place. I found a deserted side altar and sat there for a long while, thinking about all the good times we had had, remembering forward from the first tentative meeting at the Floridita in Havana. But when it came time to go, all I could think of to say was, "Good luck, Papa." I figured he knew how much I loved him, so there was no point in mentioning that. I lit a candle and put some money in the poor box and spent the rest of the night alone, wandering through Rome's old streets.

Ernest had had it right: Man is not made for defeat. Man can be destroyed but not defeated. □

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Women pursued him, men envied him, and Maggie hated him. A rich bachelor on the prowl was a dangerous friend for a married man to have.

The games that husbands play

As I closed the door, a lamp switch clicked, and I stood in the bedroom like a deer trapped by the brightness of a night hunter's illegal jack light. Maggie's long, chestnut-colored hair flooded over the pillow on both sides of her face as she looked at me. In this twelfth year of our marriage, with three children asleep in the house, I no longer needed program notes to identify the critical wifely examination. The lamp-switch-clicking routine was new for Maggie; I associated such confrontations with my mother when I was a boy and she suspected I was up to something evil in my room.

"Did my mother teach you that?" I asked.

"How's the king of the forest?" Maggie asked in her lovely contralto voice. The words floated lazily across the bedroom, thorny with sarcasm. She meant Lyman Pritcherd, not me.

"That was funny the first time. Even Lyman thought so," I said.

"Oh, I didn't know you'd told him that."

"Well, I did. And he said, 'Rack up one for Maggie.' Just because Lyman isn't married doesn't mean we invite women to a little private sinfest, or watch pornographic movies."

"Naturally," Maggie said. "That's only for married men in search of true happiness."

"We just had dinner and sat around with a fifth of rye and shot the breeze," I said.

"It sounds very dull, David," Maggie said, the critical look hooked onto me like a magnet.

"Maybe to you," I said. "Maggie, OK, it's two o'clock, but I'm a big boy. We had more than a few, but I'm neither staggering nor stupid drunk. And I'm not asking you to like Lyman, or trying to impose him on you, because I know exactly how you feel about him."

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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By Morton Fineman

"Oh, go take your shower," Maggie said, turning off the light. "I'll get you both subscriptions to *Boys' Life.*"

When I came out of the bathroom, with the sting of mouthwash along my gums, Maggie was crying in the dark. It was not a piteous, cat-in-the-rain kind of crying. She wasn't that kind of woman. It was more like the music of a wordless rage.

"With all those friends and admirers he has, why are you the one he always calls when he wants company?" she asked.

I was silent. It was a moment when it was wiser to keep all the valve handles down tight. Suddenly, in a softer voice, she said, "He tells you what to do. He gives you his approval. He lets you sit with him. And you do everything to convince him that he really is the king of the forest around here. Besides that, you do practically all the work to keep his damned realm intact."

"If Lyman took all his business to another lawyer, I'd still make a living," I said.

"With everyone else, especially your friends, you're full of pride. But with him, you remind me of those people who hang around bullfighters in those cafés in Mexico City. I know it's not that money he loaned you so you could stay in law school after your father died. You paid him back. I know you won't believe he does things like that only because he thinks he *is* the king of the forest."

"When your motor runs down, I'll try to get some sleep," I said. When Maggie and I argue this way about Lyman, we are really skulking around things and disappointments we don't want to talk about.

The first time I ever saw Maggie was at a party Lyman insisted I accompany him to during my first year at law school. Long before I went to college, Lyman's tolerant friendship for someone who was five years younger kept me in a state of perpetual hero worship. He was my mentor and my guide to all the secrets of the streams and forests of the Allegheny Mountains, which were just beyond the front door. Our friendship had persisted and survived my early uncritical admiration. We were now simply friends who hunted and fished together like a well-drilled team.

I wasn't looking for a particular girl at that party. The shock and grind of that first year made any kind of diversion, any pleasant female face, welcome. It was a big party, spread over the house and the garden. I don't remember now who gave the party, but I distinctly remember two beer kegs in the kitchen, both tapped and flowing mightily, and a scuffling interlude very late at night because somebody was fed up with listening to Johnnie Ray records. It was a routine college-boy bash, full of corner lusts, intellectual passions and posturings, and grave post-mortems about who-knows-how-many weighty subjects. A party like that has something for everybody, if he's the right age. I was, but I remember thinking that Lyman did seem a little too old for this.

Maggie sat reading a long poem aloud in the midst of a small audience, and that chestnut hair was full of dark fire from the light above her head. Her contralto voice carved out the luminous words of the poem to fit some inner pattern only she understood. I stood behind everyone and watched her face as she read. Later, I heard her saying that she'd always wanted to try skeet shooting. I went over to her and said, "If you'll tell me the name of that poem you read, I'll teach you how to shoot skeet."

"*Peter Quince at the Clavier,*" she said. "Wallace Stevens wrote it. Do you like it?"

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"I'm not sure. But I like the way you looked when you read it." Her face became shy. Her head tilted slightly, and her lips pressed together as if she wanted to hold back revelatory words. "When do you want your first lesson?" I asked.

She laughed and said, "You call me sometime, and we'll talk about it."

"I'd rather talk about it now. How about tomorrow?"

"Just for the name of a poem?" she said. "Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"I don't even know you."

"I can fix that," I said. "I came here with Lyman Pritcherd."

"He's too old to come to a party like this anymore," Maggie said. "Why doesn't he get a job and a wife, and act his age?"

"He likes too many girls too much to marry one, and he's too rich to work," I said.

"Knowing Lyman is no recommendation, as far as I'm concerned," Maggie said.

"I won't use him as a reference," I said.

She smiled at me. "What else do you do, aside from teaching girls to shoot skeet?" She wasn't tall, and she did not seem graceful until she moved. The lights in the room kept shining in her hair, reflecting those dark flames, and I kept wanting to touch her hair. When I left the party, I had not touched her hair, but my hands were full of it. I felt as if someone had thrown a net over me, woven miraculously of lust, tenderness, and curiosity.

Maggie's wedding ring cost me twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, and, because of my meager assets in those first days, we had skipped the engagement ring. I wasn't an easy-credit-jewelers type. After the wedding, we drove to New York, where I figured we could last at least two days if we were really frugal. In the hotel, I wanted to call room service and order a bottle of champagne, but the prices frightened me. Instead, I went out to a liquor store, and we used the glasses I found in the bathroom. We looked at each other self-consciously and tried to find words for a proper toast, but neither of us said anything memorable. We could hear the elevator doors opening and closing, and people talking in the corridor. One of them was a woman, and her sudden laughter was like rain in the night. I looked at Maggie on the bed, sober and tired after the long drive on snowy February roads through the Alleghenies, holding the bathroom glass full of champagne with both hands and staring into it as if it were a magic potion. I had imagined a woman on her wedding night would be clothed in sensuality, however modest or shy she might be, but I'd forgotten the elemental fact of weariness.

"One more glass and I'll get roaring drunk," she murmured. "The room looks circular now." She set the glass on the nightstand and put her arms loosely around me and sighed, smelling of champagne and cigarettes. I heard the wind battering the windows, and automobile tires fighting the packed snow on the street, and, in this baptismal hour of marriage, remembered her reading *Peter Quince at the Clavier*.

The next day, when we got back to the hotel after lunch, we discovered that theater tickets had been delivered for our use that evening. There was also a telegram from Lyman Pritcherd telling us to enjoy ourselves.

"Could you afford these?" Maggie asked me.

"Orchestra seats for a hit musical? Hell, no. They must have cost Lyman a small fortune," I said. "I was going to take you to the movies, Maggie."

Maggie tore the tickets neatly in half and dropped them into a wastebasket. "You take me to the movies if that's what you can afford," she said. "Nobody gave Lyman the privilege of making plans for us."

"Maggie," I said, "he was only trying to be nice."

"There's a Cary Grant movie at the Music Hall we could see," she said.

I let the subject stay changed. "It's also got Ingrid Bergman for me," I said. "I have an understandably boyish enthusiasm for Ingrid Bergman."

"We're both lucky to have so much in one movie. Now help me with the hook and eye on this dress, please, so we can keep this honeymoon moving along."

That was not the time to engage in a dialogue, as they say nowadays, about Lyman Pritcherd. And we never really did—not in one session, that is. Lyman's place in our lives was decided upon gradually over the years. Concessions came from my end of the table. Maggie told me that he was not going to become a friend of the family; nor was there going to be any "Uncle Lyman" nonsense with the children. All Lyman could be was my friend, because he stood for everything that went against the orderly nesting requirements of Maggie's world. I said, at various times, especially when I was yielding ground, that it was all unreasonable, unnecessary, uncalled-for, even spiteful.

It was not surprising to me that Lyman became my first client, transforming me into a practicing lawyer. Gradually, he shifted other legal business to me until I was, in fact, *his* lawyer. In time, when Maggie attacked my friendship with Lyman as being founded strictly on business, I was able to say defensively that if I lost Lyman's business I would still be solvent. But I could only say it because the fact that I had become known as Lyman's lawyer attracted new clients to me like deer to a salt lick.

Lyman's only friend in court, when it came to Maggie, was my kid sister, Beth, who used to tell Maggie that she saw no reason to go at him like a man-eating shark.

"Beth's defense doesn't do you much good, though," I said to Lyman.

"Well, I admire the way Maggie has stayed in there snapping off shots all these years," Lyman said. He was getting more and more like a sandy-colored bear as he grew older. "I guess if I were somebody else, a lot of people

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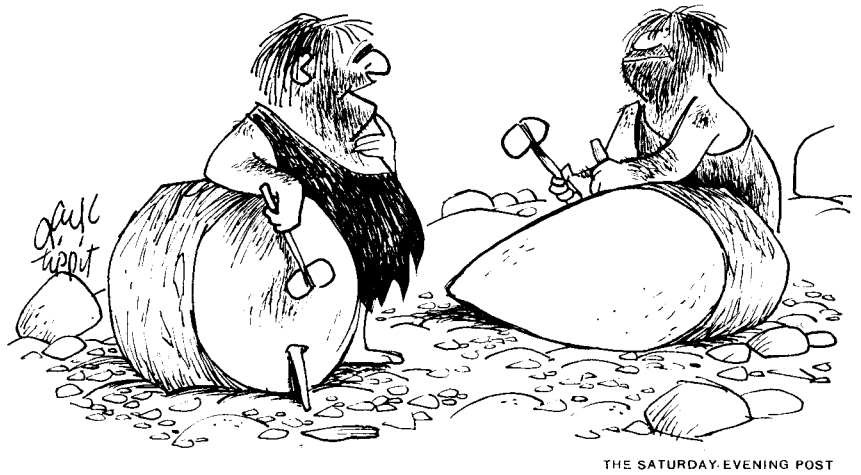

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's OK, I guess—if you like modern."

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would come right out and admit they don't like me."

"Your money makes people feel vulnerable," I said.

"I'll need a better reason than that to get rid of it, counselor," he said. His laughter seemed boisterously arrogant at that moment, but I knew him well enough to translate: It was simply confidence in all his money. "I'll have to call Beth one of these days and thank her."

"Don't get the idea she's flattering you," I said. "She holds you up around here as a symbol, a public monument to masculinity, and she tells Maggie it's foolish to think of you in personal terms."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Lyman asked in his genial, lordly way. But he kept his promise about calling Beth. "He invited me to dinner," she told us.

"Good heavens, he never changes," Maggie said. "He's old enough to be your father. Thinking he's king of the forest doesn't mean he owns every female in town."

"That's uncalled-for," Beth said.

"Why don't we all cut it out and stop drawing inferences and conclusions?" I said.

"All the man did was invite me to dinner," Beth said to Maggie. "I didn't even say that I was going, so don't give me that routine about Lyman owning me."

"All I know," Maggie said coldly, "is that Lyman Pritcherd has been chasing women for as long as I can remember. And he's probably done very well, what with all that money and no one to answer to." She turned sharply to me. "There just doesn't seem to be any hope that we'll ever be able to get Lyman Pritcherd out of this family."

Maggie and Beth said a great deal more to each other. I stayed out of it because the exchanges required a knowledge of the tactics and the instincts for response which are purely feminine. Afterward, neither of them—in my presence, anyway—ever again mentioned Lyman to the other. If Beth went to dinner with Lyman, she didn't tell me; neither did Lyman. I suspected that she went, if for no other reason than to prove something to Maggie. Women have a divining gift for unearthing each other's secrets, and I was certain that Maggie knew what Beth was up to, but I didn't want to ask her. As far as I was concerned, both women were auditioning for the role of sphinx. And all I could do was maintain a nice, balanced, impartial respect for everyone's position, at least on the surface.

During the years when Beth and I were very much younger, I can remember my mother listening to *The Romance of Helen Trent* on the radio every afternoon. All of us grew older, but Helen stayed a durable forty, tut-tutting and holding the most rambunctious of her admirers at bay with a spinsterish but deviling guile. She was a lie, a concoction, and yet she was true. Eventually, I joined my father—he is gone now—in smiling over my mother's devotion to Helen. "Romance," I remember him saying, "is not for the genuine romantic." Now I know what he meant. The true romantic belongs to an aristocracy of the imagination, and he dwells permanently in a region where few can venture very long.

"Forty or not," he once asked my mother, "do you think Helen could really diaper a baby?"

"You have no romance," my mother said with affectionate ignorance of all he meant. And in that same ignorance, she cherished him as a provider, maker of boyish jokes, lover of boyish games and toys, a repository of masculine nonsense. She saw all men as idlers in sporting-goods and hardware stores. But I got the point. My father was really defining things for me. "Your mother," he said, " believes in the agonies of unrequited love and the sadness of love turning to ashes. She believes that literally. When it comes to love, none of us will ever satisfy the judgments she has notarized and recorded."

My mother would say don't let love turn to ashes. My father knew then what I do now—at long last: All lovers are simply figures in stone released by the striking mallets and chisels of marriage. I am persuaded that the woman Maggie is she was from the beginning. Even during the pettiest of squabbles between Maggie and me, we make contact like wary, opposing scouts for different armies. We *know* each other, and we find no comfort in the knowledge that we are only being ourselves during these little brush wars. Yet I sometimes realize that Maggie and my mother have a great deal in common. They are both tough, self-reliant, and, in quite different ways, competitive. When she was first widowed, I used to think of my mother as a forlorn amputee. But I was wrong. *Helen Trent* is

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Mornings like this keep happening to Barbara Carpenter

This morning, for instance.

John Carpenter awoke at 7:27. He blinked and, turning his head, noticed the flickering pattern of light filtering through the trees outside the window. It would be a fine day for golf. He smiled happily. And stretched.

And at precisely that moment realized he was alone in bed.

John Carpenter frowned and, hearing a slight noise from the direction of the kitchen, swung out of bed and padded barefoot down the hall in search of Barbara.

It was a good sight. Barbara and the baby. And strong steaming coffee already made. And the kitchen fresh and warm and gleaming. All the debris from last night's party gone. Hard to believe there'd ever been a clutter of half-filled glasses and sticky plates. That dishwasher had been a good investment.

Barbara had said it would be. That it would be a real work-saver and give her the time to enjoy just this kind of relaxed, leisurely Saturday morning. She had, in fact, insisted on having a complete G&S kitchen, including a modern gas range and oven. And she had been right. They know how to build them.

John Carpenter felt thoroughly content and comfortable in his castle. He leaned down and kissed his wife. He kissed her again. And decided to stay home.

(After all, he could play golf next week.)

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gone, and mother has become, in widowhood, a great movie-goer and follower of the wholesome fortunes of Doris Day.

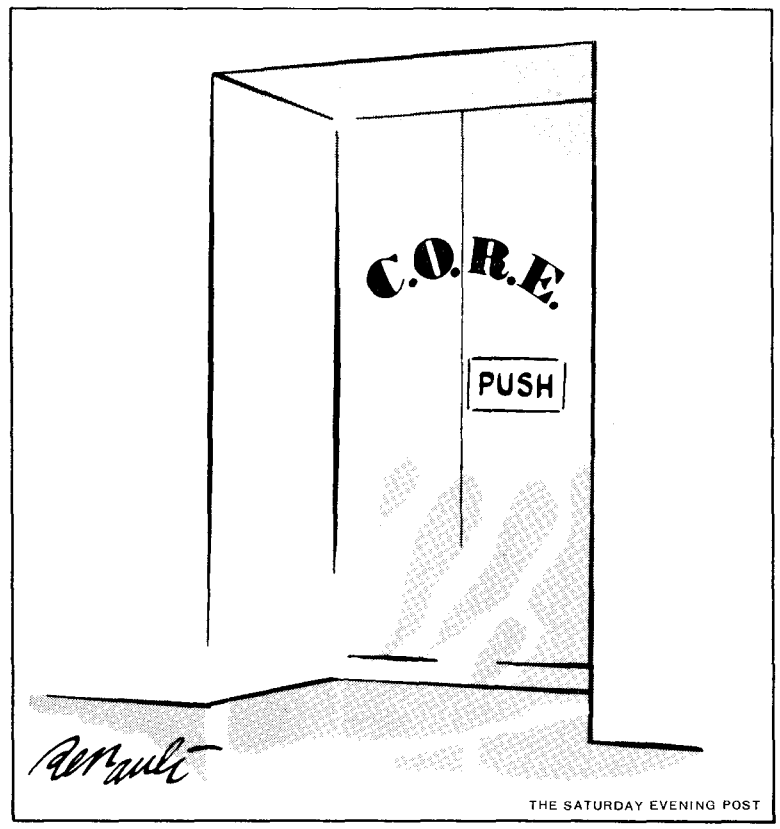
"If you believe in Doris Day, then you've got to believe in Rock Hudson," Maggie once told her.

"Whatever do you mean by that?" my mother asked.

Maggie had to back down and say that she was joking. "But I don't understand what the joke is," my mother insisted, ready to be a good sport if only someone would explain what was funny. "Both of you enjoy trying to make a fool of me because you are not satisfied with each other, and you don't dare admit it openly to yourselves. Your father and I," she said to me then, "had our differences, but we had a beautiful marriage, and that is a fact nobody can deny."

I smiled soothingly and I saw my father smiling, too, in his head-averted fashion, as if he had to seek out shadows and corners to be himself for a moment. Age has given Mother a papery, translucent quality, but her voice is as sturdy as her reasoning. She was full of good wishes for Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. She wished Eddie Fisher would find true happiness in the love of a good woman. She was glad that Debbie Reynolds had come through her troubles. She suffered with Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti as they struggled in the courts against the stern and unyielding Italian marriage laws. She searched like a prospector for those little paragraphs about golden-wedding anniversaries in the newspapers.

America, America



Unlike many wives, Maggie never called me at the office unless she had good reason. So I was not one of those husbands who are summoned to hear a recital of domestic crises about faulty pilot lights, balky air conditioners, and unreliable maids.

This particular afternoon, Maggie called as I emerged from a tiresome and frustrating meeting with two clients, partners in a dry-cleaning chain, who had become murderously suspicious of each other for reasons that were still unclear to me after I had listened for nearly an hour to recriminatory speeches and accusations.

"Can you talk?" Maggie asked.

"Yes. What's up?"

"Have you seen Lyman Pritcherd, David?"

"He's been away all week. Why?" I asked.

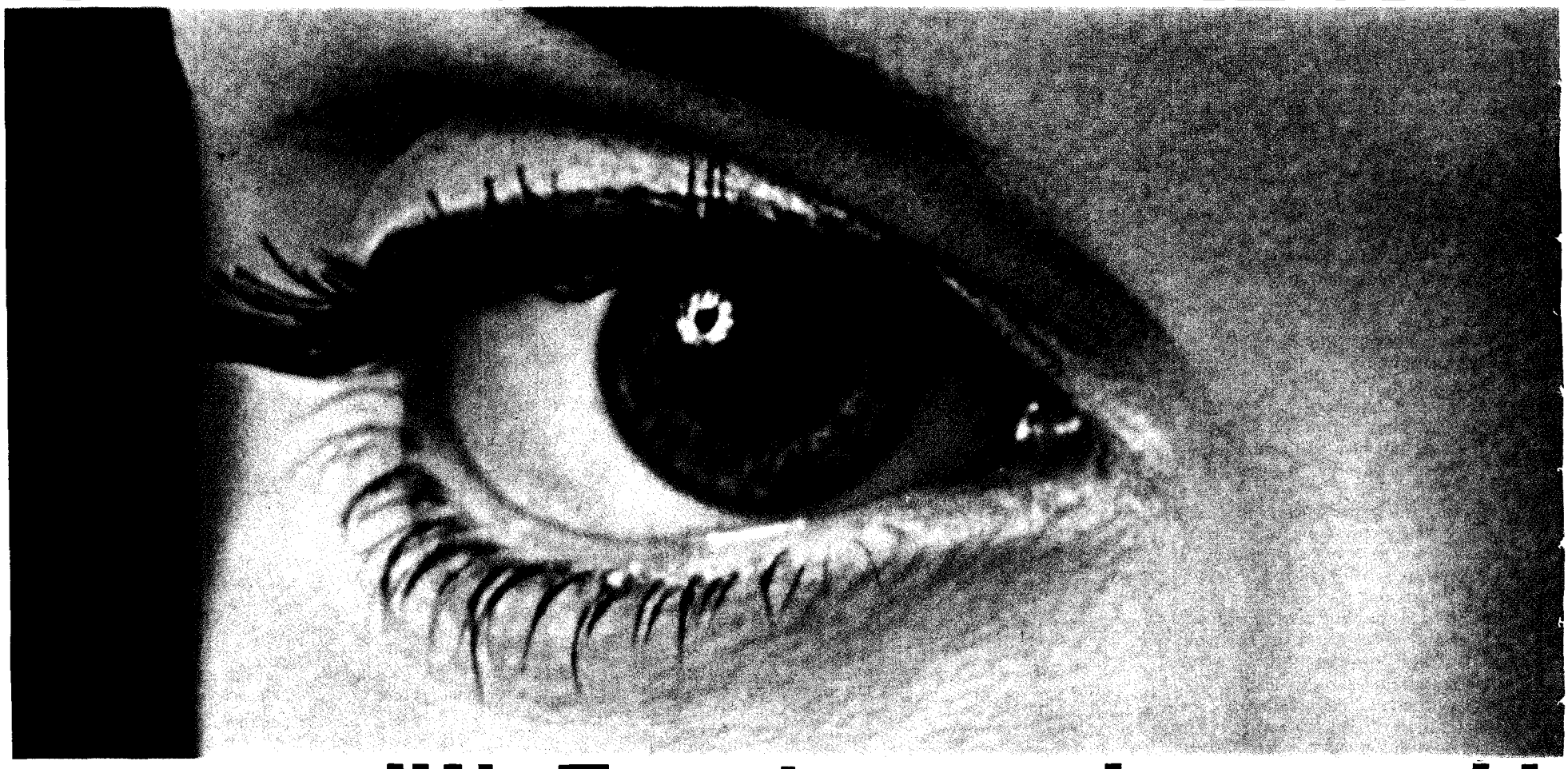
"You know Helen Bailey. The one in Wallton," she said.

"Yes, Dr. Bailey's wife. He belongs to the Wallton Skeet Club."

"Well, you know she hasn't liked me ever since I stopped taking the children to her husband. She's never really said anything about it, but every time she can work in a little dig, she does."

"As I recall, you told people Dr. Bailey handled kids as if he were running them through a sheep-dip for ticks."

"Never mind that. Just listen to me. She came up to me at the supermarket and told me very sweetly that she'd been in Philadelphia with her husband to attend a medical meeting or some such thing yesterday. They were in the hotel lobby about ten o'clock, waiting for some friends who were supposed to meet them for a drink. Well, she was standing there, she said, and she happened to be looking toward the door for her friends, and who should walk in but Lyman Pritcherd and Beth. They walked in acting very *involved* with each other—those were her exact words—and they went up in the elevator together. Probably half the people in



"Us Tareyton smokers would

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town know about it by now; Helen Bailey wouldn't let a tidbit like *that* go by," Maggie said.

"Did she mention the name of the hotel?"

"The Chadwick."

"That's where he always stays."

"I called Beth's office," Maggie said. "She'd told them that she had to take the week off. Today's Friday, so that means they've possibly been together since Monday, or maybe last Friday. Do you think they got married?" she asked me.

"If it were anybody else but Beth, I'd get a big laugh out of that, knowing Lyman."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I don't know if there is anything I *can* do," I said. "Beth is twenty-six. She earns her own living. She doesn't have to answer to me or her mother.

"I know *that*," Maggie said. "I mean about Lyman. But since it's Lyman, I guess you don't really mind."

"Will you please cut it out?" I said.

"Now you two can talk about that when you have those little combination dinners and bull sessions," Maggie said. "The next best thing would have been for him to have had an affair with me."

"You're in good form today, sweetie," I said.

"Wait'll I have a go at your little sister," Maggie said. "If you don't mind being a fool, I mind for you. If it were anybody but that overbearing, monumental jerk, I wouldn't really give a damn."

"I thought you liked Beth."

"Beth has got nothing to do with it. You said it. She's twenty-six. The fact that it's the king of the forest is what gets me down," Maggie said. "By the way, your mother's already here. She decided to come over early and help me with dinner. My sister took her kids and ours skating. So mother dear and I are all alone."

"Does she know?"

"Not yet. I didn't think you'd want me to tell her," Maggie said.

"Well, she says all lovers are children."

"Among other things. I think she's becoming batty. Besides being in my way in the kitchen, she's been telling me about a World War II movie she saw on television last night. Paul Henreid was in it, and he had to go back to lead the French Underground. She told me his weak mouth was deceptive. Will you please try to come home early? Because I'm an inch away from frothing at the mouth."

The quiet after dinner, with the children asleep, was our own latter-day creation. There are many kinds of quiet between a man and a woman: the quiet of courtship; the quiet of early love-making, pre-dating children; the quiet of anticipation. This was the quiet of civility and constraint. In this quiet, it was difficult to remember that Maggie had once read a poem at a party and started all this. The quiet persisted despite my mother's bursts of monologue. (The ground rules for my mother's visits were simple. She talked, and we listened, unless a direct question made it necessary to speak.) When Maggie went up to check on the children, my mother asked me, "David, what is Beth doing in Philadelphia with Lyman Pritcherd? Helen Bailey told me she saw them."

"She's a great little girl, that Helen Bailey."

"David, answer my question."

"Mother, I really don't know. And I don't think you want to know what I suspect."

"You and Lyman are good friends."

"He doesn't tell me everything," I said. "Unless he's in the kind of trouble that requires a lawyer."

"Well, I called Beth at that hotel, but she wasn't in, so I left word for her to call me here," my mother said. "Does Maggie know?"

"Helen Bailey called her, too."

"You'd think Maggie would tell me, wouldn't you?" my mother said.

"I'm sure she didn't want to upset you," I said.

"You knew about it, too, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"David," she said, "I will tell you frankly what I believe. There isn't a man who can stand up against a determined and attractive woman—one who doesn't hold herself cheaply, of course—provided that she is lucky enough to be intelligent."

"Mother, Beth isn't Doris Day," I said.

"Doris Day has nothing to do with this," my mother said. She turned around as Maggie came back into the living room. "David is trying to tell me that Lyman and Beth are having an affair."

Maggie smiled tiredly. "What would you call it?"

"It is possible for a man and woman just to go somewhere together without having an affair. And don't you tell me about Doris Day, too," my mother said.

"Do you really think Beth will call you back?" I asked Mother. To Maggie, who stared at me curiously, I explained, "She called Beth at the hotel."

"If Beth has set her cap for Lyman," my mother said, "I'm sure she'll succeed. She may have her faults, but she's not a fool."

"Do women still set their caps for men?" I asked Maggie.

"Cap-setting is *in* this year," Maggie said.

"What were you going to do, Mother?" I asked her. "Tell Beth to come home at once unless the two of them are married?"

My mother looked at me pityingly. "Lyman is your best friend, David. And Beth is your sister. I think you should show a little faith in them. Do you also find your clients guilty before the court does?"

"I wouldn't call Lyman my best friend right now," I said.

"Maybe this family will rid itself of Lyman Pritcherd after all," Maggie said softly.

"I've even figured out what I'll lose when I drop him as a client," I said to Maggie. "You threw away the theater tickets that time in New York, and I'm throwing away his business."

Maggie smiled—not happily, though. "I think I could use a drink now," she said.

"I think I would like just a thimbleful of something, too, David," my mother said.

"Any preference?" I asked. I knew what Maggie wanted.

"Anything sweet," my mother said.

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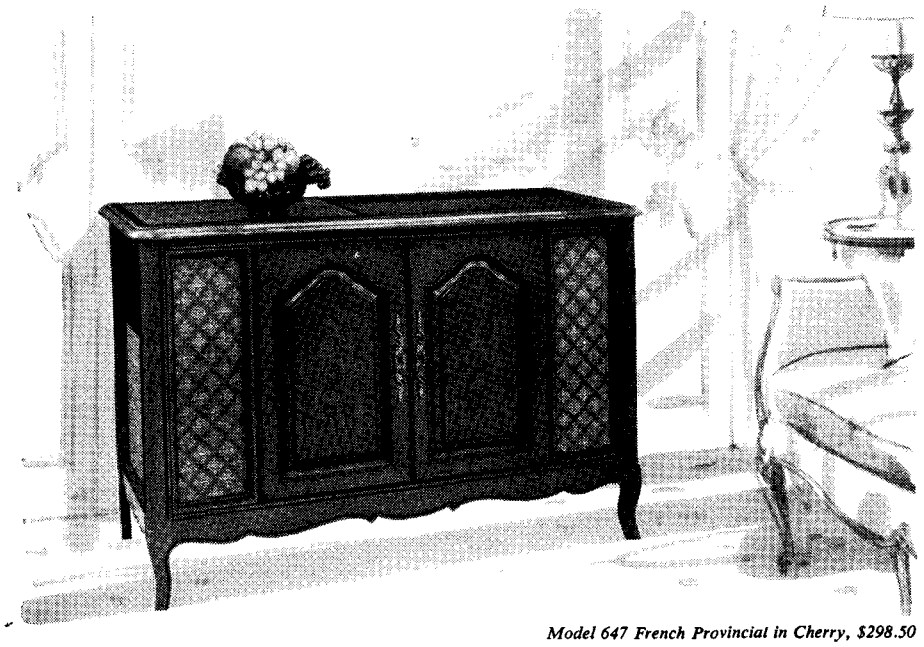

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GAMES

Then she said, "Why, there's the telephone," as if she had to identify what the ringing meant. "Do you mind if I answer, in case it's Beth?"

"Go ahead," I said.

She said, "Hello," and then turned to us, cupping her hand over the mouthpiece. "It *is* Beth! Darling, what are you and Lyman doing in Philadelphia?"

"That's putting it to her directly," Maggie said to me.

"Just a moment, Beth," my mother said. She put the telephone in her lap, leaving the mouthpiece uncovered this time, and said to us in a triumph, "They *are* married. What, darling?" she asked Beth. "Yes, they're both here. They *do* look surprised." With a smile, unfurled like a bright new flag, she said to us, "They're leaving for Key West tonight. Here, she wants to talk to you, Maggie."

With an abashed look at me, Maggie took the telephone. Then I talked to Beth *and* Lyman. Both of them enjoyed the conversation because they had seen Helen Bailey in the hotel lobby and ignored her, knowing exactly what she would do as soon as she got home, and knowing, too, that they had us over a barrel.

My mother was right: Lovers were children. They enjoyed their fun and games.

"After you are through being mortified, David, you can drive me home," my mother said with malice and dignity. "Now that Beth is married, I have nothing to be unhappy or concerned about except my grandchildren, and I'm never unhappy about them. But I might as well tell you now, I am concerned about you two. I think this is as good a time as any to be honest." Then she said to Maggie in a very gentle voice, "Don't you think I know about David's father and the way he thought of me? Maggie, we must let them play their games."

When she and I were in the car, she smiled to herself and said, "I would have preferred a nice wedding, with you giving her away, David, now that your father is gone." Still smiling, though much less tenderly, she said, "I think I'll call Helen Bailey. I'm sure she'll enjoy hearing the news."

When I returned to the house, Maggie was in bed. I stood in the doorway, like an interloper, until she looked at me. "It's early," I said.

"I'm tired," Maggie said. "I'm tired of this whole damn day, and that includes your mother, Beth, Lyman, and you."

"It's a long climb, isn't it, Maggie?"

'Every woman has to learn not to be enough for a man," Maggie said. "Don't you think I've known that all along? Your mother knows it, but she lives on romance like a junkie. And Beth will learn it. You think of freedom from me and this place as if it's some kind of secret joy you can track down again. Well, now Lyman is just like you, and he'll find that being rich isn't going to change it. Your mother would be very happy if Beth and I get together regularly now and talk over the games our husbands play." She turned her face away from me and put out the bedroom light.

I went downstairs and when I came up again, I knew she was still awake in the dark. "May I turn the light on, Maggie?" I said.

"Do you have to?"

"I want you to do something for me."

"I wish you'd leave me alone right now."

'Please," I said.

She reached out and turned on the lamp beside the bed.

"I found this," I said. It was an old college English anthology. I had it opened to *Peter Quince at the Clavier*. Maggie looked at it; then she looked expressionlessly at me. "Read it to me," I said. "I also have this." I showed her the bottle of champagne I had hidden behind my back. "It's much better than the bottle I bought the first time in New York. We also have the right kind of glasses now. Please read, Maggie. The bottle should chill a little more."

"Are you going to get drunk?" she said. "Because I don't want to."

"No. I'm going to love you, Maggie," I said, touching her hair as I had wanted to a dozen years ago at a party, when there were only the two of us and we hadn't learned about the upland journey that lay ahead. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Gosh, you're beautiful when you're angry."

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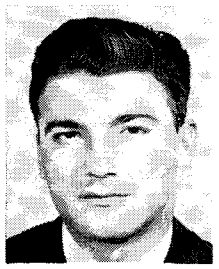
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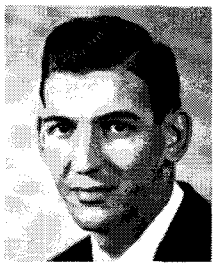
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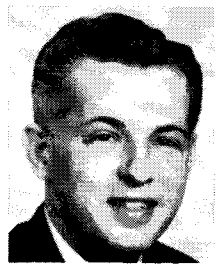
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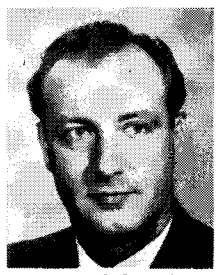
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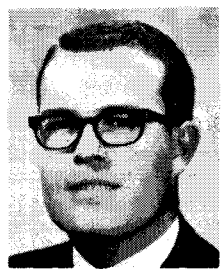
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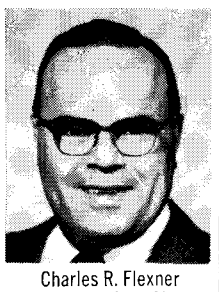
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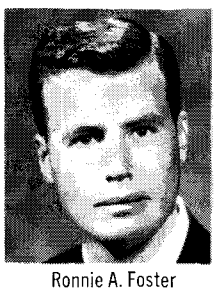
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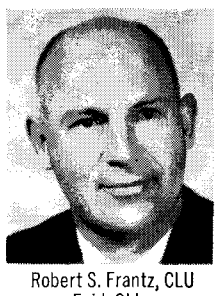
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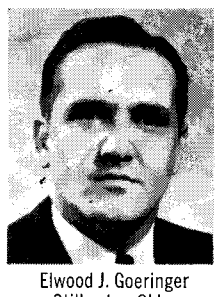
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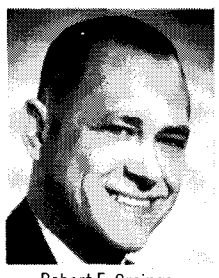
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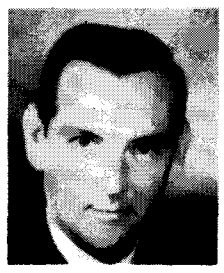
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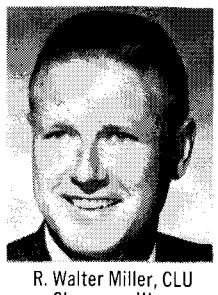
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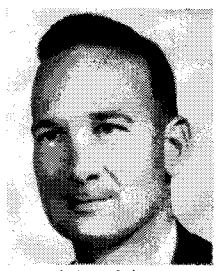
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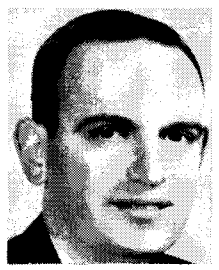
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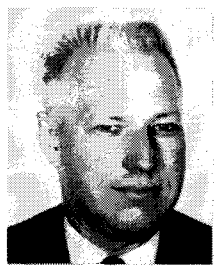
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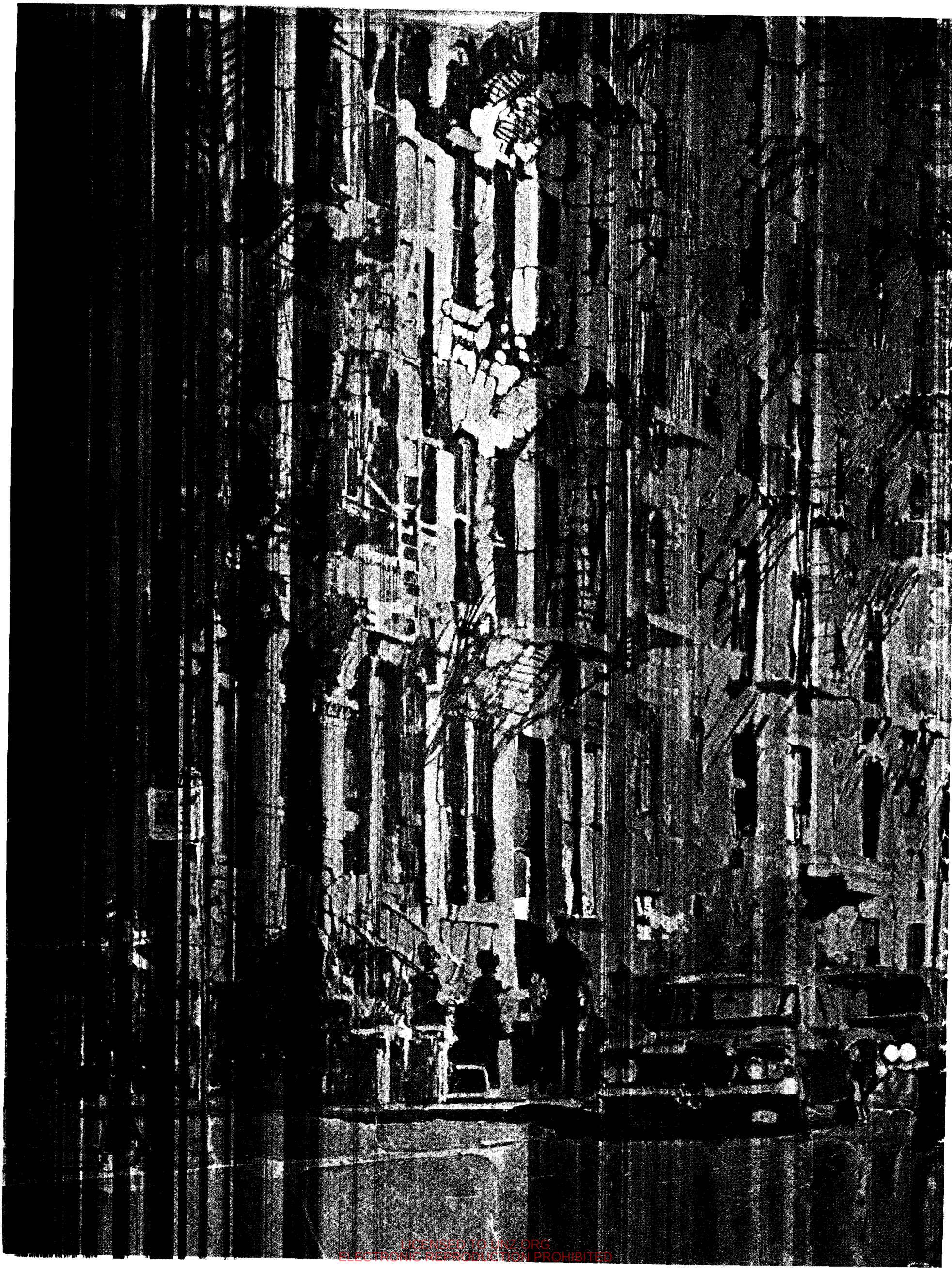

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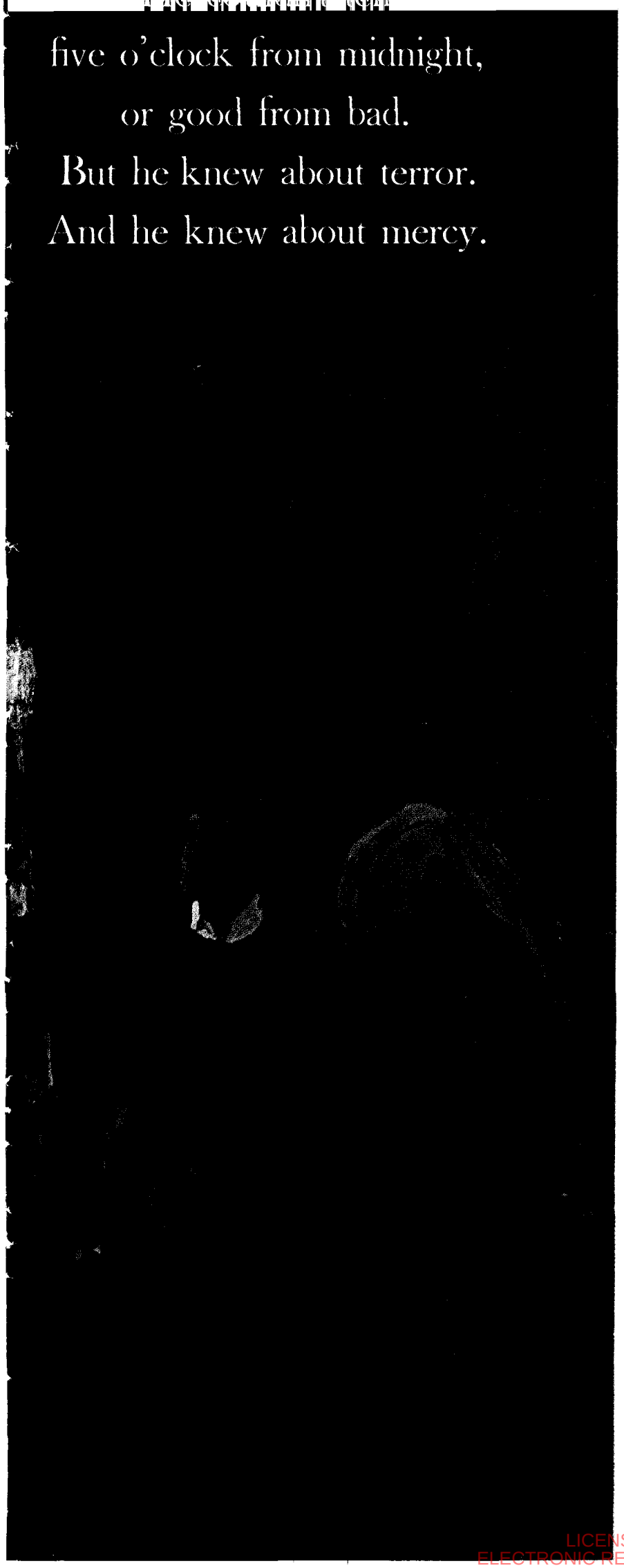

The wild horses

By Kay Boyle

Dan Minos was a boy who collected all kinds of odd information from the newspapers he read—bits and pieces of things that had already taken place, or were still taking place, here and there in the world—such as the report that an octopus in Berlin, Germany, was devouring itself at the rate of a half inch of tentacle per day. One of the aquarium officials had stated that the octopus was suffering from some emotional upset, and if the situation continued, it would certainly be dead by the end of the month. The boy read this and looked at his own gnawed fingernails, and then looked quickly at something else.

Once he read about how scientists are trying to dilute the venom in the stings of jellyfish that drift along the eastern seaboard like fringed umbrellas (as the paper put it), pulsing in and out among the bathers, with limp, curved handles hanging under them, while the tide, or some unseen hand, opens and closes them continuously. This poison, went the story, is stored in cups along the umbrella handles, and it acts in the same way as the stuff South American Indians tip their arrowheads with, causing paralysis, failure of the respiratory organs, and death in the case of small sea animals. Another time there was a half-page report on the remarkable navigating abilities of the green turtle, saying that the U.S. Navy was financing a study of how this large seafarer finds the pinpoint island of its birth.

When Dan's mother came back to their Brooklyn apartment at night, she would bring some newspaper or other with her that a customer had left behind on a table in the restaurant where she worked. Some nights it might be the *Herald Tribune* or maybe *The New York Times* that she carried with her handbag into the kitchen; other nights it might be the *Journal-American* or the *Daily News*. But whatever paper it was, Dan would go through the pages of it in his room before he went to sleep, not noticing the name of the paper or the date, but, reading the columns eagerly, as if in search of some final communiqué that would tell him how either beast or man had coped with the predicament of circumstances; as if seeking in the silent doom of animals without knowing precisely what he sought, some indication of what his own vocabulary might one day be.

If you have come to the conclusion that Dan Minos speculated on these things he read because the world of newsprint was the only world he functioned in, you are wrong; for he had as well the daily world of high school, and he had major-league baseball to follow, and television to present to him as reality the myths of power by which America lives. It was more that he carried the news items he read like a kind of shield between himself and others, a shield that was never emblazoned with any likeness of himself, but with that of aquarium official, or of scientist isolating the sting of jellyfish, or naval experimenter tagging green turtles at Ascension Island. Once it was the likeness of a German priest he carried, a priest who

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had been sitting in the front row of the circus when the lion tamer clutched at his heart and fell to the floor of the enclosed arena. The wild beasts had slunk down from their perches, the newspaper item said, and moved stealthily toward the fallen lion tamer while the spectators watched with bated breath for what was absolutely certain to take place. And then the priest had run forward, pulled open the door of the cage, warded off the lions with a chair, and dragged the stricken man to safety. (Whether or not the lion tamer died of his heart attack, the newspaper did not say.)

It was only the story of the harness-racing horse that went berserk in an air-freighter eight thousand feet above the ocean that Dan couldn't put to any immediate use.

"Sometimes I've thought of being a pilot, a commercial pilot," Dan said to his mother that evening when she came home, "but then I read this thing about the horse in the airplane and maybe I don't feel the same about pilots any more."

"If my opinion was to be asked," his mother said, "I'd say go ahead and be a commercial pilot, and forget about the horse." She worked as a waitress, and she never gave him any real trouble except when he came in so late at night that, for hours, she'd have been walking her high heels sideways up and down the street outside. Sometimes it was three o'clock when he'd come home, and she'd be walking back and forth on the Brooklyn street without so much as a Kleenex to stop her crying, complaining about him to anyone passing by. "He doesn't know five o'clock in the afternoon from midnight," she'd say to anyone at all. "I don't know how he gets along. He can't tell good from bad." Or she'd give a description of him, in case someone had seen him, saying, "He's nearly six foot tall, and his shoulders are broad, and he's nicely built, the way his father was. He'd be good-looking if he went and got his hair cut every now and then."

She got up now from the kitchen table and crossed the room and took a can of beer out of the refrigerator, and she swore under her breath as the new-type, built-in-the-can opener tore a piece out of her nail. "But my opinion isn't worth anything to anybody, living or dead," she said.

Dan looked at her dark orange hair and her face bleached white as a china cup, with the various features painted carefully on it. "There were six horses in the plane," he said, thinking of this thing that had taken place yesterday or maybe the day before, "and this one, this champion, he panicked. He'd been winning harness races everywhere—Australia, New Zealand, all over—the paper said. He was worth seventy-five thousand dollars, and he was kicking and rearing like at a rodeo."

"All they had to do was turn around," the mother said, drinking exquisitely from the can. "Planes can always turn around and go back, the way cars can't. You get yourself on a thruway in a car, and if you're heading west you have to go to Chicago whether you want to go there or not."

"This plane was going to Montreal," Dan said. "They couldn't go back."

"What's so special about Montreal?" the mother asked, her small, cherry, upper lip moustached with foam.

"The handler, he said they'd tried cutting the sling around the horse's ribs so they could get him to lie down," the boy said. "There were three of them trying to quiet him, but he threw them off, and his front legs were hanging out over the side of the stall. He was smashing against the cockpit, like trying to get to the controls. The other five horses had started acting up, so that's when the pilot told them what to do."

"I don't want to hear what they did," the mother said, taking another swig of beer.

"You can't change it by not listening," Dan said. "It happened. You can't make things different by just looking the other way."

"If you drank a can of beer every now and then, things would look different to you, whether they were or not," his mother said. "It would relax you. It would do you good."

"The pilot of the airfreighter said the horse had to be destroyed," Dan said, perhaps not even having heard her speak. "That's the word he used," he explained. "But they didn't have a gun."

"They could have pushed the horse out the hatch," the mother said. She got up from her chair and carried the empty beer can across the kitchen to where it had to go. "For a horse worth seventy-five thousand dollars, they could have afforded a parachute," she said, daintily pressing her foot, in a bedroom slipper trimmed with gilded feathers, on the pedal of the garbage pail. When the white lid gaped open, she dropped the beer can inside. "Can't you see that horse parachuting out of the plane, pulling the rip cord and everything?" she said, and she gave a little scream of laughter. Then she took another can of beer from the refrigerator and walked carefully back to the table in her wedge-soled slippers and sat down. "So this time maybe you'll open it for me," she said to him as she had said it on so many other evenings.

Dan took the can in his narrow fingers and twisted the flat metal tongue from its misted top. "I bought another pair of eyelashes today. Better quality," she went on. "Real dark long ones, with a new kind of stickum on them. If I go to the show tomorrow night, maybe you'll help me put them on."

"So when the flight engineer got the word from the pilot about what to do, he grabbed a fire ax," Dan said. He was seeing it exactly as it must have been.

"Stop it!" his mother cried out with sudden ferocity. "I don't have to hear it! I have a hard enough time working myself to death on my feet all day!"

"You have to hear it," Dan said. He looked at her small, bright, trembling mouth and her quivering chin, but he did not seem to see her. "If you don't know whether you're on the side of the horse they killed or on the side of the pilot, there's no sense trying to work out your life. You have to decide that first," he said.

"On the side of the horse or the side of the pilot? You're crazy!" she cried out in fury, her hand too agitated now to lift the can of beer.

And then, two nights later, on Christopher Street, in Greenwich Village, Dan made the acquaintance of the girl. It could have been any month and any Saturday, with no extremes of any kind in the bluish New York air. It had not yet begun to go dark when Dan saw the old man lying across the curb near the corner of Seventh Avenue, lying flat on his thin back with his legs sticking out into the street, so that the passing traffic had to swing around them. His ancient trousers were slashed as if by a knife, and his shoes were split by the bunions and corns he had carried around with him for a half century or more. His small head, economically crowned with a crew cut of the purest white, lay in a semblance of ease and comfort on the sidewalk paving. The same white bristled without hostility along his jaws, and his cheekbones were bright as apples on either side of his short, scarlet nose. Beside him, in a

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black sweater and slacks, the girl squatted, her face masked by a swinging curtain of long, straight, almost tinsel-colored hair. She was trying to raise the old man by his shoulders, and she was trying to push her bracelets and the black sweater sleeves back on her forearms, to get these encumbrances out of the way. "Repeatedly striking with force between the horse's eyes"—the newspaper line kept going, for no good reason, through Dan's mind as he stooped down—"the flight engineer brought the frenzied pacer to its knees, and the ordeal of terror for man and beast was over."

"He looks as though he's been here a week," the girl said.

"I'll get his shoulders," Dan said, and the girl shifted out of his way, on the heels of her loafers.

The mottled-tweed jacket the man wore was soft and expensive to the touch; but however good it had once been, and whatever tall and elegant stranger had worn it once with grace, frayed wool now hung like feathers from the cuffs and from the jaunty lapels. As Dan drew him up onto the sidewalk, the girl moved on her heels beside them, her knees in the tight black slacks almost touching her chin, her bracelets ringing musically when she placed her palms beneath the old man's head. The three of them might have been quite alone in the crowded street. No one slackened his pace, no one turned to look in their direction, perhaps because of the sad, sharp odor of grieving dreams and rotted teeth that lay in an aura around the sleeping man. Dan knew that aura well. It was there winter and summer, in snow or in rain, in the gutters and alleyways of the city streets he wandered. It lay in stupor under the park benches in the early mornings when drunks sobbed aloud to grass and stone the furious accusations of their pain.

"You'd better get that pint out of his hip pocket," Dan said to the silky lengths of the girl's hair, knowing, too, the exact size and shape the flask would be. "Sometimes when they fall, it cuts them up right through their clothes."

"You're sharp, aren't you, kid?" the girl said. For the first time now she looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were wide and dark and stormy, and her brows and lashes were smudged like charcoal across her face. "I happen to live in this city," she said. "I happen to live right on this street."

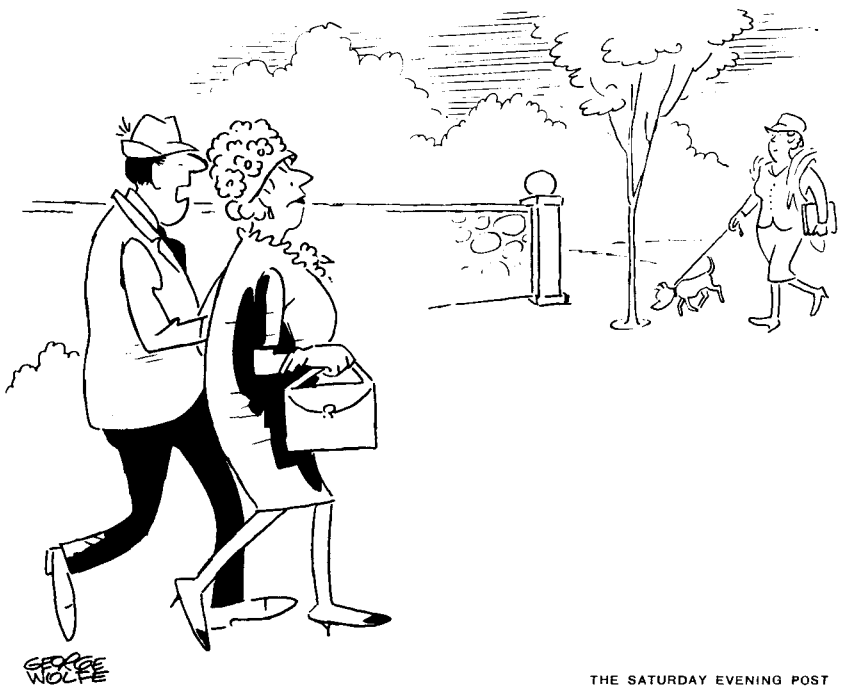
Dan still held the little man under the armpits, and as he looked down at the girl he thought of the things that might be of interest to say. He might tell her that in Japan a drunk is called *otora-san*, which means "Honorable Mr. Tiger," and that there are over a hundred and fifty sobering-up stations over there called "Tiger Boxes." He could even give her the statistics, saying that just last year one hundred and twenty-eight thousand and ninety-seven drunks had been taken by the police to "Tiger Boxes" to sleep it off. But he had got the little old man in a sitting position, with his neat head fallen forward on his breast, and it did not seem the moment to speak.

The girl reached into the little man's back pocket and took out the gold-and-red-lettered bottle that had clung so perilously to his hip. "Two houses up, there's an alley where he can lie down, where the fuzz won't see him," she said. She slipped the half-empty flask into the depths of her black shoulder bag, her bracelets ringing like sleigh bells as she moved.

They were walking now, the little old man held upright between them and Dan thought of the Potawatomi Indians on Michigan's Upper Peninsula drinking for solace, as one newspaper had said. The professor who made the report had been drinking for two years with them, and he said that alcohol now substituted for the tribal customs and rituals that had disappeared from their lives. Alcohol, the professor stated to the press, had given them the illusion that their ancestral rights had restored to them the high status that Potawatomi men had held until the white man had come upon the scene. "This professor said drinking was a way for them of asking for pity," Dan wanted to say to the girl, but he didn't say it. Nor did he tell her that in Brazil the police let sleeping drunks lie as long as they didn't block the sidewalk. With the little man propelled between them, they had come to the alleyway, and there seemed no reason to speak of things that were taking place so far away.

"Get him to the end, back there behind the garbage cans," the girl said, and the pigeons who had been pecking at the paving stones hurried aside to let them pass.

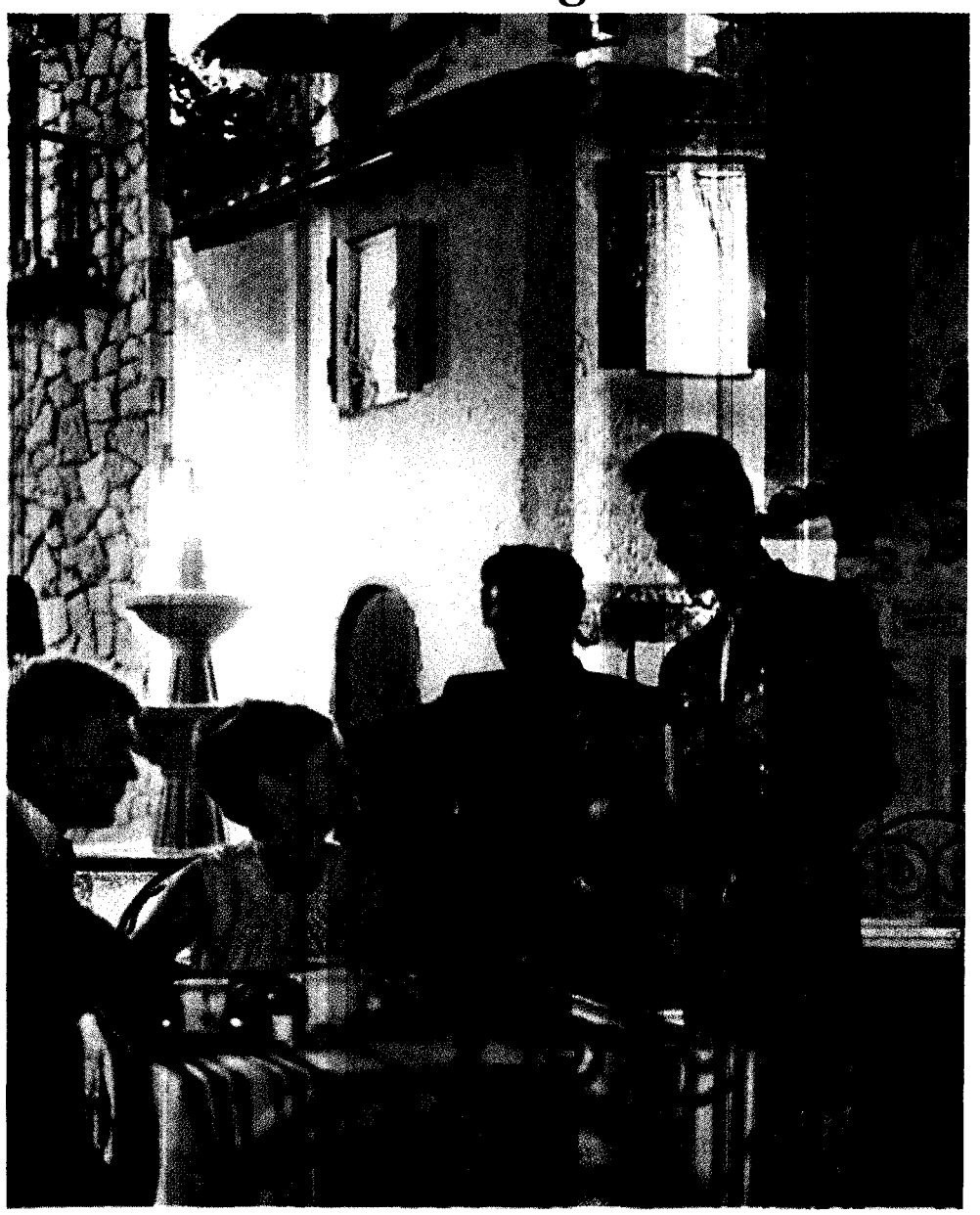
The girl lowered her half of the little



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Try to look happy—it's my first wife!"

¿Habla English?



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man to the ground, and Dan could not see the back of her neck because of the window shade of hair drawn down across her shoulders. But he saw her slender waist and her narrow hips and the long, slim, tapering legs in the black slacks, and he could not look away.

"I'll put my jacket under his head," he said, once the little man lay flat on his back in comfort.

The girl waited until he had folded it under the neat head, and then she drew the old man's right hand free of the elegant frayed sleeve and laid it, palm down, on his breast.

"Give me the other one," she said to Dan. It lay as if cast off, as if forgotten, on the alley stone, and Dan lifted it while she took the whiskey flask out of her bag. Then she bent the old man's will-less arm so that his two hands lay upon his heart, and she closed his fingers around the flask so that he—this ancient, malodorous infant in his asphalt crib—would find it there in solace when he awakened. "Regulations," the girl said. "Orders from the top."

She stood up now, and Dan saw that she was not tall, and that her hair was parted in the middle, and that she had no lipstick on her mouth. "This is my job. I get paid for it," she was saying, and a look of singular shrewdness was in her stormy eyes. "I've got quite an important position. I get paid by the city," she said.

"If they're hiring people, I'd be free to work every night," Dan said. They walked down the alley together, past the last of the pigeons hastening back and forth in the beginning of dusk, their eyes cocked sharply in their smooth, gray-feathered skulls. And every word that he and the girl exchanged seemed as reasonable to him as the story of that other, foreign pigeon who had hopped a hundred and sixty miles across Denmark with its wings bound. The newspaper had said that it crossed two rivers, nobody knew how, to get back to where it came from. "I'd like a job like that," he said.

"You have to be twenty to work for the city," the girl said. "You look too young." As they entered Christopher Street again, the street lights came on in the early evening and she shifted her black bag higher on her shoulder, walking now with that sort of frenzied dedication that takes people across deserts and prairies, not caring about food or drink or sleep, driven toward some final destination that has no geography or name. "You have to know Spanish and French and Puerto Rican, and a lot about history," she said.

"I know about things like that," Dan said, keeping step beside her. "I read a lot." He thought of the green turtles' knowledge of the currents of the sea and the beaches they came back to, not every year but whenever they could make it, sometimes navigating more than a thousand miles to reach the hot white sands where they had been born. "The green turtles' lives are something like history," he said. "Anyway, Columbus left written records about them. I read about how they come swimming in to these beaches and dig their holes and lay their eggs. Columbus and the other explorers, like Leif Ericson and everyone, they used to eat the eggs."

"Did they eat them fried or boiled?" the girl asked sternly. "These are the things you have to know."

"That wasn't in the paper," Dan said, and his voice was troubled. They had come to the corner of Seventh Avenue, and the girl turned left without any hesitation, and Dan followed where she led. "They have something like a compass inside them—the turtles," he went on saying.

The girl and he were moving through the electric blue and yellow and red of the café lights, and through the spaces of city dark, and his head was turned to watch the side of her face changing as the lights and the diluted darkness changed. "I think I have something like that, too," Dan said. "I bet I could find New York wherever I was. I could come straight back across the country without needing maps or roads or anything like that."

"What country?" the girl asked, with the sharp edge of something different in her voice. "What country are you talking about?"

"Well, this country. The United States. I mean, America," Dan said, as if not quite certain of the name.

"You're pretty weak on geography," the girl said. She was stepping down from the curb, over rotting orange peels, over onion tops that had once been green, and over flattened grapefruit rinds. "We haven't got a country. Wise up, kid. We've got New York," she said.

They crossed this street as they had crossed the others, moving through the altering sections of dark and light. Wherever the girl was taking him was of no importance, and the impatience of the words she spoke was transformed to gentleness by the sight of the curve of her cheekbone, and the delicacy of her temple and brow when she swung back her hair. They were entering warehouse territory now, and high above the traffic hung the letters of a sign not written in neon, but only faintly alight with the dying glow of bulbs set in its frame. VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA, the sign read, and Dan knew that a queue of men would be standing beneath it, standing night or day, crippled or upright, sober or drunk, and, no matter what time of year it was, waiting to pass through the double doors.

"They're waiting for something to eat," Dan said.

The girl did not take the trouble to turn her head and look at him. But she said, "They're waiting for me. I make a report on them every night. I'm the only one in the field the city trusts." And even this Dan did not question, believing as he did that everything she said was true.

Just this side of the slowly moving queue of men she slipped, without warning, into the shadows of a warehouse doorway, and flattened her shoulders and her narrow hips against the wall. "Don't let them see you," she whispered, and Dan stepped in beside her. "If they start running after me, don't move. Stay out of sight. Some of them are still very strong, even though they're old. If they once get hold of you, they squeeze you terribly in their arms," she said, her voice still hushed, "and they push their chins into your face."

"About us not having a country," Dan said. He was standing so close to her in the darkness that he could hear the breath running in and out of her mouth. "Did you read that in the paper, that we only have New York?"

"Oh, the paper!" she said in irritation.

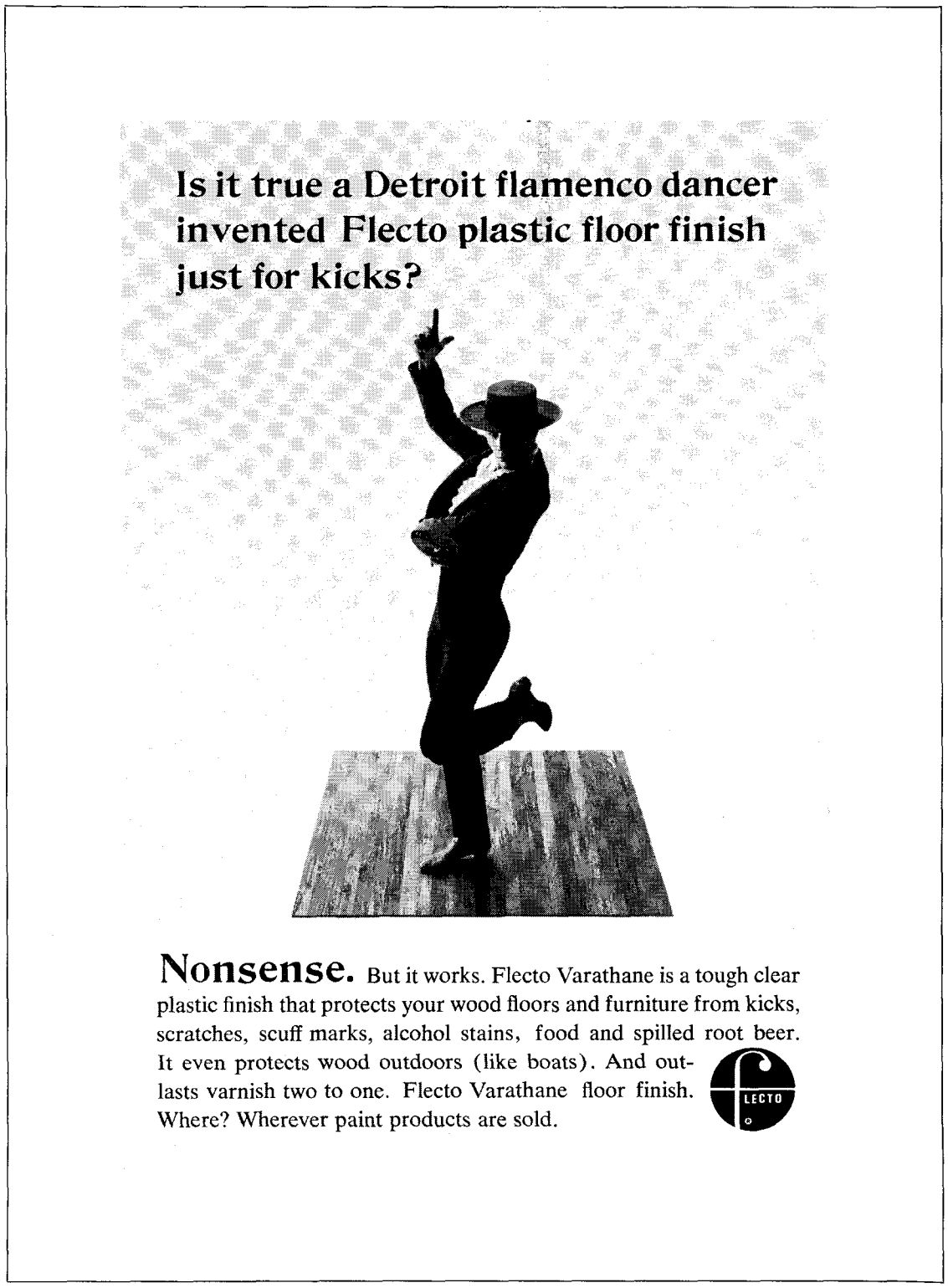
"Sometimes there are interesting things in the paper," he said. "Last night I read about the artichoke war they're having in France."

"Do you speak French?" the girl asked quickly. "Sometimes I need it. Some nights there're Frenchmen standing in line, sailors who jumped their ships and haven't any place to go. I have to get their names. I have to make an official report on them."

Dan waited a moment, thinking of this, and then he said, "Do you report back on these men? Is that the kind of work you do?"

"You're very handsome," the girl said softly, her breath running gently in the darkness, her voice turned tender and low. "I like your hair and the way you talk, and everything, but you don't seem to understand things very well. I'm paid by the city to call them back from where they are. I'm the only one that can do it."

And this might have been the whispered password, the valid signal given that would cause the sentries to lower their guns and let the trusted through, for now the girl stepped out of the doorway, and her bracelets rang as she made a megaphone of her hands. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" she cried out in almost unbearable and strident despair, and some in the slowly advancing queue turned their heads, as if aroused from sleep, and some did not. "Oh, Pa*pa*, Pa*pa*, Pa*pa!*" she cried as a daughter from a foreign country might have cried out from the sucking undertow before the final music for the drowning played. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, help me!" she cried. "Oh, Popio, Popio, here I am! I'm here!" And now that she had summoned them four times, a wail of anguish rose



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from the throats of those who had broken from the line and stumbled back through the darkness to where she was.

Brenda, Shirley, Mary, Barbara were the names they called out as they tried to run in other men's cast-off shoes, in the outsized bags of other men's trousers, and could not. Jean, Amy, Pat, Ann, the muffled voices sobbed like foghorns, and the men in whose throats the hoarse names rose fumbled their way past light poles and fire hydrants, felt their way like blind men along the warehouse walls toward the sound and the flesh of all they had mislaid in the desert of their lives.

"We'd better get going," the girl said to Dan. She was standing beside him again in the shelter of the doorway, her breath coming fast. "Just run, just run," she whispered, and she pulled him out onto the sidewalk, her fingers tight around his hand.

They did not stop until they had reached the flight of subway steps, and there she let Dan's hand drop. As she threw back her head to look up at him in the wash of the street light, she shook her bracelets savagely.

"You were faster than any of them," Dan said. Without warning, the vision of the racing horse gone berserk plunged through his thoughts again. As it reared in terror, hammering the cockpit of the airfreighter with its frantic hoofs, Dan touched the girl's silver hair with uncertain fingers, saying, "But you'll have to stop running soon, before you get too tired."

"No, no!" the girl said, whispering it quickly. She stood close to him, looking up at him with her wild, stormy eyes. "You have to get somewhere, don't you?" she said. And then she put her arms in the black sweater sleeves tightly, tightly, around Dan's hips, tightly, as if forever, with her head pressed fiercely against the beating of his heart.

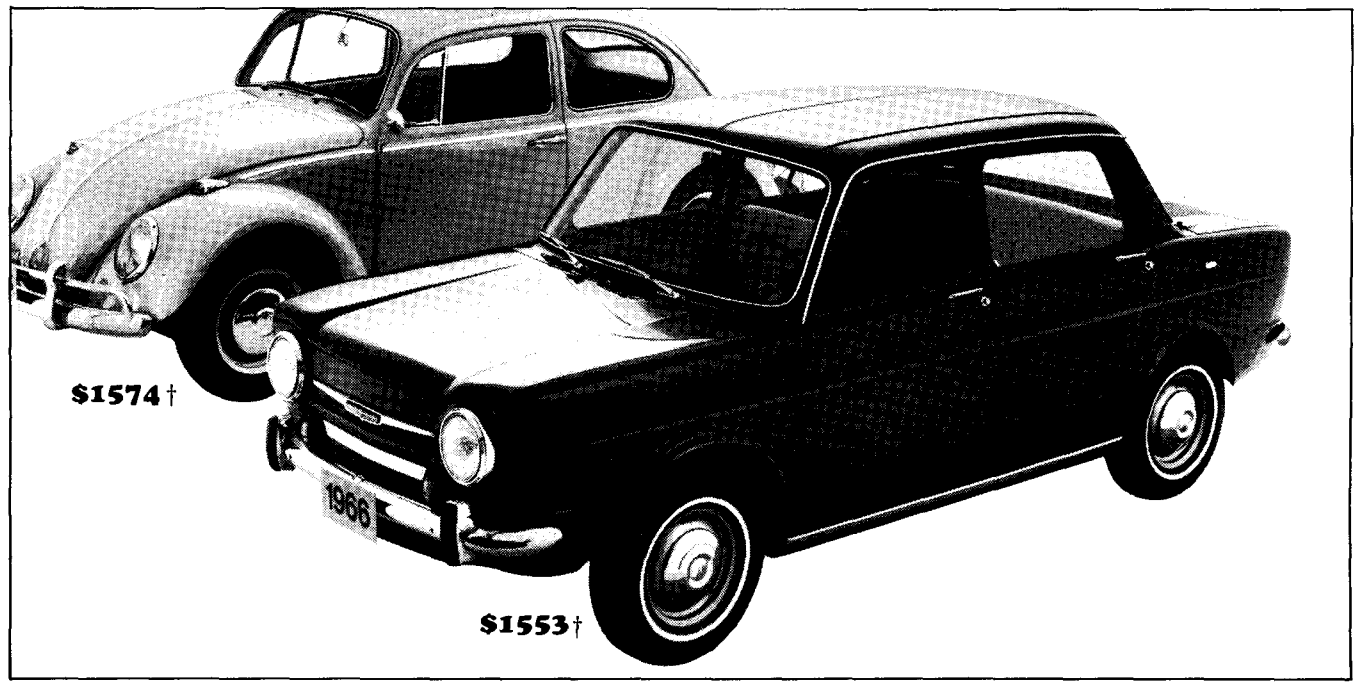
It was only for a minute, and then she was gone, running like crazy across Seventh Avenue. The green light turned to red as Dan got to the curb, and the beams of headlights poured between them, and he waited, understanding now with singular clarity the urgency of the choice to be made between horse and pilot, man and man. He could see the white of the harness pacer's eye, and the features of the airfreighter pilot's face, and he knew what should have been done in that interval when the election of either life or death hung in the balance eight thousand feet above the sea. He could not hear the pilot's voice saying *quiet, quiet* to the stampeding terror. He could not hear it naming the destination to which they were—man and horse—committed, as the course of turtle and pigeon-with-its-wings-bound named it louder and clearer than catastrophe. Instead, the pilot's voice, not only heard but visible, as are the words contained in comic-strip balloons, pronounced *destroy*, thus summoning death as witness to his fear. *We are not turning back. We shall complete this flight as scheduled*, he might have said, but he did not say it; and, standing waiting at the curb, Dan felt the failure of all men in the pilot's failure, and he whispered, "Quiet, now, quiet," to the horse or the girl or the traffic passing by. When the light changed again and the cars halted, he crossed, running, in the direction the girl had fled.

But she was not in the alley off Christopher Street. The little old man was gone, and only his empty flask and the garbage pails were there. At the VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA, the sign had gone dark, and for once the street was empty. There was no queue of derelict men waiting at the door. It was growing cold, but Dan did not think of this as he walked up one street and down another, searching among the faces that passed in twos or threes through the lights from the cafés, and searching among the solitary others that lingered in the intervals of dark. If he did not find her tonight, still it would not be the end, he kept saying to himself, for he could come back every night, whatever the weather, and on one of the streets, around one of the corners, he would hear her bracelets ringing or see her tinsel hair. If it was not tonight, it would be the night after, or maybe three nights later, or else at the end of the week; and after they had put the drunks to sleep, they would sit down on a curbstone together, and he would say, or try to say, "Don't call the lost men back from where they are. Don't make them remember. Just let them go." He would tell her about things that were taking place in other parts of America, beyond New York; about the Middle West, for instance, where seven university professors had made a tape recording proving that you can hear corn grow.

It was four o'clock in the morning when he got back to Brooklyn. His mother was walking up and down outside, complaining loudly enough about him for any neighbors who were awake to hear.

"Your jacket!" she cried out when she saw him coming up the street. "You had your good jacket on when you left the house! Oh, God, oh, God!" she wept.

Above them, as they went into the apartment house together, the morning star was fading from the sky. □



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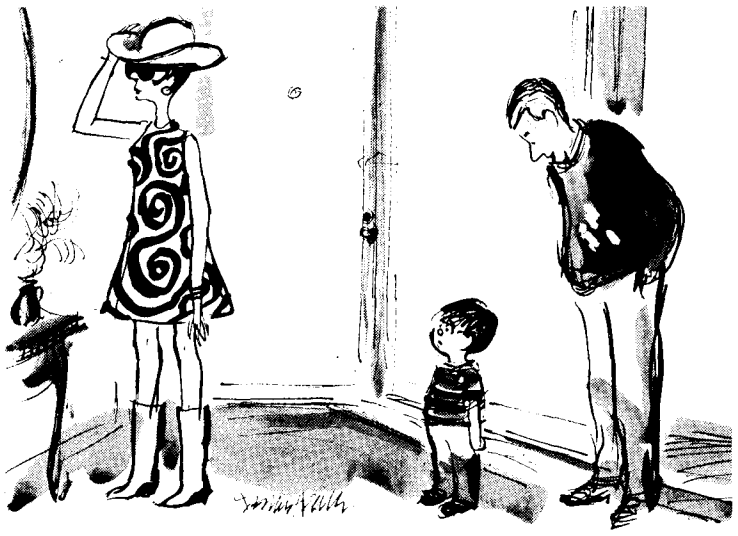

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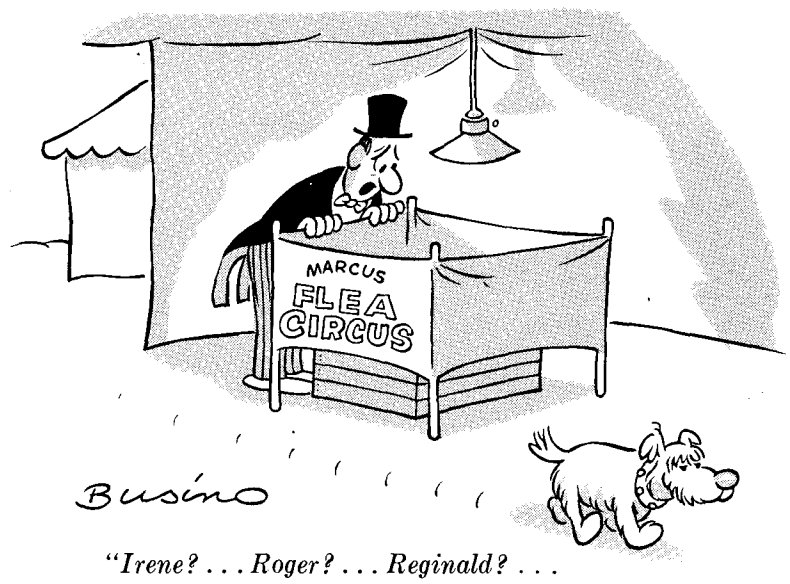
Will cash rain down on Poverty Town,
And blows on the foes of freedom?
Will school bells ring for our little offspring
As fast as we can breed 'em?

Will you rub out crime and war and grime,
And rub in natural beauty?
Will spacemen soon blast off for the moon,
Each with his own space-cutie?

The plan you've planned is simply grand!
But I wonder: would it bore you
Just to forget me, sir, and let me
Spend my money *for* you?



"Irene? . . . Roger? . . . Reginald? . . . Henrietta? . . . Where are you?"

"You have to expect these things on Sunday morning."

"While it's true, Arthur, that we don't require a conformity of dress among our staff . . ."

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Mrs. T. Gordon Smith and her sons Christopher and Geoffrey visit their former home, which has felt the ravages of vandals and waits to be razed.

BY JOHN SKOW

One fine morning not long ago, Mrs. Thomas Cooke of Morristown, New Jersey, put on a neat black suit and a pair of sensible shoes and went out and sat in the scoop of a front-loading bulldozer belonging to the James Petrozello Co. of Orange. The bulldozer was parked on Howell Place in Morristown in front of a three-story frame house that would be knocked down that day to make room for a six-lane interstate highway. It was not Mrs. Cooke's house, but she was there, an elderly, stately, well-to-do widow. She had four other women with her, and she got them to sit tight when the bulldozer operator backed his machine up a few feet to frighten them.

The operator turned off his machine. "I'm always the rat," he said. He had run into angry citizens before. So had the reporters who were on hand. The half-finished federal interstate highway program, which will have 41,000 miles in its network of freeways when it is completed in 1972, has stirred up knots of bitter householders everywhere the big shovels and scrapers have cut. Part of the bitterness has been caused by the great, slashing roads themselves. Very little of the huge network can follow existing roadbeds, and so the highways are being carved through land on which slums, mansions, ordinary houses, schools, parks, apartment buildings, stores, wildlife preserves and farms already exist.

But there is another reason for bitterness. People feel trapped and powerless. "You can't fight City Hall," they used to say when your story was sad but your chances were poor. But you can, at least, try to vote a city administration out of office. There is no way, as municipal officers and civic leaders throughout the U.S. have found to their surprise, to cast a vote against a state highway department backed up by the federal Bureau of Public Roads. In fact, there is almost nothing to do but sit in bulldozer scoops.

A young policeman walked over to Mrs. Cooke and the reporters listened as he told her respectfully that she and her friends would have to get up. He treated her very nicely, and she cried a little. Then she answered him in a voice that sounded like tea being poured from a very old and valuable silver pot. She said she was not going to move. The young policeman went off to think that over. Mrs. Garret Hobart IV, a young housewife helping Mrs. Cooke sit in the bulldozer scoop, called to her husband, who was standing off to one side, "Is it all right if I get arrested, dear?" The reporters wrote this down.

As it turned out, no one was arrested. After an hour and a half the scoopsitters decided that they had made their point, and they got up. The bulldozer operator started his machine and took 12 minutes to knock down the house. Meanwhile, Mrs. Cooke told reporters that she had lived in Morristown for 60 years. She represented the Morris County Historical Society, she explained, as a member of the Emergency Committee to Preserve Morristown, which had organized the demonstration. "This is such a lovely town," she

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THE 'HIGHWAYMEN' COME TO MORRISTOWN

Interstate Highway 287 is being bulldozed right between the schoolhouse and George Washington's headquarters. To one admirer of old houses, shady lawns and historic sites, it is further proof that road building is too important to be left to road builders.

said. "I do not know what will become of it."

What will become of Morristown seems all too clear to many people who live there. Their town is a handsome and rather sleepy community of 18,000 in northern New Jersey, just beyond easy commuting range of New York City. It is one of those places called "historical"—meaning, in this case, that the fact that George Washington and his troops spent the winter of 1779–80 there still arouses more interest than anything that has happened in Morristown since. Now there are too many cars in the busy downtown streets, and a few neighborhoods are bleak with city shabbiness. But there are huge old white clapboard houses, broad lawns and tall shade trees to give Morristown a pleasantly outdated small-town character.

The state of New Jersey and the federal Bureau of Public Roads are bringing Morristown up to date. To road builders, "up to date" means paved. The State Highway Department has persuaded the Bureau of Public Roads to put up enough money to pave over about three percent of Morristown's total land area with the six lanes and two interchanges of an interstate highway called I-287. By 1985, a state man told me proudly, 70,850 cars and trucks a day will whine through Morristown. Coming from the south, they will pass a hospital, drive over a present-day playground, and cut through the town's best residential area. At Morris Avenue, a handsome, tree-shaded thoroughfare, the traffic stream will pass through a 267-foot gap between an elementary school and the grounds of one of New Jersey's most important historical buildings, a fine colonial mansion that was George Washington's headquarters in 1779–80. The original plans called for an interchange that would all but surround the schoolhouse; as things stand now, a ramp will run along one side of the fenced-in school grounds.

"They're tearing the heart out of Morristown; it can't survive as the same town," former Mayor J. Raymond Manahan says angrily. And of course it cannot. Both sides of the highway fight agree on that. High-rise apartment buildings will replace the clapboard houses in neighborhoods cut by the road, and a transient population will replace a settled one. Morristown will no longer be a town; it will be a broken-off piece of city.

Everyone is sick of hearing about this. Highway fights are bitter, and since there is no orderly way for a community to get a hearing (except before its antagonists, the road builders) the fights consist of the same angry accusations and the same weary replies, endlessly repeated. They are still being repeated in Morristown, although bulldozers are knocking down houses, and the pavement of I-287 is only three miles away.

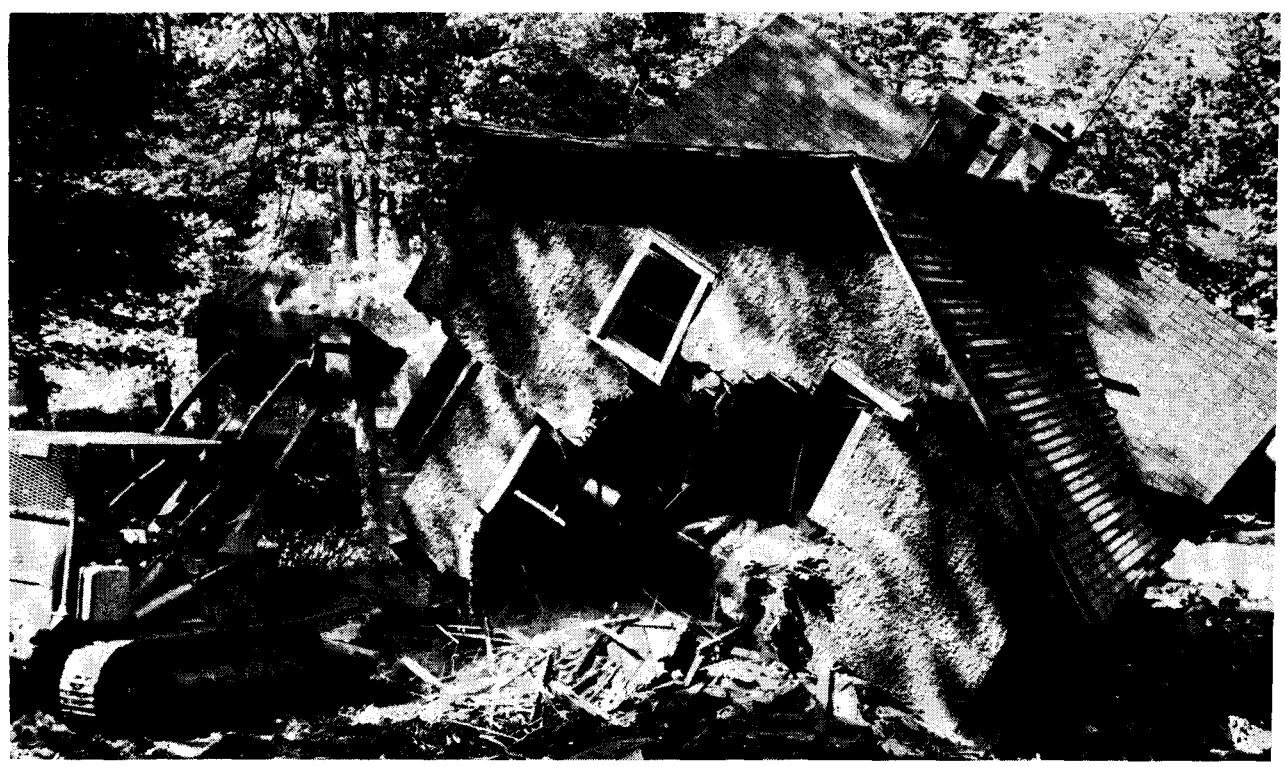
A few weeks before Mrs. Cooke's sit-in I asked Russell Mullen, an administrative assistant to the New Jersey highway commissioner, to give the highway department's side of the matter. All of my questions had been asked many times before, about Morristown and dozens of other disputed interstate stretches which his busy department is trying to finish. Mullen spoke with exasperation, like a man trying to wave away a cloud of horseflies so that he can get on with his job. "Sure they've been yelling," he said. "We get yelled at everywhere. What's so special about Morristown?"

In the sense in which he meant it, there is nothing special about it. Morristown is only one of many unspecial communities across the U.S. that are getting interstate highways they had not asked for and do not want. But just for that reason, its troubles may suggest answers to some hard questions. Are angry, frustrated citizens justified in fighting the road builders? Is their anger merely the unavoidable result of necessary change, as Mullen says it is? Or is the price being paid for the interstate system in disrupted lives and land unreasonably high?

To road builders the questions do not seem hard. If you wanted to talk about lives, Mullen said heatedly, there were lives being lost on the area's narrow, outdated highways because the Morristown fight had delayed completion of Interstate 287. Federal highway officials say that the whole 41,000-mile interstate system will save 8,000 lives and $11 billion a year by replacing inadequate roads with fast, safe highways; if these figures are right, every mile of Interstate 287 in Morristown should save $268,000 a year in accident costs and a life every five years. There is no doubt that the new highway is needed badly. It is a six-lane circumferential road that will bypass the crowded Jersey City-Newark area of New Jersey in a great semicircle, swinging north from Metuchen, near the Atlantic shore, to the New York Thruway. No one questions the highway department's figure of 70,850 vehicles a day in 1985, because there seem to be almost that many rumbling through Morristown now, on roadways that George Washington's troops followed.

What is not needed, the Morristowners argue tiredly, is an abrupt elbow bend that will take the road very nearly to the center of Morristown. This bend is sharp enough to lower the speed at which the road can be traveled safely. The reason for it, Mullen told me, is that I-287 must pass as close as possible to the center of Morristown to give motorists easy access to the town's stores and county offices (Morristown is the county seat of Morris County). Anything else, according to the highway department, will mean traffic strangulation for the town.

A large group of Morristowners do not agree, and neither do traffic engineers they hired at considerable expense to support their case. They favor a route about a quarter-mile to the east through the relatively undeveloped land of Morris Township (the township is a separate community, and its officials, naturally, are quite happy with the state's plans). The township route would be slightly shorter and, according to the highway department, "somewhat" cheaper than the $10 million that is the rough figure for the Morristown stretch of I-287. It would require demolishing only about 30 houses, as opposed to the 100 or more for the state's route. And on the township route, most of which passes through fields that



A Morristown house that once looked forward to a serene middle age is given the coup de grace by the road builder's blade.

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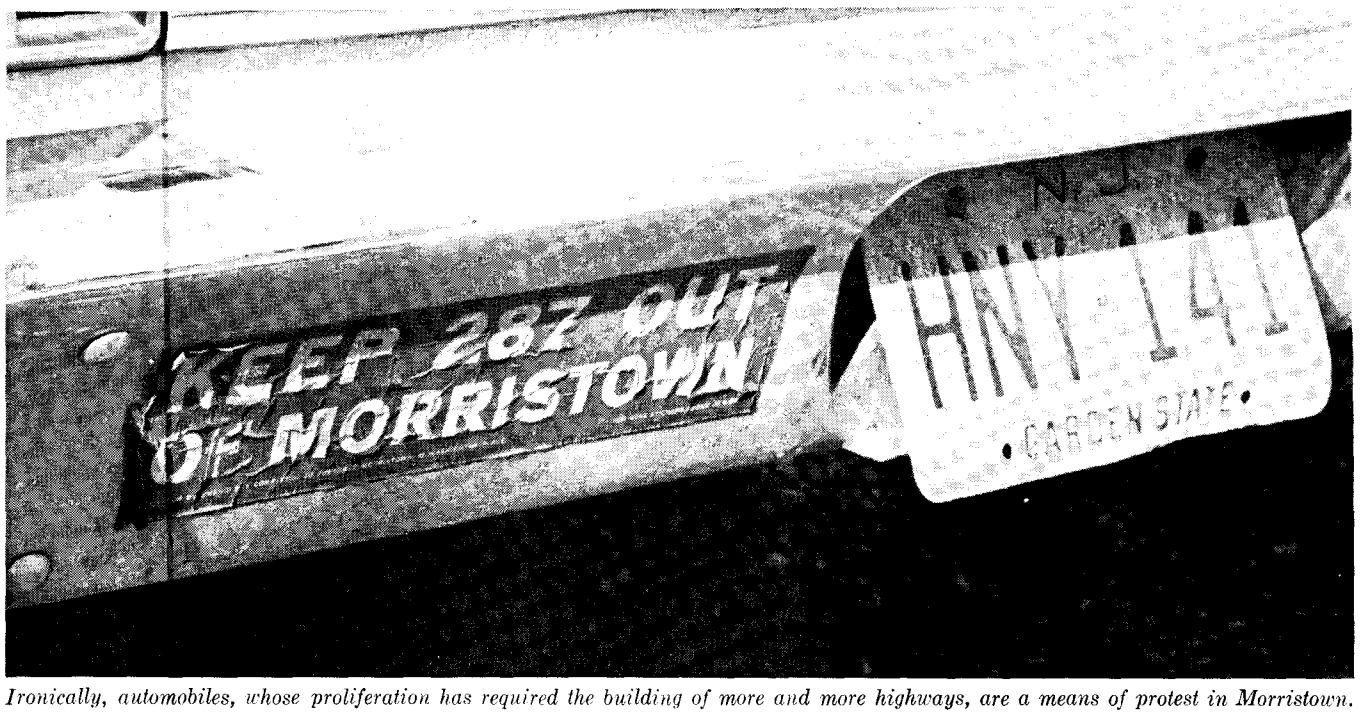


Ironically, automobiles, whose proliferation has required the building of more and more highways, are a means of protest in Morristown.

once belonged to large estates and are now held by real-estate developers, there are no valued public possessions like the elementary school and the Washington headquarters to be damaged.

"We're not damaging anything," said Mullen as we reached this point in our discussion. "This is going to be a good-looking road, and if there's a little noise, we'll plant shrubs." (He was not trying to be funny; road builders think roads are not only useful but beautiful, and they are almost mystical about the sound-deadening qualities of shrubs.) Anyway, the important thing was to get the motorists in and out of Morristown, he said.

But wouldn't most of the local users of I-287 be Morristown householders, and hadn't they shown clearly that they would prefer to drive the extra quarter-mile and keep their town the way it is?

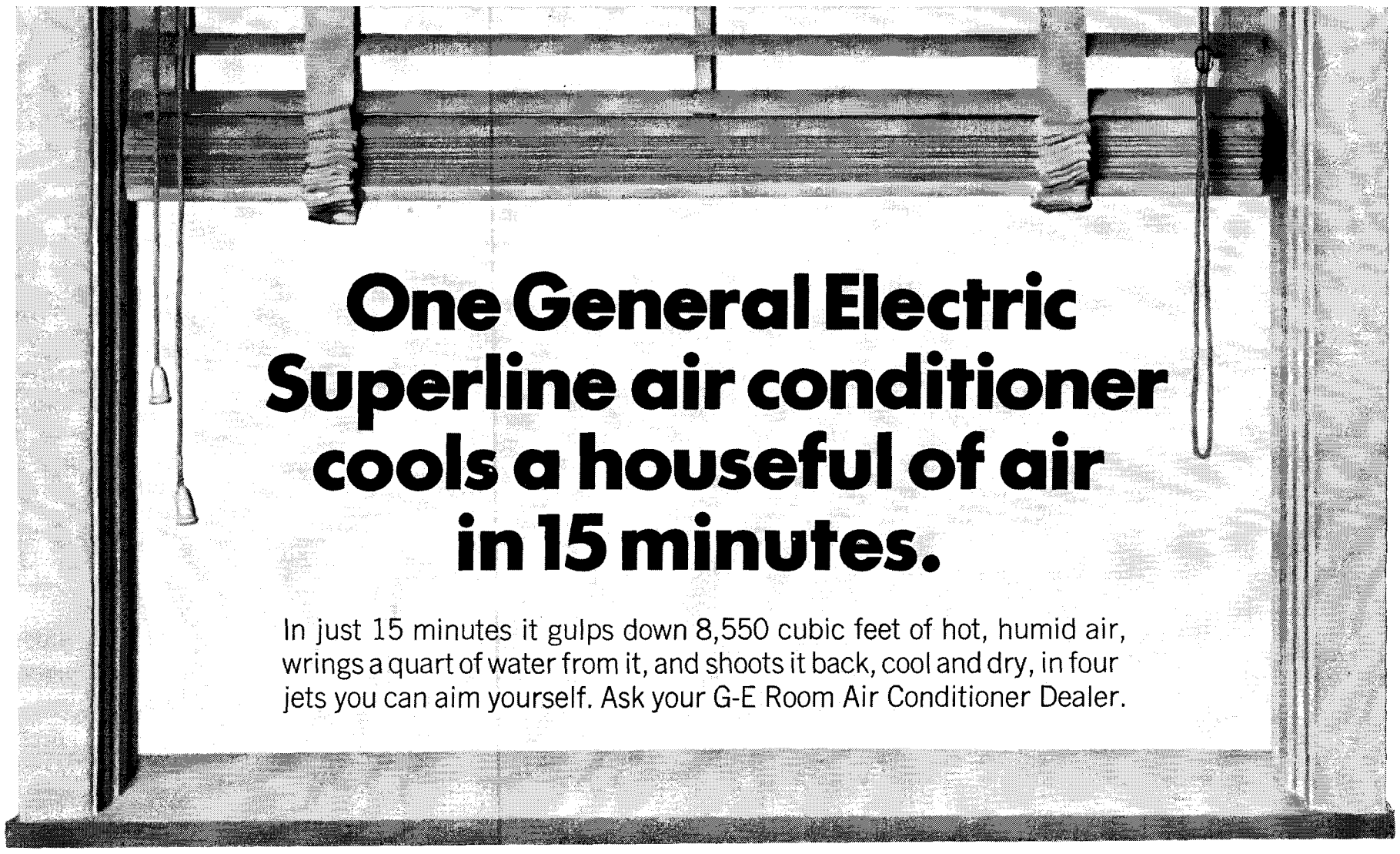
The complainers were "a small, vocal minority," Mullen said. (Maybe so, but the last two mayors of Morristown have not thought so. Each has opposed the road, and each is too skilled a politician to have done so against the wishes of the town's voters.)

Look, Mullen went on, very patiently. The New Jersey Highway Department had planned the route, and the federal Bureau of Public Roads, which puts up 90 percent of the money in interstate projects, had approved it. Then it had been reviewed and reapproved. If the road builders were not competent to build roads, who was? He smiled. "Two years later they'll be thanking us. They may not like our cough medicine, but it'll cure their cough." Anyone who has been in an interstate highway fight—and by now, this should include enough Americans to swing a presidential election to the vegetarian candidate—will recognize the tone. It is that of a parent who is tired of telling his small children that they must go to bed at 7:30, but who is willing to explain it all again, despite tears.

Morristown found itself playing the tearful child to the highway department's stern parent soon after the interstate highway program became a federal law in 1956. Dwight Palmer, New Jersey's able, undiplomatic highway commissioner, indicated which way Morristown's stretch of I-287 might go as early as 1957, when he goaded townspeople by asking, "How much of the Washington headquarters is hallowed ground? Washington didn't sleep out on the lawn every night." By 1960, when the first (and only) public hearing was held on the matter, it was clear the state favored the route it now intends to build. Even experienced politicians were mystified. The choice seemed to be bad economics, bad aesthetics, and even bad engineering.

But the choice should not have puzzled anyone. The highway department could honestly point out that it was not supposed to pay attention to community planning, the preservation of historical shrines, or the difficulty schoolchildren might have in hearing their teachers with an interstate highway 40 feet from their classroom windows. Most of all, the highway department was not supposed to pay any attention to the desires of the towns it cut roads through.

The original interstate highway law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The highway department was not required to pay any attention to community planning, the needs of schools or the preservation of historical shrines.

provided only that the "economic effect" of a road on a community be taken into consideration. Nothing more; if the effect on retail sales and assessed property values was favorable or neutral (and if high-rise apartments replaced one-family homes, it was said to be favorable), then the community was considered to be a suitable place to start digging.

The overriding engineering consideration, Morristown found, was something called the "cost-benefit ratio." In this impressive phrase, much used by road builders at highway hearings, "cost" means the cost of building and maintaining the road. That is straightforward enough. The "benefit" part, however—it means benefit to motorists, of course, not to anyone else—seems to be a blend of professional guesswork and personal opinion, slicked up with numbers and decimal points. (Is it a benefit, for instance, for vacationers to be able to leave an interstate highway so near to their destinations that the road's roar will be audible in their lake cottages? The New Hampshire Highway Department claimed that it was, in justifying the cutting of an interstate highway through the writer's college town. And it had figures to prove it.)

In Morristown it was decided that "benefit" consisted in leading motorists close to the center of town. Some doubt has been cast on this by the fact that several large industrial firms have since set up shop on the outskirts of town, near the township route. Employees using I-287 will thus have to leave the freeway in Morristown and drive out of town to get to their jobs.

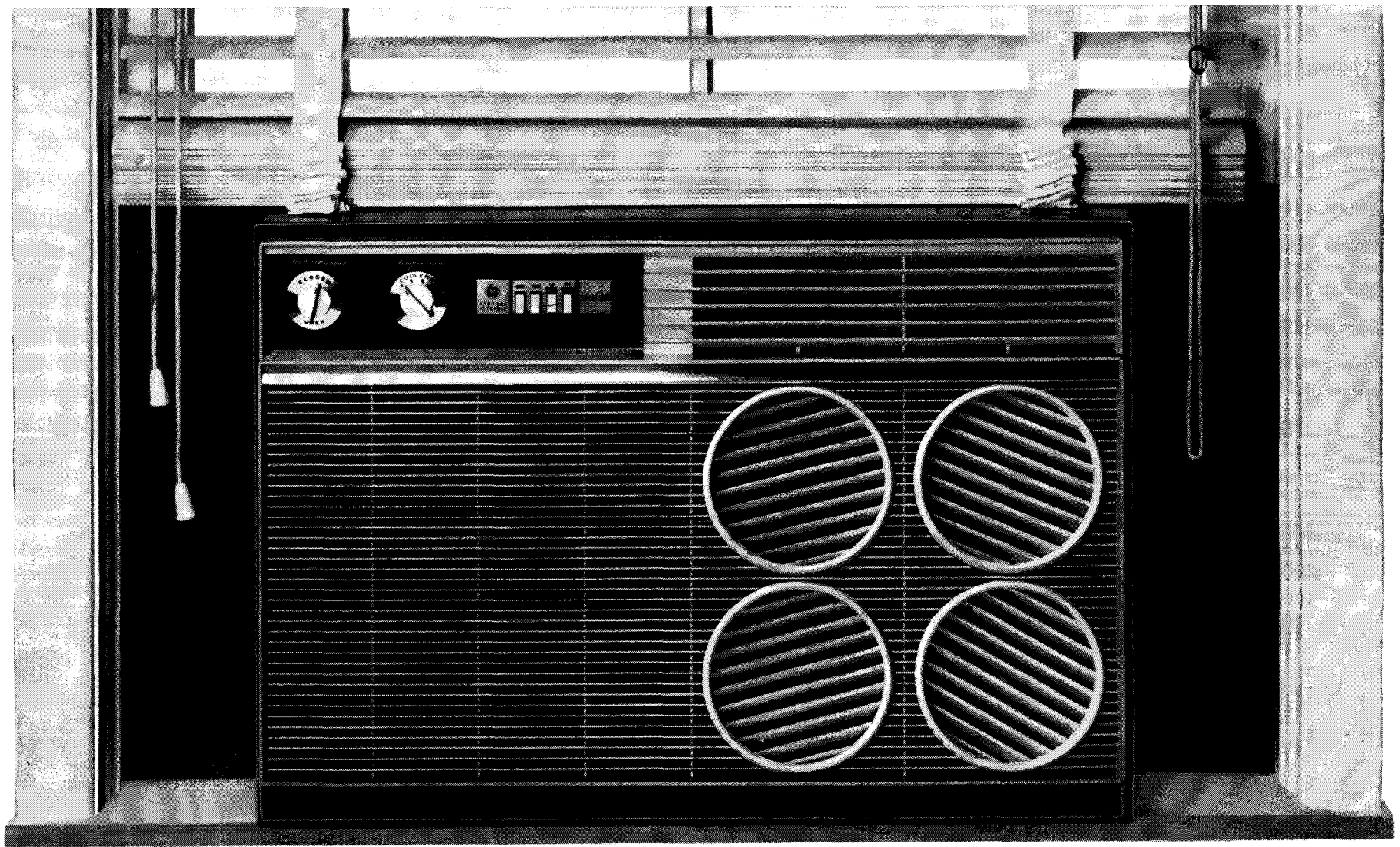
An established routine of buck-passing made it hard for opponents of the state plan to pin down just where and why the decision was made. Appeals to the State Highway Department were returned with the information that the federal Bureau of Public Roads held final authority. Inquiries to Washington were lobbed back with "thanks for your interest" and the observation that planning is done on a state level. Former Mayor Manahan found it baffling: "You could hear the music, but you never found out who you were dancing with."

There was no way for citizens to go over the head of highway commissioner Palmer, who has great political power but few vulnerabilities, since he is not an elected official. (Palmer, who is now 80, is widely resented as a public villain in Morristown, and appears to enjoy the distinction.) Very early in the highway fight, Morristowners found that it is all but impossible to get help from a state or national legislator in such a dispute. The reason seems to be elementary politics. If he does nothing, a legislator may win no friends, but if he fights successfully to have the road moved, he makes bitter enemies in the powerful State Highway Department, annoys the governor, and enrages the people through whose land the road's new route is carved. Morristown's congressman, Peter Frelinghuysen, and the state legislators for the area have all kept daintily out of the fight. So, up to this writing, has New Jersey's Senator Clifford Case. (Ironically, Case recently issued a pronouncement to the effect that "As the highways push on, open spaces are devoured, hundreds of families lose their homes, land values are reduced and the beauty and majesty of our national monuments and important government buildings are diminished." But he was talking about a plan to tunnel a six-lane highway under the Lincoln and Jefferson memorials in Washington.)

Twice during the highway squabble Morristown seemed to have enlisted powerful allies. When he was campaigning for the governorship in 1961, Richard Hughes was quoted as saying to Morristowners: "If it is at all possible I will change this proposed route." He now insists that all he said was that the route would be reviewed.

The other powerful-seeming ally is Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, whose department includes the National Park Service, which runs the Washington headquarters in Morristown. In April of 1963 Udall wrote to Mayor Manahan that "We wanted you to know how concerned this Department is regarding the adverse effect this freeway would have on one of America's national historic treasures Experts in the road planning field . . . have stated that the route chosen by the highway commission is in its entirety the most disruptive to existing land use patterns and the neighborhoods through which it would pass of all the routes studied. We believe the close proximity of the proposed freeway to this noted historic structure would be extremely harmful and would destroy the tranquil historic environment which is so necessary for a satisfying experience by the visitor. There would be objectionable sights and distracting traffic noises from a constant stream of trucks, buses, and passenger cars which will appear in ever increasing numbers, to say nothing of the noxious fumes and disturbing vibrations."

A strong letter—but it was the last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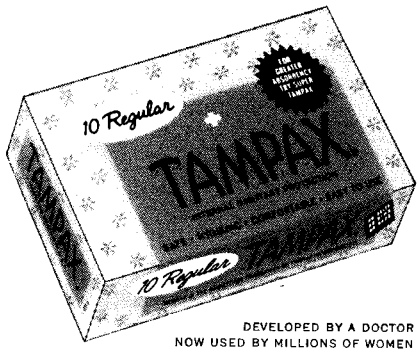

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MORRISTOWN

A raw gash of bare earth shows where the highway will divide Morristown's eastern residential

support that Morristown was to have from the Department of the Interior Two years later I asked an aide of Secretary Udall what had happened. "The Department still feels the same," he said. "It's still an outrage. But we have no jurisdiction at all over roads. The road people are under the Commerce Department, and what happens is, Udall sees the Secretary of Commerce informally and says something like 'Oh, by the way, we're all a little worried about that Morristown situation'—or whatever—'and we were wondering if you might do something for us.' Well, Udall got turned down, that's all. We win some, and we lose a lot more." (In the letter in which he turned down Secretary Udall's request, Luther Hodges, then Secretary of Commerce, mentioned that he had been assured by a member of the "Washington Association" that I-287 would not harm the Washington headquarters. The man, now dead, who did the assuring was indeed a member of the Washington Association, which supports the headquarters. Anyone can become a member by contributing $100. The man was also, although presumably Hodges did not know this, the owner of real-estate interests in the township area.

Ordinary job-and-mortgage citizens in Morristown never had a chance to get into the fight until the fight was over. For three years after the 1960 public hearing there were plenty of rumors, but little solid information; at the highway department everything was "still being studied." Road builders are seldom hasty in revealing their plans; it is hard to circulate a petition against a road that is still being studied.

Then abruptly, late in 1963, the state produced its cough medicine and told Morristown to swallow it. Its route had been approved, and householders in the road's path had a little more than a year to sell and get out.

For Mr. and Mrs. Peter N. Sandrian, who run a camera shop in Morristown, it was an unsettling experience. "They have so much power," said Mrs. Sandrian. The price offered for their comfortable six-room house seemed low, she said, "but we couldn't afford a court fight and they knew it." The Sandrians agreed to sell.

They needed another house near their shop, and when one came on the market a year before the deadline, they bought it. But now they owned two houses, and because the state would not accommodate them by hurrying its purchase, they were forced to put the old house up for rent. Because it would have to be vacated by May 1, 1965, they were able to get only about half the going rental, and they could not rent it at all for the final month.

The Sandrians turned the house over to the state in April, 1965, but did not get their money until July. The state, of course, paid no interest for the time it held the purchase price. Nor did it pay any moving expenses; while the interstate program provides for payment of up to $200, the highway department explained that the Sandrians had moved out "voluntarily" before certain enabling legislation became effective, and were thus ineligible for this assistance.

"But it wasn't just us," said Mrs. Sandrian, "it was what they were doing to the town." The Sandrians helped picket last winter when a group of Morristowners led by the Emergency Committee to Preserve Morristown conducted a "march" on the state capitol in Trenton. The capitol was not noticeably affected.

The Emergency Committee, a banding-together of 14 such widely assorted groups as the D.A.R. and the Fourth Ward Democratic Club, has fought imaginatively. Its members rented Revolutionary War uniforms and paraded in front of the Washington headquarters on Washington's Birthday, 1965, engineered a telephone protest campaign during which Governor Hughes' office stopped taking calls from Morristown, and persuaded the General Accounting Office in Washington to do a routine check of costs on the state's I-287 route. They sent wistful, polite letters to Lady Bird Johnson. When they could think of nothing else to do, Mrs. Cooke sat in the bulldozer scoop.

All of this had one visible effect. It made Rex Whitton sad. Whitton is the Federal Highway Administrator, and he is a mannerly, quiet-talking Missourian who does not enjoy being thought of as a villain. When he went to engineering school, road builders were public heroes struggling to get the farmers out of the mud. "Why did you pick Morristown to write about?" he asked in real anguish.

The Bureau of Public Roads is very sensitive to criticism. It has been sensitive at least since 1962, when President Kennedy told the Congress that "We must not allow needed progress in highways to come at the expense of unnecessary personal hardship to American families." The President had just learned that after his urban-renewal people finished renewing neighborhoods, his highway people were tearing them down to build highways.

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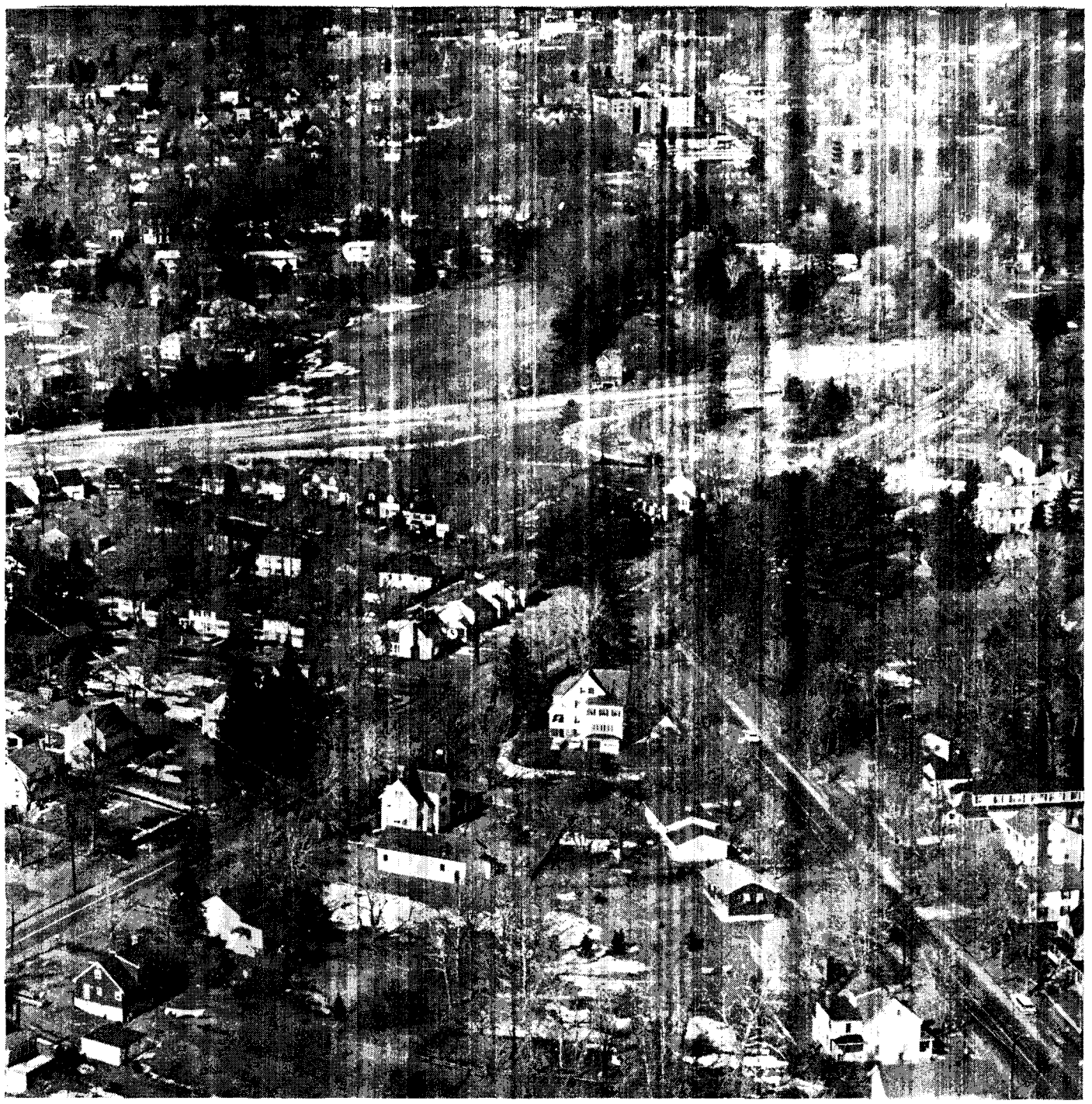

area, which was cleared by bulldozers last year. The controversial bend in Interstate 287 would take the road close to the heart of town, upper right.

The Federal-Aid Highway Act was amended to require "a continuing comprehensive transportation planning process carried on cooperatively by states and local communities." (Morristown was not reprieved; its section of I-287 was approved under the old law.) A list of 10 categories in which cooperation was required ended with "Social and community-value factors, such as the preservation of open space, parks and recreation facilities, preservation of historical sites and buildings, environmental amenities and aesthetics."

There is evidence that even the Bureau of Public Roads felt that this was not enough. Whitton, who took over the job five years ago, says that the highway program has worked well, but on March 27, 1963, a stern directive went out from his office stating that hereafter "written memorandums of understanding" between states and local governments would be required. Furthermore, planning would be carried on "in a manner that will insure that the planning decisions are reflective of and responsive to both the programs of the state highway department and the needs and desires of the local community."

This mention by a road builder of the "desires" of a community is revolutionary. The mandatory public hearing required for each segment of interstate highway is supposed to collect local opinion, but the obvious method of determining opinion—a vote—is always avoided. ("Are you off your head?" a road builder asked me. "You take a vote and you don't get a highway. No one votes for a road.")

Whitton's directive went on to say that "conscientious attention should be given to the preservation of historical sites and buildings." Among road builders Whitton is liberal and humane, but as he said recently, "There is a limit beyond which you as a motorist would not want to go to avoid a situation." By "situation" he meant a wildlife preserve, a Washington headquarters, or someone's backyard.

For Morristown, Whitton's mild reforms have come too late. The town's last stand—a lawsuit by its school board—may force the state to pay for a new elementary school to replace the one that will have Interstate 287 as its neighbor. But there is no chance that it will stop the road.

Almost half of the interstate road system remains to be built, however, and after it is finished other freeways will be planned. Citizens who dislike being bulldozed might do well to study Morristown's defeat.

They might conclude that the road builders' main argument—"If roadmen aren't competent to build roads, who is?"—is misleading. The United States has no trouble accepting, for instance, that war is too important to be left to the generals and that the country's legislators must struggle with the decisions about when and where and how much to fight.

The bulldozed citizens might decide that they want their state and national legislators, not a small group of civil engineers, to decide how much of the country should be paved over. They might agitate to have road-building decisions taken from the Bureau of Public Roads and given, in effect, to a "Bureau of the Public." It is probably true that if you put each highway route to a vote, you would never get any highways built. But it should be possible, the citizens might decide, to vote for the man who has voted for the highway.

The lesson of Morristown may be this: We are all road users, but we are all also householders, park visitors, schoolgoers, air-breathers, lovers of quiet and privacy and, simply, creatures who send down roots in a town or a neighborhood and who resent being uprooted. The road builders have been permitted to behave as though we were only motorists. □

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STAGECOACH

'DO IT RIGHT, KID. YOU'LL BE DEAD IF YOU DON'T.'

Continued from page 33

movies and television, arrived today with 24 genuine Sioux braves from South Dakota. They will be used for the closeup action shots. (The rest of the "Indians" will be professional stunt men.) Another arrival was actress Anjanette Comer, Alex's girl, a shy, faun-eyed beauty with long, perfectly straight black hair. No one had expected her—including Alex. "I wanted to surprise him," she said. And then fixing him with a knowing look in her big eyes, she added, "And I did." Alex looked acutely uncomfortable.

During one of the afternoon takes, Bing made his entrance and little Harry Crosby shouted to him, "Hi, Daddy!" At which Red Buttons remarked, "Name-dropper."

We rode back to our motel from location with Ann-Margret again tonight. She discovered a rock-'n'-roll station on the radio and managed to go through all her rhythmic gyrations sitting down. When the station announced five minutes of news, she turned down the sound until it was barely audible. Then she asked us, "What would you do without music? Why, I'd just cry and cry and cry."

BOULDER, JULY 26: There has been virtually *no* shooting for the past few days because of the constant rain. Marty estimates that the company is losing about $28,000 a day to the weather. Every raindrop hurts—a deluge agonizes him. The original shooting schedule was to have been 36 days. We're bound to go way over that.

We joined Alex and Anjie Comer, Stefanie and Red for cocktails late this afternoon. Anjie announced she was shortly returning to Hollywood. Stefanie was in a philosophical mood. "I'm not a star nor am I a nonstar. I'm kind of a costar. And I want to be something—or nothing. I just can't stand being in the middle." Stefi, whose real name is Stefania Zofja Federkievicz, is a highly intelligent girl who speaks fluent Spanish, Polish, German and Italian. "You just name it and she says she can do it," Alex mutters. But she *has* fought bulls in Mexico, she *does* fly a twin-engine Cessna 310, she frequently exercises Lance Reventlow's polo ponies, she water-skis and goes surfing and she reads a lot. She also is in love with actor Gary Lockwood. When we were trying to decide where to have dinner, Stefanie announced that she would dine in her room and wait for Gary's call. Alex said, "You're always talking to him. What does he find to say all the time?" A starry-eyed Stefanie answered, "I don't care what he says. I just want to hear him breathe."

BOULDER, JULY 27: The weather looks threatening, but Gordon is going to try to shoot some more of the Indian sequence, where they begin to attack the stagecoach. David Miller, the "Indian booker," told us that he had gone to nearby Nederland to the four bars and two liquor stores there to ask them not to sell liquor to his Indians. He claimed that this has nothing to do with the old "firewater" theory about Indians, but that with unaccustomed money in their buckskins, they would probably spend it on booze. As it turned out later, he was right.

BOULDER, JULY 28: We lost some Indians today. Chauncey Whitewash, a one-eyed Sioux, was being teased by some of his people and he got into a fight. Then all the Indians started swinging at each other while David rushed into the fray. Chauncey Whitewash will be on his way home tonight.

Another bit of excitement. In one shot there is an Indian lying on the ground waving a tomahawk into the camera as a trooper rides by. The Indian was Frank Iron Plume and the stunt man was Al Hudkins. Hudkins accidentally rode in a little too close to Mr. Plume, and the horse's hooves grazed him slightly. Frank Iron Plume got up and rushed over to David Miller and announced that he was going to kill Hudkins. David suspected he was joking, but Iron Plume, too, will be sent home.

BOULDER, JULY 29: Bing "delivered" Stefanie's baby today. When she starts into labor, Bing, as "Doc," is drunk as usual. He orders Dallas (A-M) to make coffee. Then he dumps great quantities of salt into it and starts to drink it to sober up. He finally becomes violently sick to his stomach. He was so convincing that Mike Connors, watching him, was nauseated for real. Ann-Margret looked good in this scene too. Usually Gordon has to urge her to speak up because her voice is very soft. But she really hollered at Stefanie. "Hurts even when you're a lady, huh? Well, why don't you scream—that's what I'd do—go ahead, scream!"

Two more Indians are biting the dust today. Mesteth and Isaac Brave Eagle were caught stealing beer from Gordon Douglas's trailer. Back to the reservation they go.

At 12:30, right on schedule, the rain started. At two it stopped raining, and Gordon set up his camera for one of the massacre scenes. Watched the makeup man paste a bloody tomahawk on the forehead of one of the stunt men. This took the better part of an hour. The scene had the stunt man—with tomahawk in head—falling from his horse face down into a stream. A gadget to pump blood coloring into the stream was already rigged. When the scene was shot, the soldier fell into the stream and right onto the pump—which caused the red paint to shoot up like a geyser. They couldn't shoot the scene again right away because the makeup had washed off the man's face and the tomahawk had fallen off, too. By the time he was made up again, it started to rain once more.

BOULDER, JULY 30: Filming went very well today. It seems almost unbelievable in view of the delays, but we're about halfway through the script. Gordon has learned to grab his shots as fast as he can, and the cast and crew are cooperating beautifully.

Except our Indians. They have managed to decimate their ranks in their own fantastic fashion. One was shot in the face and got powder burns. David Miller said that his eyes would be all right, but his enthusiasm for acting had vanished. Another was stepped on by a horse. The most egregious loss of all, however, happened today when the Indians raided the town of Nederland. On the set, stunt men in Indian garb were rehearsing riding down a steep hill toward the coach. It is professional work, and our real Indians were not asked to participate. Several of them were just sitting around in full war paint with cigars in their mouths. Apparently the brothers Chris and Eugene Eagle Hawk got bored during the long wait and organized an expedition into Nederland. They rode away silently and were not missed for several hours.

During their absence, a steady stream of tourists made an unexpected appearance. (Heretofore, no visitors had been allowed because of the danger at some of our precarious sites and also, of course, because visitors cause delays.) They tumbled out of their cars shouting about "movie stars" and "free food." Several of the rollicking group produced passes. Rackin grabbed one and, with astonishment, read, "Stagecoach set: Free movie stars. Free food. $1." They were all signed, "Chris and Eugene Eagle Hawk." At that point, David Miller jumped into a company car and sped off toward Nederland, some five miles away. He arrived to see six of his braves, led by Chief Yellow Horse, sitting bareback astride their ponies, their painted, almost naked bodies gleaming, and each brandishing a bottle of liquor in one hand and the "passes" in the other. Admiring tourists were photographing them and buying the passes as fast as they could get them.

When Yellow Horse sobered up, he told Marty that if he and his friends didn't get more money, they were "going out on strike." Tonight the six strikers were sent home. We are now left with only 10 little Indians. Fortunately most of their chores are over.

BOULDER, JULY 31: This was to be the 21st day of shooting, but it rained all last night and all day today. We joined Mike, Mary Lou and young Gunnar Connors, David Miller, Alex and a cute hairdresser named Sharri for cocktails. Gunnar, whose handsome father has been a film and television star for years, adores Alex, who has made only one other picture. Gunnar's enthusiasm for Alex was not shared by Sharri, who later said, "Gee, I'll certainly miss you all when you're gone, but I certainly won't miss that Alex Cord. On our date he said to me, 'You know, I'm one of the dullest people you'll ever meet.' And, boy, is that ever true. If he's a typical Hollywood star, I don't care if I never meet another."

Alex *isn't* a typical movie star at all. He has, indeed, studied at the Actors Studio, toured with the Stratford, Conn., Shakespearian company, and starred in a London play, which resulted in a nomination for the English critics' award as best actor. When he was 12 years old he had contracted polio, which left him with a paralyzed left leg. To aid his recovery, his parents sent him to Wyoming, where he started riding horses. By the time he was 16 the paralysis was gone and Alex was a champion rodeo rider. But he had suffered so many broken bones, and also a ruptured spleen, that he decided to quit riding and "learn something." He said, "I didn't know whether Shakespeare had written *Hamlet* or whether Hamlet had written *Shakespeare*, but I made up my mind to find out."

HOLLYWOOD, AUGUST 3: Aside from Alex, who missed the plane and had to be flown to Denver by helicopter, we are back at 20th Century-Fox, shooting outdoors on the back lot. Bing is doing his little time steps and singing his own ribald version of *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home*. Bob Cummings cheerfully spoiled one take because he was chewing gum, a commodity nonexistent in 1870. We are now 10 days behind schedule. At Marty's estimated $28,000 a day, that's $280,000 down the Colorado rainspout.

HOLLYWOOD, AUGUST 5: Slim Pickens has a bad foot. He was driving the coach down the street, put his foot where the brake was supposed to be and wasn't. (In reassembling the coach after its return from location, someone neglected to put the brake back on.) His foot went right down to the rear-horse's harness, where it tangled with the reins. Slim told us that he is probably the only actor who actually is able to drive a six-horse stagecoach. It takes tremendous skill and strength. Usually only four horses are used in films. Like Alex, though, Slim was a famous rodeo rider, bronco-buster and steer-wrangler for more than 28 years. He, too, has suffered broken bones in every part of his body.

Our conversation broke up when Ann-Margret rushed over and said to Janet, "I just love your hair today. It's real scoobie."

HOLLYWOOD, AUGUST 10: Gordon is shooting more rapidly than ever now. Although they'll never gain the 10 days lost on location, they probably won't lose any more. Stefanie thinks the real director on this picture is Van Heflin. "He ramrods this flick," she explained. "He's so thorough, such a professional in every way, and he knows more than almost anyone how things should be

'I hate roughing it.

What kind of people camp out?

Old people? I love room service in Las Vegas.'

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done. I've heard him telling the makeup men what to do, how he believes certain scenes should be shot and things like that, and almost invariably, it turns out that he's right."

HOLLYWOOD, AUGUST 18: Alex, out of a scene, grabbed a bullwhip, swung it around his head a couple of times, and then cracked it out toward a crew member, neatly removing the cigarette dangling from his mouth. The poor guy nearly dropped dead of fright.

Tomorrow we move to the 20th Century-Fox ranch in Malibu Canyon for exterior shots we didn't get in Colorado.

CENTURY RANCH, AUGUST 20: This ranch is about an hour's drive from the studio. It covers more than 2,500 acres of some very rugged, wild-looking country. It seems hundreds of miles from Hollywood—but it doesn't in the least resemble Colorado. It's hot, dry and dusty this time of year, but at least there *are* ravines and valleys. Ironically we are going to do several rain scenes here—and did *none* on location.

Ann-Margret wore an abbreviated cotton jump suit, lavender and pink in color and closed with one of those fat, outsize zippers. With this she had on purple tights and her white, high-heeled boots. Around her neck was a long necklace of amethysts, and on her third finger, right hand, she wore a huge amethyst ring. "I hate roughing it," she told us. "What kind of people camp out? Old people? What I love is room service in Las Vegas. You can call up at four in the morning and order a chocolate malted and a cheeseburger. Happiness to me," she reflected, "is a cheeseburger."

Lunched outdoors with Red, Mike, Bing, Alex, Stefanie and a swarm of wasps that wouldn't go away. While we batted at them, Stefi and Alex held forth on the "advantages" to an actor of occasionally using LSD, marijuana, mescaline and so on. Alex said, "It's like a quickie course in Zen Buddhism. It teaches you how to live; it heightens your impressions." Stefanie agreed and added, "Later, if you can relate to life without the drug but with the heightened sensations, you're a more effective actor." Neither of them uses anything stronger than the slim English cigars they both prefer.

CENTURY RANCH, AUGUST 23: Red has just announced that his wife, Alicia, is pregnant. It will be their first child. Red said she told him, "You've been giving all your life. It's time you let yourself become a father." To which Red added, "I'm finally doing a benefit for myself."

When John Wayne played the original Ringo Kid, the famous movie daredevil Yakima Canutt did all of Wayne's stunts. Alex is doing his own. The one he executed this afternoon was a heart-stopper. In the script, Buck, the stagecoach driver, is shot and the horses start to run wild. Ringo has to get them in control.

As Alex climbed to his position in the coach, Gordon called to him, "Do it right, kid. You'll be dead if you don't." Everyone gathered around to watch.

The camera started turning and Alex jumped from the box of the stagecoach in between the two "wheelers," the two rear horses nearest the coach itself. Then he began working his way through the six horses while they were running at an almost full gallop. He looked a little as if he were riding a speeding surfboard. He went at least 30 feet down the narrow wagon tongue which runs between the horses. The horses were lathered both from the makeup men and from the extreme heat, and they looked terribly slippery. Also, they were skittish and their heads kept tossing and flinging foam into Alex's eyes. He slipped once badly and we all screamed. He never turned his head at the unexpected noise, just steadily made his way to the lead horse. At the end of the tongue he suddenly gave a mighty leap and landed square in the middle of the back of the right lead horse. Slim led the cheering and Ann-Margret burst into tears.

HOLLYWOOD, AUGUST 30: Night shooting back at the studio from eight P.M. to four A.M. Mike Connors stands around rolling a silver dollar over his knuckles, which he does throughout the picture and which Van taught him. Van suggested the rolling-coin routine and explained that he had done it for his role opposite Barbara Stanwyck in *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, in which he, also, portrayed a gambler. Van told Mike that Miss Stanwyck had watched him do the coin trick a few times—and it isn't easy—and then she said to him, "You do that on camera with me and I'll start pulling down my girdle."

"Not me. Holding my American
Tel and Tel and selling my. . . ."

HOLLYWOOD, SEPT. 2: We're still filming all night. Slim came over and sat down to talk. He wagged his huge, attractively homely head and said, "Ah jest can't get over bein' paid for doin' what ah love doin'. To drive those six doggone horses. And then meetin' and bein' with Van and Bing. That little ole Van. You gotta give him credit for sittin' up there on that ole stage jest as unconcerned as anything. I 'member that first day shootin' in Colorado, ole Van said to me, 'Slim, do me a favor. If you decide to jump off this thing, tell me so's I can jump, too.' I told him, 'Van, you see *me* jump off this rig, you jump too.'

"These damn kids spend all their time goin' to actin' school these days," Slim continued, "but they don't know how to handle an animal. Now me, ah'm homelier than 'n old maid's sin—and with my voice! I wonder why in hell I keep so busy actin'. Ya know why? 'Cause ah can handle animals."

Keenan Wynn has grown a luxuriant beard for his role as Luke Plummer. Although he will work for only two days in *Stagecoach*, and will be seen on the screen for something like nine minutes, he considers this part exceptionally important. "You see," he explained during a break, "you have a situation where the audience has been waiting all through the picture for the hero to get me. I'm the smashing conclusion. It's a great part. Hell, I was only on the screen for *eight* minutes in *Strangelove* and judging by the reaction, people remember my part in that."

Just then Red Buttons walked by with an Indian in full war paint. "Just you remember," he was saying to his Indian, "I'd rather be Red than dead."

HOLLYWOOD, SEPTEMBER 7: Bing finished his role last Thursday and had planned to go to England to see his prizewinning horse, Meadowcourt, race at Ascot. Today Leo Lynn, Bing's friend and factotum, came to the set and told us that over the weekend Bing had suffered a kidney attack and could not go. Then Leo presented all of us, cast and crew, with a key chain memento from Bing. It's made of silver and has a tiny stagecoach on one side of a disc, and on the other, written in gold leaf in his own handwriting, it says, "Thanks, Bing—Stagecoach 1965." Everyone was quite honestly touched—stars rarely take the trouble to make these gestures anymore.

HOLLYWOOD, SEPTEMBER 9: Everyone is through shooting except Keenan, Alex, Bob and Ned Wynn, Keenan's 24-year-old son, who plays his son, Ike Plummer, in the film. This is the barroom fight—the big, climactic scene. The others have all left, except Van Heflin, who has stayed around for more "ramrodding." Keenan, who designed his costume himself, has his gun jammed into his pants near the buckle. He explained that he wears the gun that way, and not strapped to his leg as usual, because he believes it indicates his contempt for anyone who thinks he can get Luke Plummer. In rehearsals Keenan also interpolated a sinister laugh which grew louder as the fight drew nearer. "I'm playing this guy like a psychopath," explained Keenan. "Many of the old western gunmen were just that."

Just before the scene was shot, Marty told us that in the original *Stagecoach* John Ford ran out of money, so he couldn't film the gunfight. He had Luke Plummer killed offstage. "And yet," said Rackin, "ask anyone and they'll tell you what a great gunfight there was at the end of Ford's film."

The scene is set. Gordon yells for quiet. Then he says, "Action."

The Ringo Kid snaps off a shot at Plummer and hollers, "You coming out, Plummer?"

"Sure, son—if you'll stand up and meet me face to face." Now the sound of that hideous laughter.

"Show yourself first," answers Ringo.

Bullets from Plummer's gun kick up splinters inches over Ringo's head. Ringo bobs up from behind the bar, pumping the trigger of his gun, and chipping off wood near Plummer's hip. Creeping nearer, Plummer is now visible to Ringo, who flings a whiskey bottle at his head. The bottle hits an overhead lantern, and Ike's shirt catches fire. . . .

Twenty-three takes later, Plummer fires his last shot. Ringo screams and goes down. Plummer laughs in wild triumph. Ringo slowly rises and carefully aims. Shoots. Hits Plummer. Now there is silence. And no more laughter.

"Cut and Print!" orders Gordon.

LOS ANGELES, SEPTEMBER 10: Our film is over. In a way, the end of a movie is something like having had a long illness from which one abruptly recovers. The mood of the cast has been optimistic. Crosby was reported to be pleased. "We may have a chance with this one," Van Heflin said. "Do we have a chance?" said Marty Rackin. "Ask me again in six months and I'll tell you."

Now it was three o'clock in the morning. The crew began quietly disassembling their equipment. There were no parties, no celebrations. Rackin had simply told them, "If you don't finish tonight, I'm going to take the camera away." Those of the cast who were left got into their cars and wearily started to their homes. They all looked like shadows in the odd half-light.

"They *are* shadows," said Rackin. "That's all we're selling, really. Shadows. That's all a motion picture is." □

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Don't laugh.

A Volkswagen police car may seem like a funny idea to you, but it makes a lot of sense to the city of Scottsboro, Alabama.

They wanted a car that could take Police Officer H. L. Wilkerson on parking meter patrol; all day, 6 days a week, in stop-and-go traffic. Without breaking down. And without breaking the taxpayers.

So, in 1964, they bought Car S-5: a VW with a dome light, siren, and 2-way radio.

That was the year of Scottsboro's only 12" snowfall. The other police cars were in trouble up to their hubcaps. But Car S-5 was a credit to the Force. It went uphill. And downhill. And Officer Wilkerson didn't even bother to put the chains on.

Officer Wilkerson isn't supposed to go after speeders. But one day (in 1965) he chased one. And caught him. It's hard to say who was more surprised.

Car S-5 still averages 29 miles per gallon. It still doesn't use any oil between changes. And it's never had a breakdown.

After a year and a half of continuous use, it had its clutch replaced, and its valves adjusted.

That is all.

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THE UNHOLY ROW OVER THE TOMB OF CHRIST

Six men who guide the church's destiny: the Roman Catholic, Father Rock, the Armenian, Father Kapikian, the Greek, Father Germanos; at right, the Roman, Greek and Armenian architects.

The tumbledown Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where rival sects have squabbled bitterly for centuries, is finally being restored.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity
within thy palaces.

The Reverend Father Germanos, Greek Orthodox curator of Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulcher, placed a cup of thick, muddy coffee before his guest, stroked his beard reflectively, and confessed to the sins of his predecessors. "Nobody can imagine," he declared, "how we used to quarrel here. Here in this church, God's holiest place, where Jesus Christ, His Son, was crucified and buried—*how* we used to quarrel!"

The sudden clangor of a nearby bell, rung in the frenzied Greek fashion as if it were more an alarm than a call to prayer, struck through the open window of the reverend father's room. A few seconds later, as though in response, the measured cry of a *muezzin* sounded from another quarter, with the telltale crackle of an electric amplifier distorting the nasal intonation of the human voice: "*Allahu akbar, Allahu akbar. Ash'hadu an la ilaha illa'Llah....*" Father Germanos's eyes twinkled for a moment as he translated from the Moslem call to prayer the first principles of Islam. "'God is most great. There is no God but God.' You see, my friend, on fundamentals we all agree—Christians, Moslems, even the Jews. But still we quarrel. And nobody, I'm afraid, has quarreled more than we Christians among ourselves."

The din outside continued as he took a noisy sip of his coffee. "But you know," he said, "there's a new spirit here at last. We are learning to cooperate. It is the temper of the epoch." Abruptly as it had begun, the bell stopped its violent alarm and began a gentle tolling. The *muezzin* gave his last electronic cry.

BY DAVID HOLDEN *Photographs by Burt Glinn*

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In the holiest place in Christendom, an Armenian priest kneels before the tomb of Jesus while a Greek cleric asserts his sect's rights there by keeping watch.

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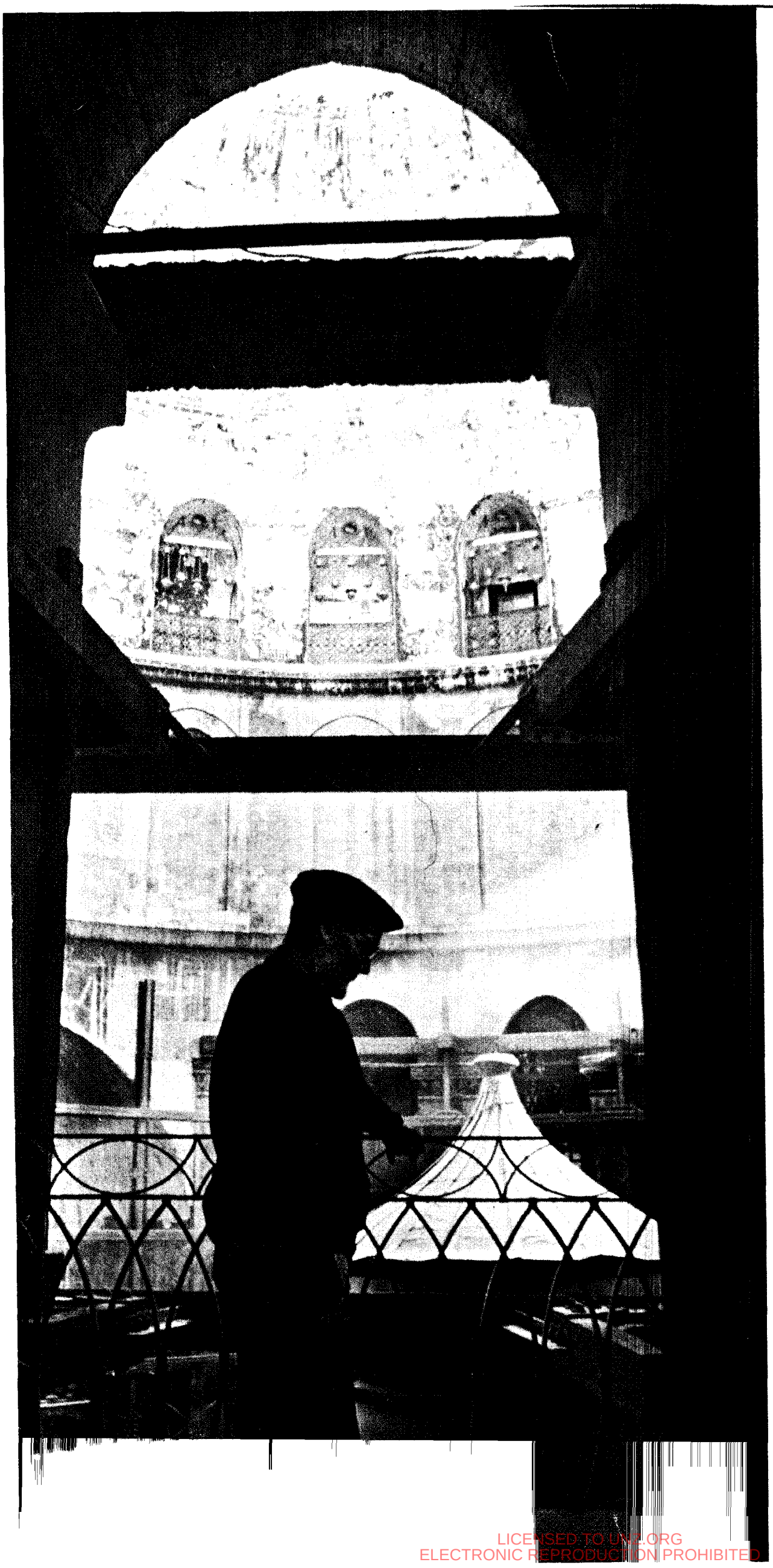

Father Couasnon looks down over beams and scaffolding that surround the conical structure protecting the actual tomb. Some walls here are more than 1,500 years old.

There was something like peace in the room again, and now through the window could be heard the click and chip of many hammers falling upon stone. Father Germanos got up and crossed to the window to look down into the courtyard of the church where, beneath rough shelters of corrugated iron, a score of masons were shaping and facing great blocks of creamy Judean stone. Across the bulging façade of the church itself, half-hidden behind a corset of old steel buttresses, other workmen swung the finished stones to their places. "There you are," said Father Germanos, pointing to three figures huddled over a chart beneath the buttresses, "our own three wise men—the churches of Constantinople, Armenia and Rome bound together by a single purpose—the spirit of cooperation made flesh!"

It was a flight of hyperbole, deliberate and half-ironic, yet the story of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher today almost justifies the comment. For the first time in centuries the three main Christian communities that share the church have agreed to cooperate in its repair and restoration, and the three men were the architects responsible for this unique and complex task. Each appointed by his own church—one Greek Orthodox, one Roman Catholic and one Armenian—they did, indeed, seem to embody a new spirit of tolerance in a place that has been notorious for almost 1,600 years for inspiring as much sectarian division as devotion.

No shrine in Christendom has had greater need of wisdom, or seen less of it, than this crumbling jigsaw puzzle of a building known as the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Yet no place in the Christian world is more holy. Here is not just one shrine, but several, all central to the Christian Easter story. "Now in the place where He was crucified," says the Gospel, "there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulcher was nigh at hand." Over the centuries since then, this whole area of Christ's crucifixion and burial has been gathered beneath the roof of a single edifice—much as if someone had taken an American village church, its graveyard and a nearby chapel as well, and linked them with walls, colonnades and roofs into a composite place of worship. Here, therefore, are the tomb, or sepulcher, of Christ; the rock of Calvary, or Golgotha, where He was crucified; and the stone on which He is said to have been anointed. And here is the cave where the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of Byzantium and builder of the first Orthodox church in Constantinople, found the "true cross" three centuries after Christ's crucifixion.

Unhappily, the pious accretions of the centuries have laid upon them all a heavy cloak of mystery and dirt. The icons and the candles, the marble and the dust, the reek of incense and the polyglot incantations of prayers by bearded Orthodox priests in stovepipe hats, by black-cowled Armenians, by Roman Catholics in gilded copes—all these create an atmosphere that is bizarre. A real effort of faith or historical imagination is needed nowadays to see the bare bones of the place as they might once have been. The tomb has become an ornate marble structure under a vast and rickety dome. The rock of Calvary, although still 20 feet higher than the rest of the church floor, is approached only by a narrow and pitch-black flight of steps and is scarcely recognizable as a rock beneath its casing of marble and plaster. The stone of the anointment is a blatant 19th-century addition, a slab of tawny polished marble lit by flickering oil lamps. The Chapel of the Finding of the Cross is a dank and echoing cistern, 30 feet below the ground. Yet around these dark and incense-laden shrines great tides of Christian bitterness and intolerance have ebbed and flowed for cen-

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Rival monks built cells inside the church, roosting in the dark chapels like bats in a cave.

A Jordanian stonecutter (left) and a Greek sculptor collaborate to renew crumbled walls and columns, under the overall guidance of Henri Deschamps (right), the master builder.

turies. Only in the beginning was the Church of the Holy Sepulcher free from the competitive strife of rival denominations. When the Empress Helena built the first church over the tomb in the fourth century, to rescue the site from the desecration of the Romans who had built a pagan temple there, she had no competitors. But in the centuries of war, invasion and Christian disunity which followed in the Holy Land, other communities secured footholds in the church. The Armenians, who broke away from Byzantium to form their own theocratic state, established themselves with great tenacity. When the Moslems captured the Holy Land, western Christians mounted the Crusades to win it back—and through Crusader victories the Church of Rome for a time assumed command of the relics of the Holy Sepulcher, reducing Greeks and Armenians to relative impotence. When the Moslems threw the Crusaders out again, and the Turks established their empire in Asia Minor, the eastern churches were again ascendant and Roman influence was rejected. Lesser sects rode in with the stronger: Schismatic Georgians from the Russian Caucasus, Syrian Catholic and Syrian Orthodox, Egyptian and Abyssinian Copts—all the ancient splinter groups of oriental Christendom joined the struggle to call some corner of this holy place their own. As century succeeded century, the growing bitterness of sectarian feuds was equaled only by their deepening obscurity.

Except for the brief Crusader period, the Holy Land was ruled through most of these centuries—as a great deal of it still is today—by Moslems. They found the squabbles of their Christian subjects a fearful cross to bear. Yet the Moslems usually tried to be fair. When the Caliph Omar captured Jerusalem for Islam in 638, he refused an invitation to pray inside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher lest his soldiers use the precedent to turn the church into a mosque. Instead he prayed in an open space nearby, and named one of his soldiers to protect the church from Moslem interference. The name of the soldier was Nusaibeh. Today, 13 centuries later, the Nusaibehs, one of the leading Moslem families of Jerusalem, still hold the key to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher—not because their Moslem brothers covet the building, but because the Christian communities could never agree among themselves which one of them should be entrusted with it.

Through the centuries the rival sects sought champions among Europe's Christian powers, someone to intercede with the ruling Turks on their behalf. In one brief period in the 17th century, preeminence in the holy places changed hands between the Roman Catholics and the Greek Orthodox no fewer than six times. The Georgians lost their foothold and disappeared entirely. The Abyssinian Copts, running out of money with which to bribe their rivals and unable to command support in Europe, were also ousted from the church, but they took up station in a cluster of huts on a flat part of the church roof, where they have remained for the last 300 years in stubborn and pathetic isolation.

By the middle of the 19th century all the great powers of Europe had been sucked into these squalid fights. But then, in the hope of extricating themselves from further embarrassment, they underwrote a settlement known as the "Status Quo." This allotted roughly three fifths of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher to the Orthodox and divided most of the rest equally between the Armenians and the Catholics. Some parts of the church, like the tomb itself, were deemed to be owned by all three and were called "common ground." Other shrines, like Calvary, were divided into two or three parts. The lesser sects got little except a chapel or two and the right to hold some services in the building. The Protestants, arriving late upon the scene via the Reformation, naturally got—and continue to have—no rights at all.

Alas, this settlement turned out to be more of a nonsettlement, a happening that didn't happen. The habit of sectarian fighting was by then too strong to break, and the communities continued, right down to the 1960's, to fight and defraud one another. Only a few years ago the Abyssinians on the roof were the focus of a characteristically bizarre incident. One of their monks died, and in some misty quarrel with the Egyptian Copts over the Abyssinians' right to take a funeral procession through the church beneath them, the corpse lay putrefying upon the roof for two weeks before the Jordan government sent armed police to remove it in the interests of public health.

Centuries of such devout disagreement left the Holy Sepulcher a shabby mess instead of a place of Christian glory. Fires, wars and earthquakes shook the building, and it slipped steadily into dinginess and dangerous decay. To guard their rights by night as well as day, the monks built cells and kitchens inside the church, roosting in filthy proximity among the dark chapels like bats in a cave. Crusader workmanship was jealously plastered over by the Greeks, and Byzantine relics were defaced by the Catholics. Doorways were walled up and open spaces enclosed in mutual spite. After yet another earthquake in 1927, only the urgent intervention of the British Mandatory Government in Palestine saved the building. They erected the ungainly but effective steel scaffolding that has shored up its façade ever since.

Yet not until nearly 30 years later did the three main communities reach preliminary agreement on the need for a survey. In 1954 a neutral committee representing the Jordan government and the Greek, Roman and Armenian churches invited a report from the British architect Sir Basil Spence, designer of England's new Coventry cathedral. A practicing Anglican churchman himself, Sir Basil was shocked by what he saw. "The first architectural impression," he wrote, "is one of great confusion and lack of light. The second deterrent to architectural appreciation is dirt."

Sidling around an agreement throughout the 1950's, like strange dogs around a bone, the Christian communities finally agreed in 1959 to restore the entire building. In 1961 they began a technical survey. In July, 1962, with the pace of progress becoming almost hectic, they started the practical work of repair. Still the ancient suspicions died hard. The 19th-century Status Quo agreement was resurrected, and every clause was interpreted with jealous hairsplitting and legal argument. Each architect appointed by the three

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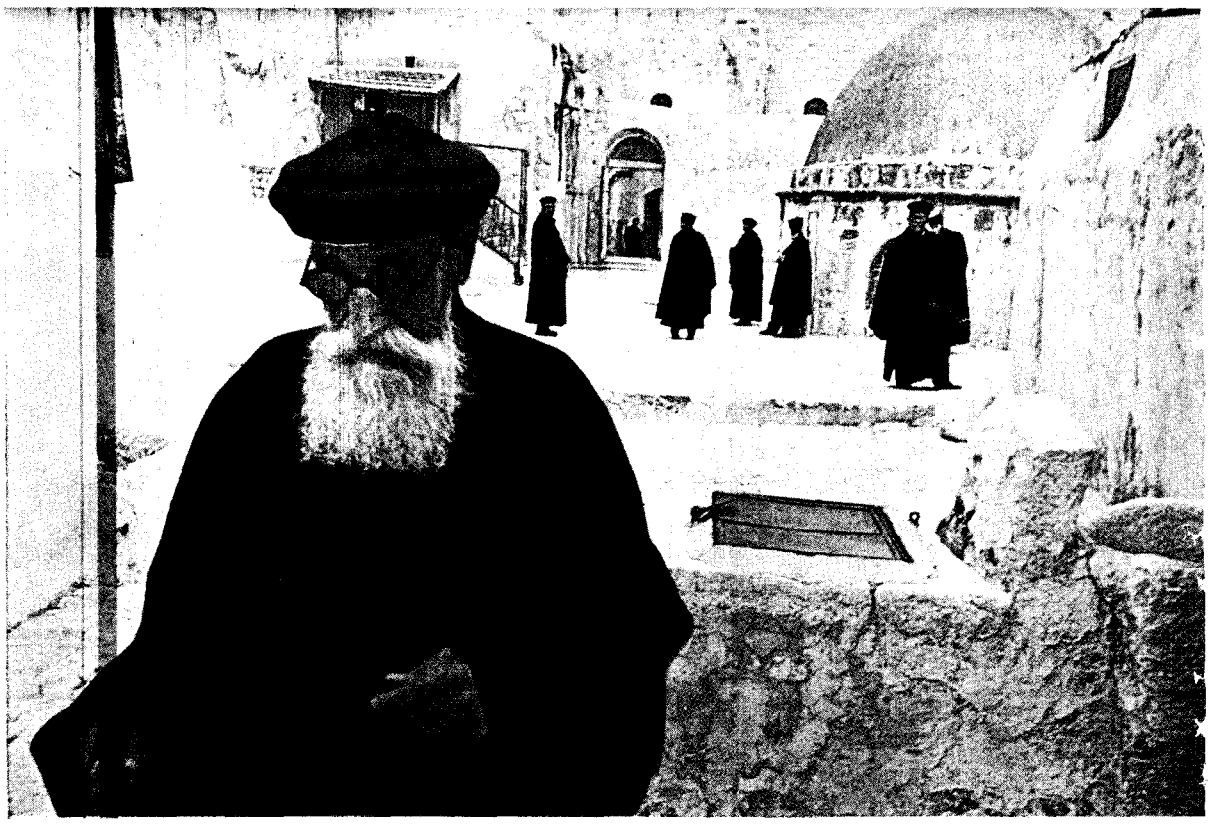

A Moslem (left) is doorkeeper because of ancient Christian disagreement over the key; ousted Abyssinian Copts (right) have been encysted in huts on the church roof for 300 years.

communities had his separate office, his own team of workmen, and his own exclusive responsibility for the particular portions of the church owned by his sect. For six months the Orthodox and the Catholic architect were forbidden to meet at all. Every difference between them, however minor, had to be referred to their religious masters. Yet the daily necessity for cooperation and compromise, especially in the sections of "common ground," gradually brought on a sense of mutual confidence. Now, nearly four years later, a degree of tolerance and understanding has been generated such as Calvary has hardly known for 2,000 years.

Part of this new spirit stems from the architects themselves, whose professionalism provides a measure of personal "common ground." For all that, however, they stand firmly on their communal rights. "This place is too precious for generosity," says Athanasius Ekonomopoulos, the architect for the Orthodox community, "so we give away nothing." Inevitably Ekonomopoulos is the dominant member of the trio, because his church claims ownership of three fifths of the building. Young but paunchy, like a comfortable priest, he is as Greek in his jovial capacity for instant friendship as in the way he retreats into a hooded shell of suspicion whenever his colleagues press their own ideas beyond the limits that the Orthodox Church can permit. In Father Couasnon, a wiry little Dominican priest and architect who represents the Church of Rome, he has an astringent needle of a man to stretch both his joviality and his suspicions to the limit. Habitually dressed in blue denims and a Breton beret, Father Couasnon is the daddy of the group in years, wit and worldly wisdom. In his frequent jousts with Ekonomopoulos over the relative merits of the Greek and Roman styles of church architecture, he can generate a crackling tension from which the sparks sometimes threaten to fly. But they rarely do, because Father Couasnon's sharpest quips are usually delivered with a glint of fond humor, and also because these moments of tension are often resolved by the third member of the group. Unlike the other two, Diran Voskeridjian, the Armenian architect, is mostly silent and withdrawn. His church is theologically nearer to Greece, but his French architectural training places him professionally in the Roman tradition with Father Couasnon. He is therefore an excellent middleman—enigmatically listening, calculating and assessing, and swinging his weight in the tug-of-war between his two colleagues.

Their way has been smoothed by the happy choice that brought them Henri Deschamps as their joint Man Friday. Deschamps is a French master builder who was appointed *chef de chantier*, a sort of superior foreman, for all work on common ground. He has become, through the depth of his experience and the strength of his character, the final arbiter of craftsmanship throughout the church. A lean, taciturn and dedicated man who has spent most of his 60-odd years in church repairs and reconstruction in one country or another, Deschamps has sensed in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher the challenge and the opportunity of a lifetime. So determined is he to revive the Holy Sepulcher's ancient glories that he has trained all his local masons to work with special tools copied from those used by Crusader workmen eight or nine centuries ago. These little hammers and adzes, dimpled and corrugated in tiny patterns, give a finish to the new stone that exactly matches that of the old, and they have become standard equipment for all stone work, even in those non-common areas where Deschamps originally had no authority. Even Ekonomopoulos, the Greek who properly prefers the earlier traditions of Byzantium to Crusader innovations, is deeply respectful of Monsieur Deschamps. "The fact is," he says, "we could do practically nothing without him. He is the one man among us who is irreplaceable."

As ancient communal disputes have begun to yield to practical solutions, each agreement has made the next one a little easier, so that the work has acquired a quickening momentum of its own. What seemed difficult or impossible three years ago is often settled swiftly now. "We had one misunderstanding about the north transept," says Father Germanos, "that had gone on for three hundred years. We settled it not long ago in a few minutes." It was a characteristic dispute about the ownership of some arches claimed by both Orthodox and Catholics. Through the centuries intrigue had overgrown this simple question like ivy about a ruin. Bribes had been passed to the civil authorities of Palestine to arbitrate one way or the other, and fistfights had occurred between the monks over the right to clean the arches or conduct religious processions beneath them. But now the Orthodox Patriarch and the Catholic Custos have produced a commonsense formula out of a half-hour informal colloquy. The bottom half of the arches, said these two distinguished prelates, should go to the Greeks, the top half to the Latins, and repairs and restorations should be paid for accordingly. Another coffee, your Beatitude?

As a result of several hundred unprecedented agreements of this kind, the work has gone ahead, and now more than half the restoration is complete. Many of the unsightly later additions to the building have been pulled down. Monks have been displaced from their unwholesome roosts of centuries, walls have been demolished and doorways opened. "Temporary" scaffolding erected inside the church has been removed for the first time in 40 years, and soon the British steel buttresses on the façade will be removed. The fragile outer walls have been strengthened with horizontal concrete girdles injected into the bulging stone, and decayed columns and crumbling arches have been replaced or reinforced. Decoration that has been hidden for centuries by early crude repairs is being uncovered again. Other decoration, eroded by dirt and time, is being restored.

In less than four years, the three communities have so far spent almost $500,000 on the work. The Orthodox Church has received its share of the money from Athens, where the Greek government passed a special act guaranteeing to meet from its own resources the full cost of the Greek works. The Franciscans, acting on behalf of Rome in their traditional capacity as custodians of the Holy Land, have collected their share from their members all over the world. The Armenians have obtained support from their wealthy congregations in the United States, as well as the inevitable donation from the foundation of the late Calouste Gulbenkian—the Armenian who became famous as the "Mister Five Percent" of many Middle-Eastern oil concessions. Another three years and perhaps another $400,000 should see the present work completed. By then the communities feel certain they will be ready to tackle the most exacting problem of all—the restoration of the rotunda, the massively domed and columned circle that surrounds the tomb of Christ. This is the oldest and, in a sense, the holiest part of the church. Surveys made during the present work have confirmed that the lower walls of the rotunda date from the fourth century when the Empress Helena built the first church on the site. The rotunda's peculiar antiquity and divinity arouse even more proprietary passions in sectarian breasts than the rest of the church, and the three main communities agreed to postpone work upon it until all the rest was finished. Three years ago there was serious doubt in Jerusalem whether they would ever agree about the plans for this last and most significant work. But successful cooperation elsewhere has now brought a euphoric certainty of ultimate agreement to the old contending parties.

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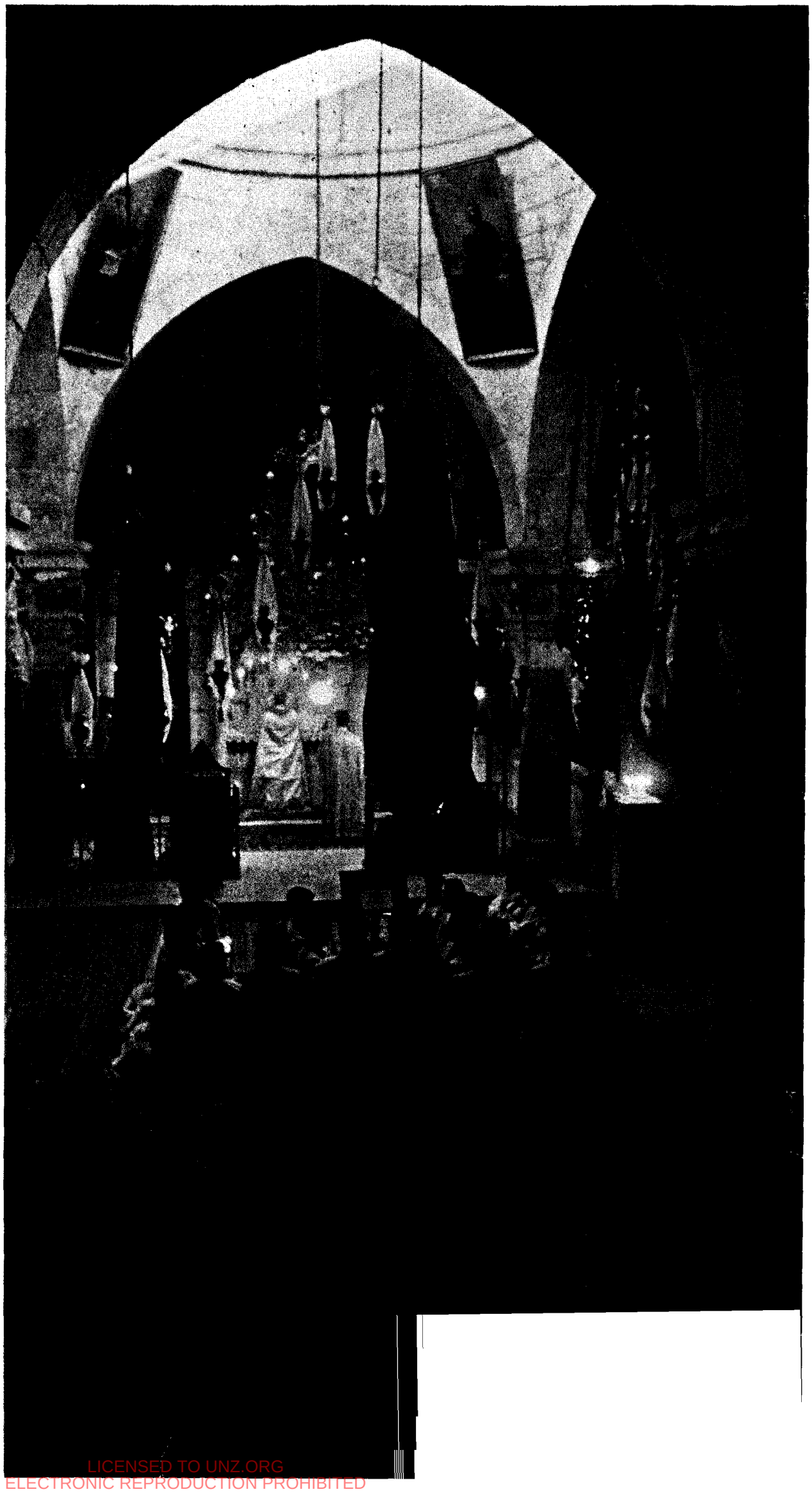
'The ecumenical spirit may be active elsewhere, but here we're the last to know about it.'



Their church furnishings protected by baglike dust covers, the Armenians observe mass in the midst of reconstruction.

"Father Germanos," says his Catholic counterpart, Father Albert Rock, "has proved to be a very good and understanding man." So much so, indeed, that when Father Rock took a holiday not long ago he named Father Germanos his deputy in the affairs of the Holy Sepulcher during his absence. "Father Rock," says Father Germanos, returning this singular compliment, "has treated me with complete confidence. I am very happy to work with him."

So unusual is this spirit of mutual tolerance that many visitors to Jerusalem now jump to the conclusion that the ecumenical spirit of Christian unity, so much discussed by international church leaders in the last few years, has suddenly swept away all the old suspicions in the Holy Land. They are too sanguine. It's true that Pope Paul, on his visit to Jerusalem two years ago, paid a personal call on the Orthodox Patriarchs, as if to show to all the priests of the holy places that the mightiest princes of the church could make their peace. But the underlings in Jerusalem are sometimes slow to take the hint. An Armenian priest, encountered recently at the very portals of the tomb of Christ, threw back his head and laughed at the notion that Christian unity and ecumenism might have had some beneficent influence on the affairs of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. "The ecumenical spirit may be active elsewhere," he said, snorting with cynicism under his black cowl, "but here in this church we're the last to know about it. We fight for our corner, as we've always done!" Even Father Germanos, optimistic as he is, will suffer no talk of church unity. "I prefer," he says sharply, "to talk only of cooperation. We have our beliefs. We have our differences. We cannot simply forget them."

Even upon Calvary the sorry disagreements have not quite ended. Visitors who climb the dark, steep steps to this holy eminence will find there the celebrated unswept stone of Golgotha, a two-inch strip of paving between the Roman and Greek chapels that divide the Rock. The stone officially has never been swept for centuries because nobody could decide who was its rightful owner. To most Christian pilgrims nowadays, especially those from western countries, these petty quarrels seem a betrayal of the fundamental message of Christendom, which they take to be one of love and charity. Many are the murmurs of shock and disappointment that may be heard in the hotels of Jerusalem after a new party of visitors has returned from a first inspection of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. "'Jesus wept,'" said one American, "and I don't blame Him!"

But there are others who see in the history and appearance of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher a touch of redemption. It is one of the necessary paradoxes of religion in an imperfect world, they argue, that the holiest objects should inspire the most unholy passions: better a battleground of devotion than a wasteland of indifference.

To be just such a battleground has always been Jerusalem's honor—and misfortune. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," sang the psalmist, because he had already been compelled to mourn its desecration.

If the priests of Jerusalem have answered the psalmist's call to peace lately and acquired at least a little mutual tolerance and understanding, that is as much as anyone should expect of them in this world. Universal love and charity are more the attributes of the next—a fact that Jesus understood and wept for in the agony of the Easter story. The wonder is, surely, that even tolerance has arrived upon Calvary at last. □

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Editorials

Easter in Russia

"Closing a parish does not make atheists out of believers. On the contrary, it strengthens the attraction of religion. . . ."

That commendable observation might well have come from some high-ranking clergyman urging Eastertime support and encouragement for harassed worshipers behind the Iron Curtain. In fact, it appeared in the Soviet newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, and the writer was bemoaning the failure of the Soviets' half-century campaign against organized religion. Since the Revolution, 80 percent of Russia's churches have been closed, but according to a recent survey the Orthodox Church still has an estimated 45 million communicants, and countless other Russians have been converted to such proselytizing groups as the Baptists and Seventh-Day Adventists.

The stubborn survival of religious belief in Russia is a reminder that Christianity—and most of the other great religions too—was born in adversity, grew in adversity, and, even today, thrives on adversity.

A crack in the ghetto wall?

Of all the critical aspects of America's racial problem, none is more critical, more fundamental, or more immune to government intervention, than segregated housing. The ghettos remain ghettos, schools for crime and hatred and despair, and the lily-white towns of suburbia remain lily-white. Most efforts to change this by law have run into fierce opposition, supported, in many cases, by real-estate dealers.

Last year, however, a committee of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, whose 82,000 members call themselves Realtors, approached officials of four of the largest U.S. church organizations—one Roman Catholic, one Jewish, one Evangelical, and the National Council of Churches. "We are concerned about discrimination in housing," the Realtors said in effect, "but we can't solve the problem alone." Their proposition was simple. Clergymen and Realtors across the country would join to work for open housing in their communities. The clergymen would try to create a favorable climate, and the Realtors' association would encourage its members to get sellers to sell without discriminating.

When they first heard the proposition, the church officials were suspicious—they thought perhaps the Realtors were merely trying to evade criticism—but eventually a "statement of accord" was composed, and in May that statement goes before the Realtors' board of directors for ratification. The vote will do much to determine whether the real-estate profession is capable of creating voluntary alternatives that work—or whether compulsion by law is the only recourse.

In praise of guineas

Science, efficiency and common sense appear to have prevailed in the announcement that Britain would convert to the decimal system of money by 1971. But we read the announcement with genuine regret. The change was probably inevitable, since it's hard for computers to deal with a currency that contains 12 pennies in a shilling and two and a half shillings in a half-crown and eight half-crowns in a pound. We trust, however, that the wily English trader will find some way of retaining that magnificent concept known as the guinea. The guinea, one pound and one shilling, or 21 shillings, is magnificent because it has no physical reality; there is no guinea note, and there hasn't been a guinea coin since 1813. Nor is it ever used for the basic necessities. Bread and butter, shoes, paper and subway fares cannot be bought with guineas. The guinea's only function is to increase the price of luxuries—castles, furs and oil paintings; these are priced in guineas, meaning simply that the buyer can afford to pay a five-percent premium over the price in pounds. Surely such a gentle method of soaking the rich deserves to survive the coming of the democratic decimal system.

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